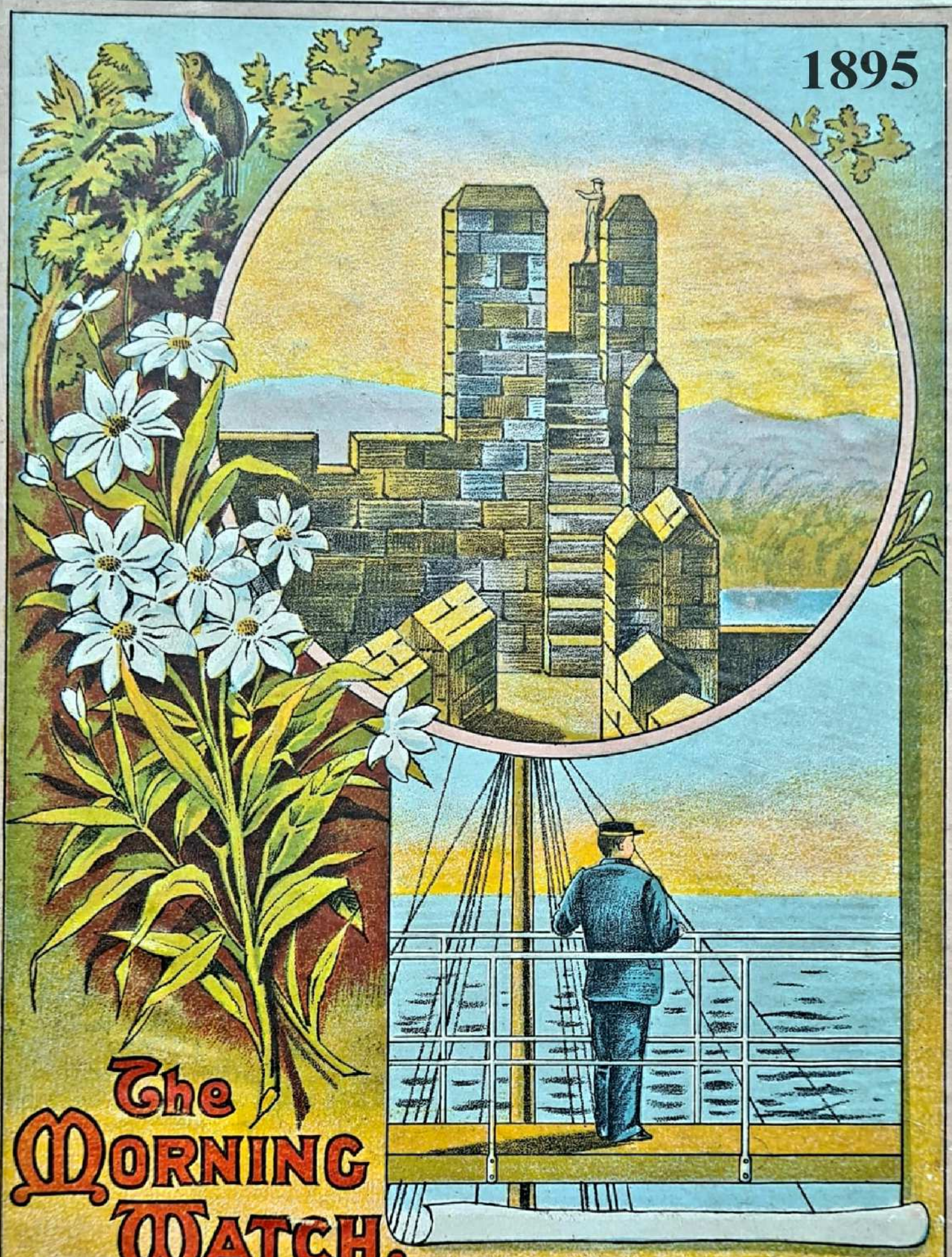

1895

The Morning Watch.

EDITED BY
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.
GREENOCK.

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VOLUME VIII.

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CONTENTS.

	Page
Anne, Princess	62
Argon	28
Argus, The Ship	110
Baird, Sir David	26
Birds, Kindness to	10
Boccheciampi	24
Bo'sun, The Dying	38
Bridgeman's Arms, Dr.	72
Chalmers, of New Guinea, Mr.	141
Clyde, Lord	86
Conway Boys, The	110
Dolfi, Guiseppe	48
Dying Lad and Christ	122
Ecclesiastes XII.	117
Fuchsia, The	127
Gibraltar	19
Gazzadini	48
Handwriting	102
Hanging Stone, The	60
Herd Boy, The	94
Hill, General Lord	38
In Season, Out of Season	134
Kane's Last Word, Dr.	76
Lamb's Text, Miss	98
Leslie, Lieutenant	62
M'Clintock, Sir F. L.	50, 84
Maori Girl, A	125
Mugford, Mr. W.	68
Napier, Sir C.	62
October 2nd, 1870	116
Oldershaw, Captain	142
"Owe no Man"	98
Parkes, Sir H.	2
Prisoners Loosed,	62
Providential Pass,	93
"Quitar la piedra"	21
Ramsay, Professor W.	28
Rayleigh, Lord	28
Reilly, Mr. Adams	103
Retribution,	60
Reverence for the Old	52
Sciesa, Antonio	12
Selfish and Unselfish Man, The	138
Selous, Mr.	93
"Signal!"	35
Slave, Price of a	136
Stones, Memorial	36
Thomson, Mr. Joseph	113
Troubridge, Admiral Sir T.	5
Venetian Cobbler, The	21
Versions of the Bible	17
Visiting the Sick	59
Williams, John	103

Fac-similes of Autographs—

Blackie, Professor	41
Blucher, Marshal	3
Chalmers of New Guinea, Mr.	143
Coke, Sir Edward	122
Johnson, Dr.	15
Mugford, Mr. W.	61
Ramsay, Prof. William	31
Rayleigh, Lord	25
Seven Sailors of the *Argus*	112
Spanish Roadmaker	22
Troubridge, Admiral Sir T.	1

Illustrations—

Arctic Medal	50
Ash Leaf	17
Barbauld, Mrs.	76
Birds, Stuffed	44
Buttercup,	92
Children Gardening	67
Cow and Calf	71
Fishing Boat	100
Fuchsia	128
Gentleman, A Little	13
Gibraltar	18
Grasshopper	119
Hazel Leaf	107
Humane Society's Medal	69
Ivy	59
M'Clintock, Sir F. L.	51
Merlin	97
Moth	131
Mother and Child	138
Mother's Grave,	89
Mouse Trap	83
Mugford, Mr. W.	61
November	121
Oak Leaf	7
Orini	126
Peerie, Boy and	65

ILLUSTRATIONS—Continued.

	Page
Pincushion	41
Plane Leaf	28
Pochards	140
Ramsay, Professor W.	31
Rayleigh, Lord	25
Robins	33
Rous, Francis	37
Sandpiper	85
Setting Sun	137
Skipping Ropes	47
Snowdrops	35
Sower	56
Stooks	95
Sundial	133
Thomson, Mr. Joseph	114
"Threescore-and-ten"	49
Tidiness	23
Toadstools	73
Troubridge, Sir T.	1
Vaulting Ambition	11
Williams, John	103
Yew Avenue, Rosneath	109

What is Thine Occupation?—

1. A Clerk	101
2. A Shoemaker	129

Stories—

A Little Child	8
A Little Gentleman	14
Boy and Spade	67
Dyker, The	77
Merlin, The	104
Mouse Trap, The	81
Penny Gospel, The	123
Pincushion, The	41
Pochards, The	139
Prize-Giving, The	74
Quarrels of the Birds,	43
Robins, The Two	32
"Secundus"	90
Sowing	53
Top-spinners, The	64

How Old Art Thou?—

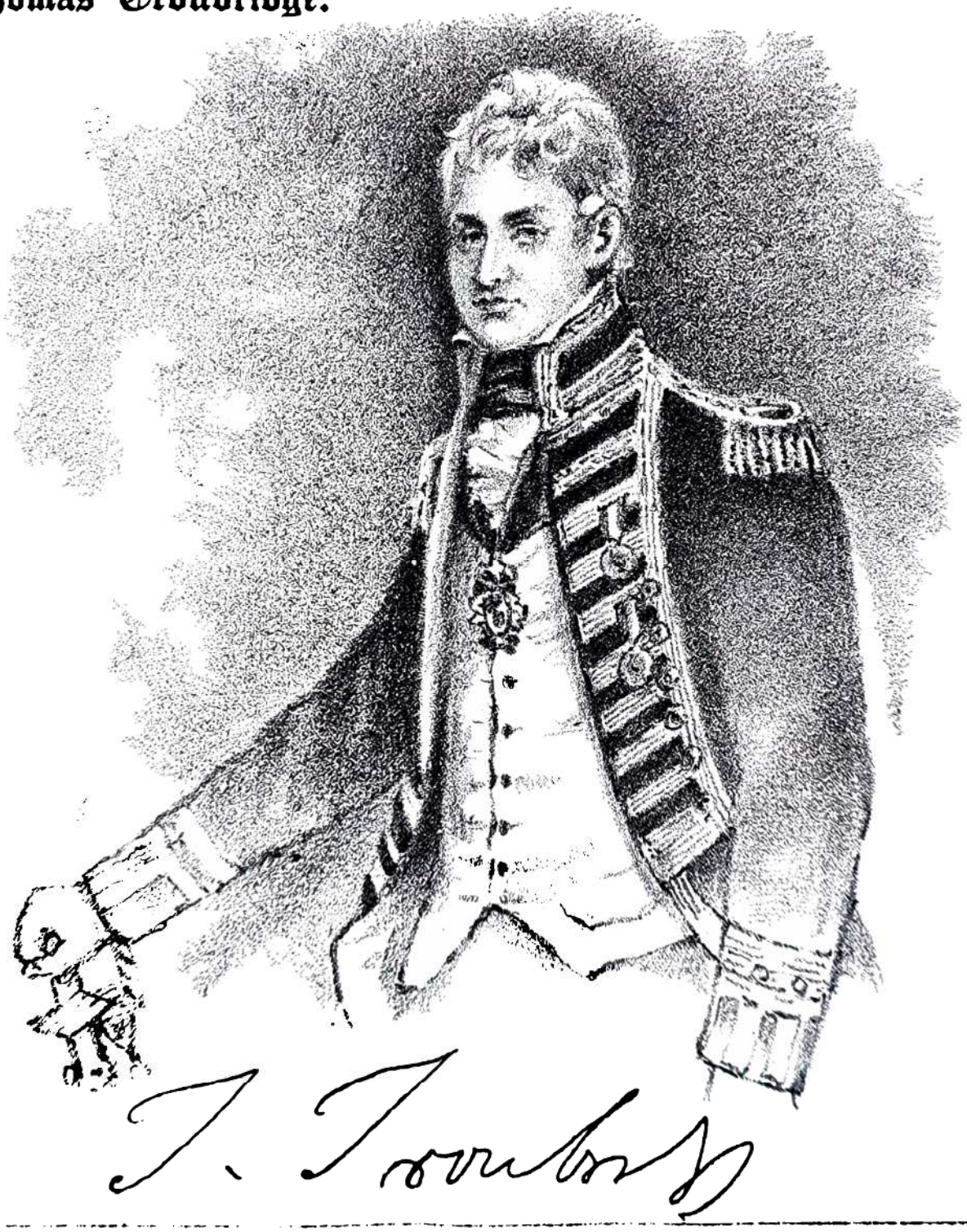
Alexander VI., Pope	3
"An Old Man"	63
Archimedes	4
Augustus	16
Barbauld, Mrs.	76
Bentley, Richard	16
Blucher, Marshal	3
Bonar, Dr. A.	52
Boussingault	16
Browning	27
Caleb,	136
Carlyle	63
Chalmers' Mother, Dr.	4
Christison, Sir R.	135
Coke, Sir Edward	122
Coverdale, Miles	86
Eden, Mrs.	75
Faraday	16
Galileo	39
Goethe	15, 99
Hall, Bishop	63
Helmholtz	3
Hill, Sir Rowland	123
Holmes, O. W.	135
Jacob	27
Johnson, Dr.	15
Laplace	39
Livy	16
Mill, Walter	87
Molle, John	75
Plato	87
Rous, Francis	39
Tennyson, Lady	87
Vauban, Marshal	4
Walton, Izaak	135
Watt, James	99
Watts, Dr. Isaac	15
Whittier	87

January, 1895. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. VIII. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* NO. 1.

Rear-Admiral Sir Thomas Troubridge.



"The Morning Watch" for 1894, being Volume VII., is now ready. Price One Shilling.

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FIFTY-TWO years ago the Chinese for the first time in their history acknowledged that they had been defeated by those whom they called 'outer barbarians,' and made a treaty with Britain. When the treaty was signed at Nanking on board the *Cornwallis* man-of-war, there stood by the side of Sir Henry Pottinger the British Plenipotentiary a red-haired boy aged fourteen who had left England for China nearly a year before. That boy will be known for all time as Sir Harry Parkes, for eighteen years Minister at the Court of Japan, and afterwards for a short time at that of Peking, where he died in 1885. Few men ever faced death oftener or closer than he. I shall tell you some of his adventures some other time, I hope; I wish now to tell you some of the resolutions he wrote in his journal on New Year's Day, 1845, exactly fifty years ago to-day. He was then Interpreter to the Consulate at Amoy, though he was only sixteen years of age.

"My spare time," he says, "of which I have daily about five hours at command, I intend employing in improvement of my mind by study, chiefly at present of Chinese. For I conceive that to be unemployed or have nothing to do may be productive of much evil, especially in the unsettling of the mind.

"Regarding my income, it is my intention not to be niggard or profuse, so that I may be enabled to save and put by some portion for future wants, never forgetting however that charity which I consider an especial duty to attend to.

"To take plenty of exercise, and to observe a somewhat rigid diet.

"To avoid all backbiting and slandering, and to constantly keep in mind and try to act up to the golden rule, 'Do unto others as you would be done by.'

"Pride and vanity are some of my great faults, but with grace from above I need not despair of repressing them.

"This is the sixteenth New Year's Day that I have experienced. May not this give me some idea of the fleetness of time? Certainly these sixteen years seem to me but 'as yesterday,' so quick have they flown."

These resolutions and desires are good, very good, but, like Solomon's choice of wisdom, they come short of the highest good. I wish Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole, who has written *The Life of Sir Harry Parkes*, had given us the other resolutions about religion and prayer which he says are too solemn to print. The first resolution and the last a boy should make is to give himself to Christ. There is nothing in the world like making a Covenant with God; and New Year's Day is a fine day to do it on, and sixteen is a good age, yet not so good as fifteen, while fourteen is still better, and you all know what Christ said when He was twelve.

How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.
How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

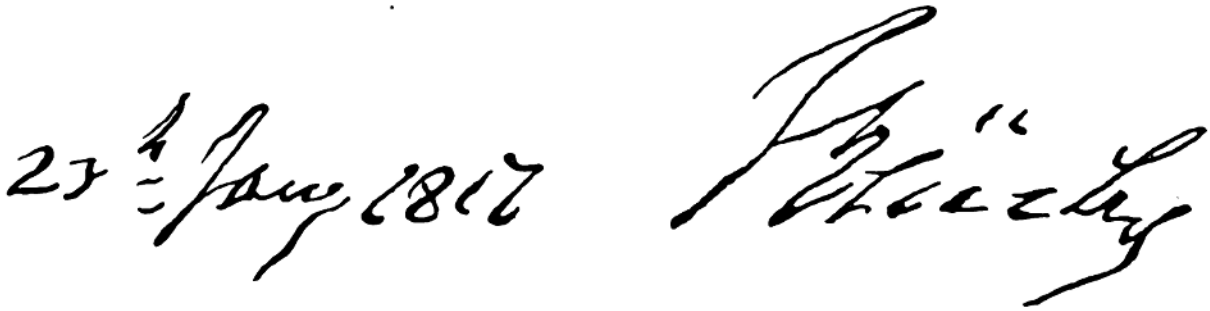
(Continued from page 136, Vol. VII.)

At the age of 73 — Alexander VI., the most infamous of all the Popes, died at Rome in 1503. He was a perjurer, a murderer, a poisoner. It was long and universally believed that he died through having accidentally taken poisoned wine which he had prepared for ten cardinals who were his guests. Modern historians discredit the story. To try to poison ten at once, they say, was too big a blunder, though not too great a crime, for such an able man to have been guilty of.

It was he who, after the discoveries of Columbus, drew a line on the map, and divided the New World between the Spaniards and Portuguese. And it was in his reign and by his authority that the martyr, Savonarola, was strangled and burnt at Florence, 1498.

73 — Marshal Blucher, after being defeated by the French at Ligny, on the 16th June, rallied his men and helped the British, two days afterwards, to win Waterloo. At Ligny, at the close of the day, his horse was shot dead and fell upon him so that he could not move. While he lay under it several regiments of French cuirassiers passed over him, and for a time it was supposed he had been killed. From his reckless courage and the quickness of his movements in the field he was nicknamed Marshal Forwards. So much did he seek the honour of his country that he told his son who acted as his interpreter—for he himself knew not a word of French—not to translate to him anything that Napoleon might say about making peace with France.

On his deathbed, in 1819, he said to the King of Prussia, "I know I am dying, and I am not sorry for it, because I can no longer be of any use." He was buried, as he wished, without parade, in a field on his estate close by the road side under three linden trees, but the whole Prussian army went into mourning for him for eight days.



73 — Helmholtz died in Germany last September. He and Lord Kelvin were regarded by men of science as the two who have come nearest Sir Isaac Newton in modern times.

Sir Henry Roscoe, the chemist, has mentioned recently that Helmholtz found that his best ideas, answers to hard problems, etc., often came to him in the morning on waking, or when he was walking up the wooded heights above Heidelberg; and that he found also that *the smallest quantity of alcoholic drink seemed to frighten them away.*

At the age of 74 MARSHAL VAUBAN, one of the greatest of military engineers, died at Paris in 1707. Before his time, when a fortress was besieged, the advantage lay with the defenders, but he so improved the methods of attack that the fall of the strongest fortress that man can make is now only a question of time. Vauban had a remarkable career. He repaired or improved upwards of 100 old fortresses, and built 33 new ones; conducted 53 sieges, and took part in 140 battles and skirmishes. Every soldier carries about with him a reminder of this great Frenchman, for it was owing to him that the bayonet, which used to be stuck in the muzzle of the gun, is now fastened to it by a socket. All Protestants, further, should have him in kindly remembrance, because, though in this he was foiled by the priests, he did his utmost to get the Edict of Nantes, which gave freedom of worship to Protestants in France, restored, the revocation of which in 1685 had driven 400,000 Huguenots into exile.

75 DR. CHALMERS' MOTHER wrote: "I am now, 1st March, 1825, at the advanced age of seventy-five. I desire to be resigned to the will of Almighty God, that whether He pleases to call me out of this world before another year is at an end, or continue me longer in the world, I say from my heart, the will of the Lord be done. I trust that, whether living or dying, He will be my help and my guide, and will, through the merits of Jesus Christ, take me to His heavenly kingdom when I die."

75 ARCHIMEDES was killed, B.C. 212. He was the greatest inventor and one of the greatest mathematicians of ancient times. I remember when our class in the High School of Glasgow was reading Livy, our master, old Dr. Patrick M'Kindlay, who was then lying on what proved to be his death-bed, used to ask us when we called to see him, what chapter of the history we had read that day, always adding, "Remember, I wish to take the class when you come to the siege of Syracuse. I would like to tell you about Archimedes."

The best known story about him is this. Hiero, King of Syracuse, had given a workman a lump of gold to be made into a crown, but when it was made, he suspected that the workman had kept some of the gold and put silver in instead to make up the weight. But how was he to prove it? Archimedes, being asked about it, happened to notice as he stepped into his bath one day that the water rose to a higher level. Hardly waiting to put on his clothes he ran home, crying as he went through the streets, Εὕρηκα, Εὕρηκα, *Eureka, Eureka, I have found it.* He got a lump of gold, and a lump of silver, each of the same weight as the crown. The lumps, of course, differed in size, the silver one being bigger, as silver is lighter than gold. Then he put the gold into a basin of water, and marked where the water rose to. Then he took out the gold and put in the piece of silver. The water rose higher, of course, as the silver was bulkier. Last of all, he took out the silver and put in the crown. If the crown had been all gold, the water would have stood at the first mark, but as it rose a little higher, he

At the age of 75

could not only see that silver had been used, but could even tell how much.

He discovered also the principle of the lever, and was so struck with the thought of what a lever might do that he said, Δὸς ποῦ στῶ, *Dos pou sto, Give me a place to stand on,* καὶ τὴν γῆν κινήσω, *kai ten gen kineso, and I will move the earth.* During the siege of Syracuse, whose young king, a lad of eighteen, had made alliance with Hannibal and the Carthaginians, Archimedes baffled the Romans by his inventions for three years. He made machines which swung mighty arms over the walls and caught hold of the enemy's ships and hoisted them up and then let them go--plump! So frightened at last did the Romans become, that, if the end of a stick appeared over the wall, they thought it was some new contrivance, and instantly fled. But the city was taken at last by surprise one night, when its garrison was overcome with drunkenness at the feast of Diana. The Roman general Marcellus had given orders to spare Archimedes, but in the tumult the old geometrician was slain. He was intently studying some figures, which he had drawn in the sand, when a soldier rudely interrupted him, and being reproved for spoiling the circle, killed him with his sword, not knowing who he was. On his grave, as he himself had wished, there was engraved the figure of a globe inside a cylinder, in memory of one of his mathematical discoveries. A hundred and thirty-seven years afterwards, the great orator, Cicero, found his tomb, after much search, all covered with thorns and briers, the people of Syracuse having forgotten where it was. "There was a city; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it: now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man."

Sir Thomas Troubridge.

AT the Battle of the Nile, 1st August, 1798, the British with fourteen ships defeated the French with seventeen, capturing or destroying all but two. The battle was fought in the dark, the first shot having been fired at twenty-eight minutes past six as the sun was setting. Nelson, to use his own words, had 'the happiness to command a band of brothers,' and night therefore was to his advantage, for each of them knew his duty and was sure to do it. Of that band Captain Troubridge was the dearest to him, a man 'who never made difficulties,' and could be trusted no matter how great the emergency.

And yet Troubridge was the one captain who took no part in the battle. For as he was pressing on with all his might, burning with over-anxiety to get into action, having no chart, he ran his ship, the *Culloden*, on a dangerous reef, while he was yet two miles from the enemy, and there he stuck fast all night, with his 74 guns and 590 men, looking on while his comrades were fighting, and fighting against odds. It was but little consolation to him that the

accident to his ship prevented the grounding of three others which were advancing, with all possible sail set, close in his rear. His anguish, it is said, was almost overwhelming. Yet no man, in Nelson's words, 'could better afford to lose the laurel of that day, for it was Troubridge that had equipped the squadron and made it ready for the battle, and it was Troubridge that saved the *Culloden* when no other in the service would have attempted it.' It was further to his honour that, the moment his ship was off the reef, though the battle was over, he sent ashore as many of his men as could be spared to get fresh vegetables for the wounded of the victors and vanquished alike.

But I wish to tell you of a characteristic thing he did at the battle of St. Vincent, eighteen months before—the day on which 'the old fashion of counting how many the enemy were was laid aside.' Troubridge had the skill to foresee, at the turning point of the day, what his admiral would do, and hoisted at his masthead the answering flag of recognition which ships in the navy must display whenever they receive an order. This answering flag was rolled up after the manner of the sea, and needed only a turn of the wrist from the man who held the cords which hoisted it to unloose. Presently Sir John Jervis gave the signal which Troubridge had anticipated, and the very same instant the answer fluttered out and the *Culloden's* sails were already shaking as she luffed up into the wind. 'Look at Troubridge,' shouted the admiral in exultation, 'he handles his ship as if the eyes of all England were upon him!'

Now, boys and girls, I hope you will be as quick to answer and obey God. He foresees your prayers; be you as ready to foresee His commands. When He cries to you, then answer 'Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth.' When He says, 'Whom shall I send?' say to Him, 'Here am I, send me.'

When Thou did'st say, seek ye My face,
  Then unto Thee reply
Thus did my heart, Above all things
  Thy face, Lord, seek will I.

In 1805 Troubridge, then Rear-Admiral, was ordered to the Cape of Good Hope. His ship, the *Blenheim*, had got ashore in the Straits of Malacca and had been brought with great difficulty to Madras. There it was seen that her back was broken, and that she was almost falling in pieces, but her gallant captain determined to do what he was bid, and set sail for his station. On the 1st February, at the south-east end of Madagascar, he was caught in a tremendous gale. His ship was seen to be getting lower in the water. Captain Pigot, of the *Java*, which was herself in sore distress, in trying to help him, unhappily struck the *Blenheim* and only hastened her destruction and that of the 700 men who were on board. The third ship of the company, the *Harrier*, alone escaped, but foundered the year after, strange to say, near the same spot.

What a sight it will be when the sea gives up the dead that are in it!

Leaves of British Trees: The Oak.

And a little child shall lead them.
Isaiah 11, 6.

OUR old minister often said there were two seats he liked to look at on Sabbath-days, that in which the Dargavels sat, father and mother and little Hugh, and that in which Bella Dickson sat. The Dargavels were never known to be late, poor Bella was never known to be in time. But the fault was not hers. She was servant to a godless farmer who lived two miles off up the glen. There never was a better servant, and her master and mistress knew that. They knew too her unwillingness to give up her place, for her mother's last words to her were, 'not to change about from house to house as other girls did.' They knew therefore that they could annoy her with safety, and they did it. It was astonishing how much they found for her to do on Sabbath mornings, and all to keep her from going to the church. But sooner or later she always got everything done, and then they could see her hurrying down the road, starting often after the hour for public worship had come. One day we had a stranger preaching, the sermon was unusually short, and Bella was unusually long in coming, for she had been harshly treated that day, and had had to stop by the way more than once to hide the signs of crying. She came into church as we were singing the last line of the last psalm, and had only sat down when like the rest of us she had to rise for the benediction. Most of us never noticed till that day how grand a thing the benediction is. Our old Provost, who did nothing all week but make nicknames for people, saw his opportunity, and on the Friday at the market cried out to Bella as she passed, "How are ye the day, Bene Dickson?" Bella blushed and went on her way, but the joke spread, for we were thankful for anything in our dull town. Some thought it good, especially the Provost, but most were not quite sure of it; it sounded a little profane. One of the elders told the minister. "Go and tell the Provost," was the answer, "that there are more people in the church than Bella Dickson that hear nothing but the blessing, and I wish they all had as good a reason." That turned the tables on the Provost, for he was the most notorious sleeper in church.

The Sabbath after, it was generally remarked that there had been three people present that day who had not heard a sermon for ten years. The Provost of course was one; and Bella's master and mistress were the other two. They had long seen that they could find no occasion against their maid unless they found it against her concerning the law of her God. So to her astonishment, as to that of everyone else, they appeared at church, and made no secret why they had come. "It was a good name you gave her, Provost, for there never was a blessing in our house till that lassie came."

The Dargavels had to row three miles across the loch and then three

to walk along the road to come to church, and, as I have said, they were never a moment late. The children in our church liked the Communion Sabbath best, for there was something to see and do, as well as hear, that day. Next to it they liked the days when there was a baptism. Once we had three, and the children's names were Peter and James and John, and the address to the congregation and the parents was on the words—"It is good for us to be here." We children were best pleased when the baby cried. One day we would not have missed for anything, for the baby's voice drowned the minister's, and the only sentence we heard was the mother's words caught during a momentary lull, "Hush, my wee lammie!" Hughie Dargavel's baptism was another memorable one, for, as the minister was sprinkling the water, Hughie opened his eyes and smiled, and putting out his hand caught hold of the minister's little finger, and held it all the time the minister was saying, as was his wont, Aaron's blessing—"The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make his face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace." When these words were over, Mr. Dargavel, and then his wife, were for disengaging their little one's hand, but the minister, who had lived a lonely life all his days, bade them refrain, and prayed, Hughie's hand still grasping his till Amen was said.

No one has ever believed me when I have said it, yet I say once more, that Hughie was forty-two times in church on Sabbath days before he was two years old. I have seen a list of the minister's texts which his father kept, with a star opposite every one that was preached when he was there. He slept most of the time I am aware, except during the singing, but he had to be somewhere, as his mother said, and why not in the house of God? And he was forming some of the best of all habits too, and well for us when our habits and our duties are the same! It became a common thing with us for mothers to bring children in their arms, and the children seemed to learn very soon that they must be quiet till the time for singing came.

Thus Hughie was a power for good, and that in many ways. The presence of little children told on the minister's sermons, and their happy solemn faces struck all strangers. I remember once when a Mr. Edgar, from some place in Forfarshire, was preaching. His text was the unspeakably touching words in the eleventh of Hosea—"How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? how shall I deliver thee, Israel? how shall I make thee as Admah? how shall I set thee as Zeboim? mine heart is turned within me, my repentings are kindled together." There was in our laird's seat that day a young lieutenant in the navy who had come for a week's shooting. He was clever with his pencil, and had already sketched, on the fly leaf of a Bible, the faces of the precentor and the beadle, and was looking round for another good subject before he should attempt the

minister, when Hughie Dargavel's earnest little face arrested him, and he wondered what the child was listening so intently to. Mr. Edgar was speaking about the awful anguish God suffers when a sinner scorns His love. I may not tell you more, but the lieutenant is not the same man that he was when he went to church that day, and the men in the gunboat, of which he is commander, all know it.

Hughie has two brothers and a sister now, but he himself is far away. It was on a Sabbath morning that he died. The loch was very still that day, and the sound of the church bell seemed to rouse him. "There's the bell, mother, I wouldna' like to be late." "No, my dear," she said, "you'll no be late, they'll wait for you."

But then the bell stopped, and the father and mother looked at each other. But Hughie still listened and heard. "It's ringing a long time the day, mother, and I never heard it ring sae bonnie. It's no like the same bell."

And indeed it was not, for it was one of those that Christian and Hopeful heard as they went up to the gate of the Celestial City.

WHEN the frost and snow come, remember to put out crumbs for the birds. For the birds, whether they are the robins in winter or the swallows in summer, are not only God's creatures, and therefore our brothers and sisters, but, like Noah's dove and Elijah's ravens, they are God's messengers, and it is always good tidings they bring us. "There's a blue-bird warbling," said a godly American statesman once, "God bless him! 'tis the best news I have heard this many a day." Therefore, "forget not to show love unto strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

"Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself."

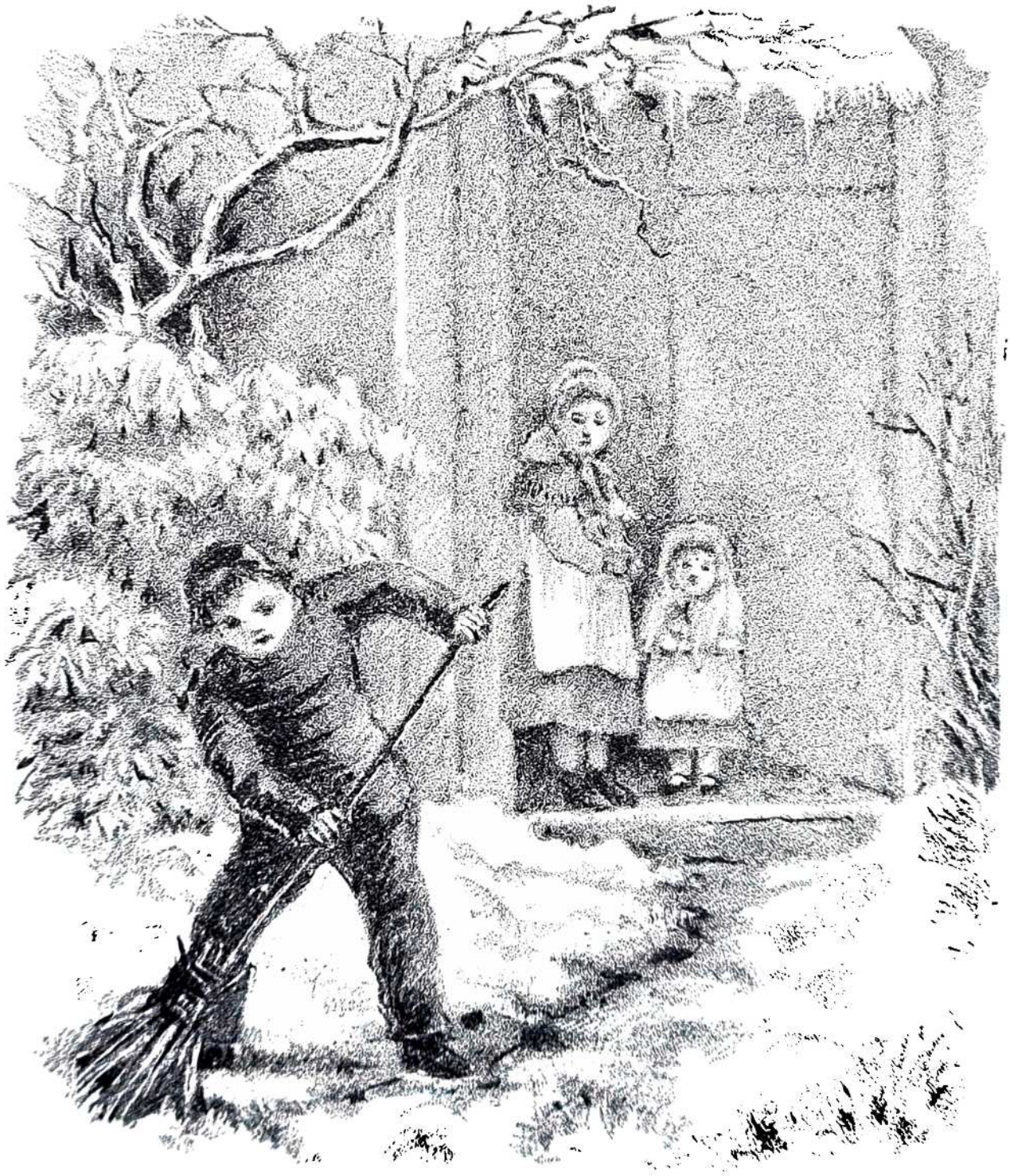
1	Tu	On the first day of the first month shalt thou set up the tabernacle.—*Ex. 40.*
2	W	And the glory of the LORD filled the tabernacle.
3	Th	The cloud of the LORD was upon the tabernacle by day,
4	F	And fire was on it by night,
5	S	In the sight of all the house of Israel, throughout all their journeys.
6	S	Marvellous things did He.—*Ps. 78.*
7	M	Yet went they on still to sin against Him.—*R. V.*
8	Tu	They tempted God.
9	W	They spake against God.
10	Th	They lied unto Him with their tongue.
11	F	They provoked Him. "I wish you many happy returns of the New Year. *Unhappily it is generally the Old Year that comes back again.*"—*Lowell.*
12	S	So that He forsook the tabernacle.
13	S	Jesus said unto Levi (or Matthew), follow Me.
14	M	And he left all, rose up, and followed Him.
15	Tu	And Levi made him a great feast.—*Luke 5, 27.*
16	W	He that loveth son or daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me.—*Matt. 10, 37.* When Antonio Sciesa, of Milan, an Italian patriot, was being led out to execution, August, 1851, the gendarmes took him past his own house, in the hope that the sight of it might weaken his nerve and make him reveal the names of his comrades. But, when he was opposite the door, he cried out, in his Milanese dialect, 'Tiremm innanz' ('come along'), and marched incorruptible to death.—*Countess Cesaresco.*
17	Th	Levi said of his father, and of his mother, I have not seen him; neither did he acknowledge his brethren, nor knew he his own children.—*Deut. 33, 9. R. V.*
18	F	They loved not their lives unto the death.—*Rev. 12, 11.*
19	S	Ye which have followed Me shall sit upon twelve thrones.—*Matt. 19, 28.*
20	S	I love the Father.—*John 14, 31.*
21	M	I seek the will of the Father which hath sent Me.—*John 5, 30.*
22	Tu	Manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil.—*1 John 3, 8.*
23	W	Persis, which laboured much in the Lord.—*Rom. 16, 12.*
24	Th	Tremble, ye women that are at ease.—*Isa. 32, 11.*
25	F	Men shall be lovers of self.—*2 Tim. 3, 2.* "Self is out of the question when I am after the enemy."—*Lord Nelson.*
26	S	For Jerusalem's sake I will not rest.—*Isa. 62, 1.* "I am at my wits' end to meet every shift, evasion, and neglect of duty. Seven-eighths of my captains are practising every subterfuge to get into harbour for the winter."—*Lord St. Vincent during the blockade of Brest.*
27	S	Many of His disciples walked no more with him.—*Luke 6, 66.*
28	M	Jesus said unto the twelve, Would ye also go away?—*R. V.*
29	Tu	Jesus findeth them asleep, and saith, What!—*Matt. 26, 40.*
30	W	The Lord turned, and looked upon Peter.—*Luke 22, 61.* "And thou, my child!" was the reproof given by Dr. Busby to Philip Henry, the only boy at Westminster School whom he had never flogged.
31	Th	A reproof entereth more (*R. V.*, deeper) into a wise man than an hundred stripes into a fool.—*Prov. 17, 10.*

GREENOCK: JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS. EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: JOHN MENZIES & CO.

February, 1895. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. VIII. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* NO. 2.



A Little Gentleman.

"The Morning Watch" for 1894, being Volume VII., is now ready. Price One Shilling.

Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons.

"A Little Gentleman."

THERE was a nobleman who lived near our village who was either the thirteenth or fourteeth baron of his line, but which of them he did not know. For two of his ancestors, father and son, had fallen at Flodden. If the father fell first, as some of the old chroniclers affirmed, then the barony passed to his son and continued his till he fell later in the day. But if, as others said, the father perished defending the dead body of his heir, then the barony and title passed direct to the little grandchild lying a babe a few weeks old in its widowed mother's arms. But whether thirteenth or fourteenth, our great neighbour was in every way a noble man. In his youth, before he succeeded to the title, he once appeared at a meeting on the unpopular side. There was a millionaire, a self-made man, in the chair. The speakers were pelted, I regret to say, with rotten eggs. Two days after, the young lord stopped one of our townsfolk on the street, and said, "I was surprised to see you throwing things at me." "Sir," said the man, "it was so bonnie to see the way you behaved, compared with the chairman, when the eggs were flying about you, that it was a pleasure to fling them at you, and a lot of us couldn't help doing it just to bring out the contrast. We were really honouring you, sir, though you maybe won't believe it!"

Being a gentleman himself he was quick to see good breeding in others. He often spoke to his lady of little Harry Falconer. He had noticed one day how he helped old Granny Webster over a stile. Another day he watched him sweeping a path in the snow for the little Beaton girls. That night at dinner he pronounced Harry "a little gentleman," and said they must find out who he was. It was a little disappointing to him when he found out that the boy's people for generations—and they could go back to the times of the Covenanters—were simply honest godly working folks. "I am sure," was his answer, "that boy comes of a good family, if we could only trace it out."

A few Sabbaths after, our minister after reading the third of Luke, which ends, "which was the son of Seth, which was the son of Adam, which was the Son of God," told us to our astonishment that each one of us was only about the hundred-and-thirtieth in a direct line from God. Then, pausing a moment, he added—"Yes, and you may all be far nearer of kin to God than that, for 'every one that loveth is born of God,' and Christ says—'Whosoever shall do the will of My Father which is in heaven, the same is My brother, and sister, and mother.'"

And the Baron's lady whispered to her husband, "*That's little Harry's pedigree.*"

How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.
How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 5.)

At the age of 75

Dr. Isaac Watts, the great hymn writer, died in 1748. He wrote nearly 500 sacred songs, amongst them being, "When I survey the wondrous cross," and "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun." Many of his lines are household words, such as "How doth the little busy bee," etc., and "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," and "He that does one fault at first and lies to hide it, makes it two."

When he was a baby his father was put in prison for his non-conformity, and his mother used to sit with him in her arms on a stone at the door of the jail. Dr. Watts was a little man, not much over five feet in height, but, like Zacchæus, he saw Christ and has helped many others to see Him. He gave away each year a third of the salary he got as minister of a congregation in London. In 1712, when he retired from active service through ill health, he went to spend a week with one Sir Thomas Abney, but stayed six-and-thirty years! to the great contentment and joy, however, of his host and hostess. In his old age, being asked once how he did, he said, "I am waiting God's leave to die."

75 The German poet Goethe, "the most self-sufficing of Europeans," said—"I have ever been esteemed one of Fortune's chiefest favourites: nor will I complain or find fault with the course my life has taken. Yet, truly, there has been nothing but toil and care: and I may say that, in all my seventy-five years, I have never had a month of genuine comfort. It has been the perpetual rolling of a stone which I have always had to raise anew."

75 Dr. Samuel Johnson died, 13th December, 1784. During his life he had great fear of death. "You seem, sir, to forget the merits of our Redeemer," said a lady to him once. "No, madam, I do not forget the merits of my Redeemer; but my Redeemer has said that He will set some on His right hand and some on His left." When the end drew near, he was more than conqueror. Mr. Windham, one of his friends, having placed a pillow under him—it was dropsy and asthma that he died of—he said, "That will do—all that a pillow can do." Being told by his doctor, in answer to his own question, that he could not possibly recover, he said, "Then I will take no more physic, not even my opiates; for I have prayed that I may render up my soul to God unclouded." And so he died, putting his whole hope and confidence in the propitiatory sacrifice of Christ.

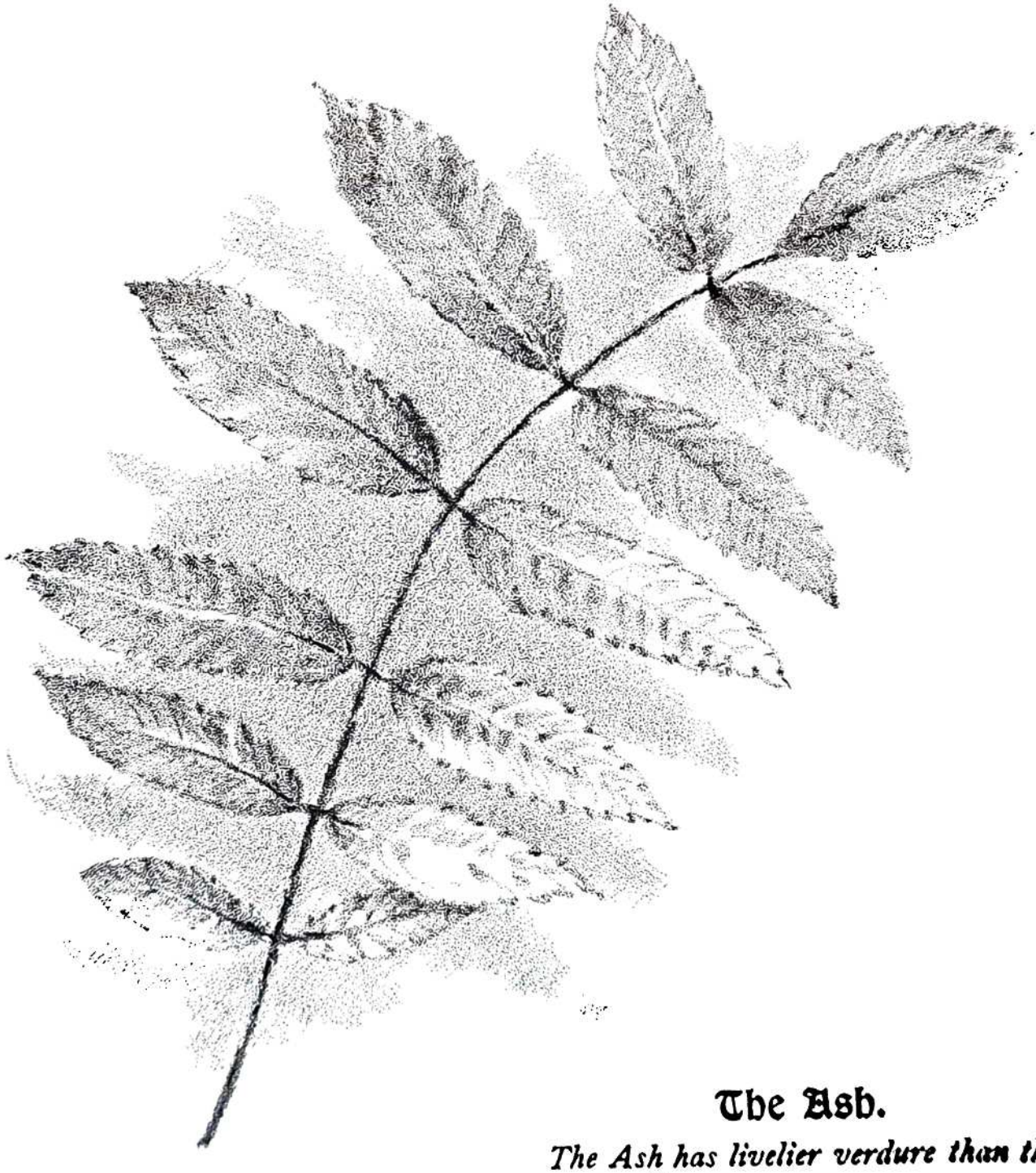
At the age of 76 MICHAEL FARADAY died, 1867. He was one of the greatest natural philosophers of modern times, being specially famous for his researches in electricity. He was a poor godly blacksmith's son, and for his father's sake loved a smith's shop and smith's work to the end of his days. He was himself a remarkably godly humble man. When he was seventy, writing to the managers of the Royal Institution, he said—"Thank God, first, for all His gifts. My life has been a happy one. But the progress of years, having brought forth first the period of development, and then that of maturity, has ultimately produced for me that of gentle decay. This has taken place in such a manner as to make the evening of life a blessing." Four years later he wrote to a niece—"It is true my memory is much gone, nearly all gone. But then all about me are very kind. My worldly friends remember the times past, and do not want me to give up my posts or pay, yet willingly remit the work; and then He Who rules over all is kinder than all; and though I sometimes tremble when I have occasion to use His Word, being unable to remember it, I call to mind that His throne is a throne of grace, where prayer can be made for help and strength in time of need." He was buried, as he wished, "in the plainest way, in the simplest earthly place, with a gravestone of the most ordinary kind."

76 LIVY, the greatest of Latin historians, died A.D. 17. His history contained 142 books, but of these all but thirty-five have been lost. He was so much honoured in his own day that a Spaniard, it is said, went all the way from Cadiz to Rome just to see him, and having seen him, went back satisfied.

77 The EMPEROR AUGUSTUS died A.D. 14, in the month of August, which had been so named in his honour. It was through his decree, Luke tells us, that God's decree about the birth of Christ in Bethlehem was fulfilled. He was so proud of his appearance that he liked people to pretend to be dazzled when he looked at them. When he was dying he called for a looking-glass, and having arranged his hair, addressed those who stood by in the words actors used when they left the stage—"Have I played my part well? If so, applaud me."

77 IN 1739 RICHARD BENTLEY, one of the greatest of English and European scholars, a man to whom we all owe much, though perhaps we never heard his name before, resumed and finished an edition of *Manilius*, a little-known Latin author who flourished about A.D. 12, which he had begun and laid aside forty-eight years before, when he was twenty-nine.

77 IN 1879 BOUSSINGAULT, a French chemist, wrote to Mr. Edward Whymper, the well-known English Alpine climber, wishing him *bon voyage*, that is "a happy journey to you," in his attempt to reach the summit of Chimborazo, the great peak of the Andes, whose "silver bell" of perpetual snow had never been trodden by human foot. The beauty of the old man's greeting lay in this, that he himself, forty-eight years before, had attempted the ascent, and failed. Mr. Whymper succeeded, and not only once, but twice.

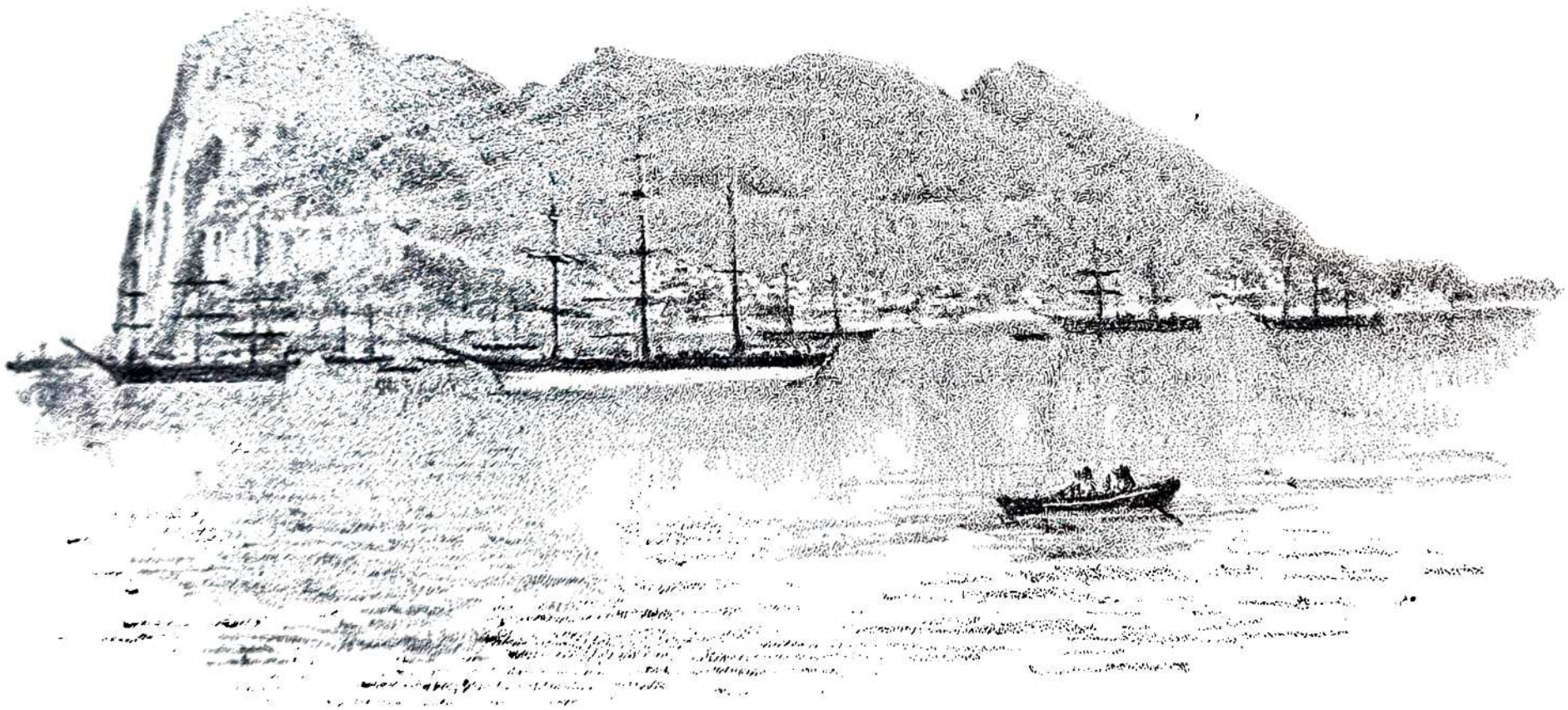


The Ash.

The Ash has livelier verdure than the Yew,
And yet the Yew's green longer.
—Mrs. Browning.

THE British and Foreign Bible Society now issues Bibles in 320 languages. When it was founded in 1804, there was no living version of the Scriptures in any African language. Now there are nearly seventy.

Gibraltar.



Gibraltar is an isolated mass of rock. It rises to a height of 1,400 feet, is three and a half miles long and three-fourths of a mile in average breadth. Population, 25,000. It has belonged to Britain since 1704. Its name means Tarik's Hill, *Gebel Tarik*, Tarik having been a Saracen general who fortified it, in 711 A.D. A line drawn from it to Ceuta, a corresponding headland on the coast of Africa, was long held by the ancients to be the western boundary of the world, a line which the ships of Tyre which went to Tarshish, or Tartessus, at the mouth of the Guadalquivir, were the first to cross.

GIBRALTAR has undergone fourteen or fifteen sieges, the most memorable being that in which France and Spain took part against the British. It began June 21, 1779, and lasted three years, seven months, and twelve days. During that time the British used 8,000 barrels of powder, and fired 205,308 shot and shell of all kinds, while the enemy fired 258,357. The British garrison was commanded by the heroic Eliott, afterwards Lord Heathfield, a Scotchman, a teetotaller, and a general who made it a point of honour to eat the same food as his men. Provisions at times were hardly to be got, so closely was the place blockaded. Potatoes reached 2s. 6d. per lb.; cheese, 4s. 1d.; loaf sugar, 17s. 1d.; tea, £2 6s. 7d.; a common candle, 2s. 6d.; a sheep's head and feet, 14s. 7½d.; a calf's, £1 14s. 1½d.; while a living goat and kid brought £12, and a milch cow fifty guineas, the seller reserving a pint of milk per day. On one occasion the garrison had a specially bitter experience. Their food was almost done, when, early one morning, a British ship was seen striving to make the Rock, pursued by twenty-one of the enemy. By skilful management and daring bravery her captain, whose name was Fagg, succeeded in reaching the shelter of the British guns, after firing one last shot in derision at the whole Spanish fleet. The troops and inhabitants, who had got no news from England for many weeks, crowded down to meet him, only to be told that he had been a long time at sea, and had put in, being in distress for provisions! The sight of the man's courage, however, had been a good cordial to the garrison, and the Governor willingly supplied his wants.

During the siege, out of 5,000 men, 500 died of sickness, while other 500 were killed or disabled by wounds. There were 43 deserters, of whom some were caught and hanged, while others were dashed to pieces in trying to descend rocks that were too steep for them. One poor creature, a sergeant of the 72nd, who had left behind him a letter announcing his intention to desert, was halfway down the rock, but having reached a point from which he could neither go up nor down was compelled to cry for help, and was rescued only to be executed. There were deserters from the enemy as well, and the British troops could often see in the Spanish lines the executions of those who had failed in their attempts to get away.

It is now possible to photograph a cannon ball flying—even the compressed air in front of the ball has been rendered visible—but in those days at Gibraltar there were two boys, named Richardson and Brand, so quick-sighted that they could see the enemy's shots almost immediately after they quitted the guns. It must be remembered, however, that the velocity of projectiles has been much increased of late. One of these boys, whose turn it was to be on the outlook, was one day finding fault with the men who were working near him for their carelessness in paying no heed to his warnings. He had just

turned his head towards the enemy when he saw a shot and cried to them to look out. The warning came too late, the shot entered the embrasure, that is, the opening in the parapet through which guns were pointed, and landing amongst four men wounded one of them in both legs, took off one leg of the second, and both the legs of the other two.

You have all heard, I imagine, the story of the man long ago who, it was said, took a bag of red night-caps to Gibraltar to sell, and rising in the morning after sleeping all night in the woods found his stock had disappeared, all but the one he wore himself. Looking round him he saw his nightcaps, to the number of some hundreds, in every direction in the tops of the trees, on the heads of monkeys who had stolen them while he slept. The man, seeing his ascent to the monkeys impossible, and their descent to him improbable, flung his nightcap to the ground in rage and despair, and to his amazement saw his friends instantly take theirs off too and do likewise. Whereupon he proceeded to gather up his stock again, while they looked on, no doubt expecting the game to be continued. There the story ended, but I have little doubt he had good sale for his wares, and laid the foundation of a fortune which has landed his descendants in the highest places in the land. I know not whether Gibraltar be still a red-cotton nightcap country or not, but the Barbary apes now only number twenty, and the risks which homeless peddlers run upon the Rock are not "probably arboreal." There are other ways of losing all one has, as a soldier learned to his cost, of whom Captain Drinkwater, the eye-witness and historian of the siege, has told. This man, rambling about the town, found by accident several watches and other things of value, but how to hide them was a difficulty, for Governor Eliott kept strict discipline and caused every soldier to be searched on going to duty and on returning from it. But at last the soldier hit upon a plan. Tying his prize in a handkerchief, he thrust it as far as he could reach inside a gun, and went to his quarters, and slept, and dreamed, doubtless, about his treasure. But that night, unfortunately, the Spanish gunboats alarmed the garrison; the richly-loaded gun was one of the first that was discharged at them; and in the morning the poor man found out to his sorrow what had happened to, as well as in, the watches by night.

Gibraltar, they say, is now impregnable. It is one mighty "place of arms." But impregnable positions are always the ones that are taken. Our country has done all that man can do to make the fortress secure. It bristles with cannon. It has sea-walls and fortified galleries cut in the rock miles long. It has eight enormous bomb-proof water cisterns. On the eastern side its precipices are unscaleable. Yet, if God be not for us, what will all that avail us when the day of battle comes!

Those that were stout of heart are spoil'd,
They slept their sleep outright;

And none of those their hands did find,
That were the men of might.

When Thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Had forth against them past,
Their horses and their chariots both
Were in a dead sleep cast.

Thou, Lord, even Thou art He that should
Be feared; and who is he
That may stand up before Thy sight
If once Thou angry be?

Famine, pestilence, treachery, madness, the sins that made the virgin fortress of Metz fall, a plague of flies—"for the locusts too are among God's hosts"—all these things and a hundred more God may send.

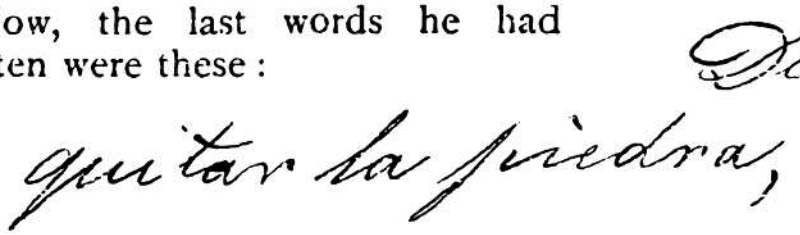
IN 1866 Victor Emanuel, King of Italy, entered Venice for the first time after it had passed from under the hated Austrian yoke. The whole city, even to its poorest quarters, was decorated with flags and festooned with flowers. But there was a poor cobbler who lived at the end of a blind alley, says the Countess Cesaresco in her *Unification of Italy*, who had no flag or garland with which to deck his house. Yet he was much taken notice of. For he had pasted over his door three strips of coloured paper—red, white, green, which are the national colours of Italy; red for its fiery volcanoes, green for its wooded Apennines, white for its snow-crowned Alps—and on the middle strip he had written these words, *O mia cara Italia, voglio, ma non posso, fare più per te*, "Oh my dear Italy, I would like, but I am not able, to do more for thee."

ON page 16 I have told you of what love for a book made a Spaniard do nineteen hundred years ago. I wish to tell you of what love for another Book made a Spaniard do four years ago. It was Mr Slowan, of the National Bible Society of Scotland, whom I heard tell the story; and I only wish I could tell it half as beautifully as he.

This Spaniard lived, and I hope still lives—I am sorry I do not know his name—in a little town in the north-west of Spain, about fifty miles east of Corunna. He was a poor man who worked on the roads, but was known to be fond of reading. So one day a friend came to him and said, "Here is a book I got the other day which I never saw before; I thought you might care to see it." He looked at it; he too had never seen it before, and, as it seemed to be a book worth reading, he gladly took a loan of it. It was a New Testament.

Of course he could not keep the book, and yet it was as hard to part with it, for he feared he should never see another. And this is what he did. He got a big note-book, twelve-and-a-half inches long and eight broad, and, on its rough unruled pages, wrote out the whole of Luke. Having a few pages left, he began to copy *varios capitulos*, various chapters, of the Gospel according to John. He had written out the whole of the second, and great part of the eleventh, when an Englishman came to the town selling Bibles, and he was able to get a whole one for himself.

Now, the last words he had written were these :



Jesus is the only word we recognise at once; yet men who have no other word in common, knowing it know more than tongue can tell. *Dice* is from the Latin *dico*, I speak, from which we get "diction" and "dictionary." *Quitar* is connected with our word "quit," and comes from the Latin *quietus*, quiet, and *piedra* is the Greek *petra*, a rock, whence our words "Peter" (Matt. 16, 18) and "petrify."

Look at it now as a bit of *handwriting*. I think it makes one feel how like all men are to one another. *D* is always a difficult letter to write well, the curve changes so often in direction. It and *W* were great trials to us when we were boys, and what is hard for a Briton is evidently hard for a Spaniard too.

The manuscript of Luke's Gospel covers 63 pages, each page having nearly forty lines. It weighs, excluding the covers, about seven oz. Luke is a thirty-second part of the Bible, so that, if all the Bible had been written out, it would have occupied 2,000 pages and would have weighed fourteen pounds. How long he took to write the Gospel I do not know. I am certain that one who uses his pen constantly could not do it under four-and-twenty hours. A boy, or one not used to write, and one who has to copy an unfamilar book, would take a great deal longer. I read many years ago about a boy in the north of England who wrote out the whole Bible to win a prize of £1 which some well-meaning but foolish man had offered. I am sorry for that boy every time I think of him. Perhaps we, on the other hand, get the Bible too cheap.

Besides being cheap and of convenient size, our printed Bibles are marvellously correct. In this Spaniard's manuscript there are words and lines omitted here and there. The eye, when lifted from the page, has sometimes caught the right word but missed the right verse. We owe a debt to printers that we little think of.

Thirdly, we see how the Church of Rome deals with the Bible. It seems almost incredible that a man, three days' sail from our own shores, should be able to write so well and yet never have seen the Word of God. But Spain is a land where the priests still burn the Bible as they used to burn men and women who read it.

And lastly, see the Wisdom and Providence and Grace of God. Could human genius have chosen more fitting words than those to be the last a man should write who was looking for his Lord?

Jesus said, Take ye away the stone. And does not the way in which God finished the unfinished sentence

remind you of the way He removed the difficulty that troubled other seekers long ago? "They came unto the sepulchre at the rising of the sun. And they said among themselves, Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre? And when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away: for it was very great."

This lad is writing a paper on "The Advantages of being Tidy and Orderly."

1	F	He that worketh deceit shall not dwell within my house.—*Ps. 101, 7.* In 1844 a band of Italian patriots who had gone to Sicily were betrayed by a comrade named Boccheciampi. After he had received the wages of his iniquity, he wrote to a Greek girl of Corfu, to whom he was engaged, to join him at Naples that they might be married. She had been deeply in love with him, and had already given him part of her dowry, but she answered, "A traitor cannot wed a Greek maiden."
2	S	I am a companion of all them that fear thee.—*Ps. 119, 63.*
3	S	Jesus saw the reasoning of their heart.—*Luke 9, 47 (R. V.).*
4	M	The heart is deceitful above all things.—*Jer. 17, 9.*
5	Tu	And it is desperately sick.—*(R. V.).*
6	W	Who can know it? "What a strange scene it would be if the surge of conversation could suddenly ebb like the tide and show us the state of people's real minds!" *Sir W. Scott in his Journal, after laughing in company on the eve of the loss of all his money.*
7	Th	The heart knoweth its own bitterness.—*Prov. 14, 10.*
8	F	But Thou, O Lord, knowest me.—*Jer. 12, 3,*
9	S	He hath sent me to bind up the brokenhearted.—*Is. 61, 1.*
10	S	The strong shall be as tow, and his work as a spark.—*Is. 1, 31 (R. V.).*
11	M	The wicked is snared in the work of his own hands.—*Ps. 9, 16.*
12	Tu	Ye were the servants of sin.—*Rom. 6, 20, 23 (R. V.).*
13	W	What fruit had ye in the things whereof ye are now ashamed? My days are in the yellow leaf; The flowers and fruits of love are gone; The worm, the canker, and the grief Are mine alone! —*Lord Byron on his 37th birth-day, Jan. 22, 1824, three months before his death.*
14	Th	But now, being made free from sin,
15	F	Ye have your fruit unto sanctification,
16	S	And the end eternal life.
17	S	Why do the nations rage,
18	M	And the peoples imagine a vain thing?
19	Tu	The kings of the earth set themselves against the Lord.
20	W	He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh:
21	Th	The Lord shall have them in derision.—*Ps. 2 (R. V.).*
22	F	In God have I put my trust;
23	S	What can flesh do unto me?—*Ps. 56, 4.* Queen Elizabeth said of Philip, King of Spain, "I shall never fear the threats of a prince who was twelve years learning his alphabet."
24	S	O Lord my God, Thou art very great.—*Ps. 104 (R. V.)*
25	M	Who maketh the clouds His chariot;
26	Tu	Who walketh upon the wings of the wind:
27	W	Who maketh winds his messengers;
28	Th	His ministers a flaming fire. Chinese High Commissioners are always plainly dressed, because they are expected to go out from the Emperor as quickly as possible and in their haste not to have time to put on any ornaments or finery.

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March, 1895. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. VIII. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* NO. 3.

Lord Rayleigh, F.R.S.,

One of the Discoverers of "Argon."

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Maull & Fox, 187 Piccadilly, London.)

"The Morning Watch" for 1894, being Volume VII., is now ready. Price One Shilling.

Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons.

Sir David Baird.

John 15, 13. 2 Tim. 1, 16.

IN 1780 Hyder Ali, a famous Mohammedan prince in India, defeated a British army and captured five-and-twenty officers. Amongst these was Captain Baird, better known afterwards as the Sir David Baird who lost his left arm, and succeeded Sir John Moore in the command, at the battle of Corunna. When the officers had lain some time in the prison at Seringapatam, a native official was sent to them one day with orders to put them in irons—each pair weighing nine pounds. When Captain Baird's turn came, one Captain Lucas, who knew the native language, sprang forward and pointed out as strongly as he could that if Captain Baird were put in irons in the state of health in which he then was, a ball having only recently been extracted from his leg, his sufferings could only end in death.

The native replied that he had received as many pairs of irons as there were prisoners, and on they had to go. Whereupon Captain Lucas offered to wear two sets himself, and so saved his friend. Lucas died thirteen months afterwards, Baird and a few others surviving till they were released after a captivity of three years and eight months. It was several days after they were set free before they could get the idea that they were in irons out of their minds. They continued to make the short constrained steps to which they had been so long accustomed, their crippled manner of walking affording much merriment both to themselves and others.

Fifteen years after, Baird, then a General, took Seringapatam by storm.

In 1797, when he was Colonel, he unexpectedly received orders to disband his regiment, the 71st, one of the finest bodies of men at that time in India. It was a heavy blow to him, but he determined to do his duty, and do it promptly. He ordered the regiment to parade in the barrack-yard, but when he began to read the order for their dispersion and his separation from them, he broke down, and handed it to the adjutant to read. As the men listened to it, they were filled with dismay and visibly greatly agitated.

"My poor fellows," cried their Colonel, "not a word; the order must be obeyed."

And then, to hide his emotion, he turned round to the band and bade them strike up a Scottish air he had taught them—one he had learnt from his mother when a child—

"The King commands and we'll obey,
Over the hills and far away."

TO be awakened, you need to know your own heart. To be saved, you need to know the heart of God and of Christ—*M'Cheyne.*

How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 28.)

At the age of 77 — Jacob left his father's house, and tarrying all night at Bethel saw in his dream a ladder whose top reached to heaven, and the angels of God ascending and descending on it.

77 — The Wife of Tennyson was thus addressed by her husband in the dedication of his last volume of poems:

There, on the top of the down,
The wild heather round me and over me June's high blue,
When I looked at the bracken so bright and the heather so brown,
I thought to myself I would offer this book to you,
This, and my love together,
To you that are seventy-seven,
With a faith as clear as the heights of the June-blue heaven,
And a fancy as summer new,
As the green of the bracken amid the gloom of the heather.

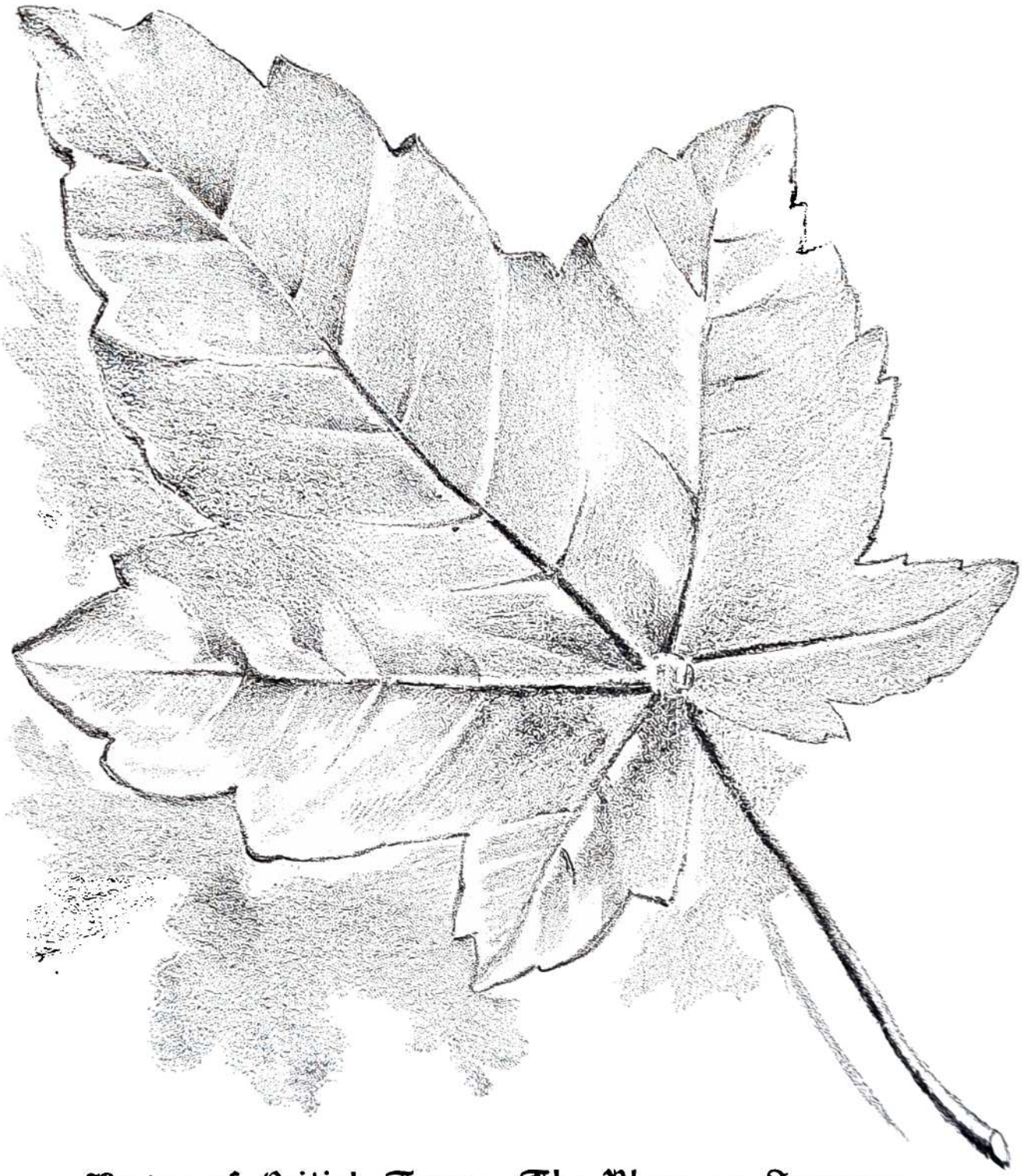
78 — Robert Browning, the poet, died in Venice, 12th December, 1889, the very day on which his last volume was published in England. The last words in it are these:

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.
No, at noon-day in the bustle of man's work-time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
"Strive and thrive" cry. "Speed—fight on, fare ever
There as here!"

On the day of his death, too, the local authorities of Asolo, a little village in the north of Italy, after a somewhat long and needless delay, had finally agreed to sell him a little bit of ground on which he wished to build a cottage for himself. His son has since founded a lace-school in the village in his father's memory. It was Mr. Browning's wish to be buried wherever he might die; if in England, with his mother; if in France, with his father; if in Italy, with his wife, who was herself the greatest poetess that England has ever had, at Florence. A grave in Florence would have been specially dear to him, for he loved his wife, and he loved Italy:

"Open my heart, and you will see
Graved inside of it—Italy."

But the cemetery at Florence having been closed, though the Italian Parliament would willingly have passed a bill to enable it to be opened for him, it was thought better to bring his body to England, where, in Westminster Abbey, it now rests.



Leaves of British Trees: The Plane, or Sycamore.

Argon.

ARGON is the name that has been given by Lord Rayleigh and Professor William Ramsay, of University College, London, to the new gas which they have discovered within the last twelve months. It was formerly held to be proved that the atmosphere consisted of one part of oxygen and four of nitrogen, measured by bulk, to which had to be added a very

small quantity of carbonic acid gas. It now appears that there is another constituent in the atmosphere of whose existence men have hitherto been unaware. It forms the 250th part of the air we breathe; we have each of us been taking about fifty pounds weight of it into our lungs every year, breathing Argon, just as we have been speaking prose, all our days without knowing it!

I do not think the new gas would be very well pleased if it knew why it has been called "Argon." For "Argon" means *idle.* It is used in Matt. 20, 3, 6, of the men who were found standing in the market-place; it is the word Paul applies in 1 Tim., 5, 13, to a remarkable class of women who lived in his day, whose descendents are still to be found in some European countries—they say there are some of them even in Britain—who were never in their own houses, but "wandered about, tattlers, busy-bodies, speaking things which they ought not;" it is the adjective applied to the Cretans, in Titus 1, 12, who are described as liars who do nothing but eat; and it is the word used by our Saviour in Matt. 12, 36, when He says that in the day of judgment we shall give an account of "every idle word" we speak—πᾶν ῥῆμα ἀργὸν, *pan rhema argon. Argon* is the neuter of the adjective *argos*, for in Greek the adjectives change form according to the gender of the nouns they qualify. It comes from *a* or *an*, which means *no*, and *ergon*, which means *work*, and it is the opposite of *energes*, *active*, *energetic*, which is applied to the word of God in Hebrews 4, 12. The new gas has been called *Argon* because it won't do anything, and won't combine with anything. It is even doubted whether it will combine with itself, like John Lilburn, the noisy pamphleteer of Cromwell's time, who was said to be so quarrelsome that, if he were the only man left in the world, John would quarrel with Lilburn and Lilburn with John. Yet, if, as Professor Ramsay says, Argon may possibly make the most powerful explosive known if it can be made to combine with other things, the new gas may surprise us all, as the Euxine Sea and the Pacific Ocean have belied, in the case of many a shipwrecked sailor, the peaceful, harmless names men gave them from their first experience of them. "Ye are idle, ye are idle," Pharaoh said to the Israelites, from whom, not many days after, he and all his chariots tried to flee in vain.

This splendid discovery, says Sir Robert Ball, the astronomer, "will make the closing years of the nineteenth century famous in science. Indeed, it may well be doubted whether any addition to our knowledge of the constitution of natural objects which has been made during this century is equal in importance to it." Another man of science, Professor Crookes, has affirmed that this discovery is, in the domain of physics and chemistry, the equal of that made in astronomy by Adams and Leverrier, the men for whom

> The Lord of light the curtain rent
> That veils the firmament.

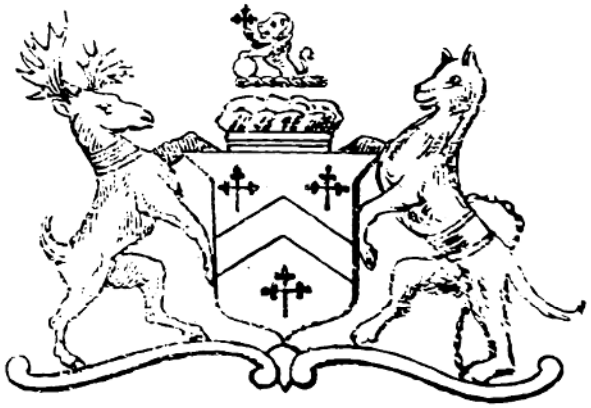
Lord Rayleigh and Professor Ramsay have worked together;

independently, yet most harmoniously. They shine so close beside each other that, like the double stars, they make

One light together.

That is one of God's laws: He sends forth His servants two by two, for union is strength, and union is love, and God is love.

But I must tell you a little more about these two men. Lord Rayleigh, then known during his father's lifetime as the Honourable John William Strutt, became famous in his youth in 1865 as Senior Wrangler and Smith's Prizeman at Cambridge, that is, he was the first mathematician of his year in the country. But you will find his name in a book when he was only twelve years of age. His mother was the sister of Captain Hedley Vicars,* a well-known saint and hero, who was killed on the 22nd March, 1855, while repulsing at the head of two hundred men, a sortie of several thousand Russians from Sebastopol. Three weeks before his death, Captain Vicars tells, in a letter to his mother, of a visit he paid to the soldiers' hospital, and of his giving "some jam (thanks to dear John) and biscuit to one of my company, John Carthy, for which the poor fellow was most grateful." "John" was the present Lord Rayleigh, and the jam came from a hamper he and his brothers and sisters had sent out to the Crimea. The child is father of the man. To the boy who gave the soldiers jam and biscuit you and I and all the world owe the Argon that we eat with every "piece." His talent has certainly gained more than ten.



You will see that the "supporters" in his coat of arms are a reindeer and a baboon. That baboon has a curious tale attached to it. Lord Rayleigh's grandmother was a daughter of a Duke of Leinster, whose crest and supporters are all baboons, and for this reason. An ancestor of his, six hundred years ago, was only nine months old when his father and grandfather fell in battle, at Callan. The servants in the household, when the news reached them at Tralee, rushed out of the house in their excitement,

*It was said of him that, while adjutant, he sobered and steadied nearly four hundred of the wildest and drunkenmost men of his regiment. The last house he lived in before he left for London to join his ship was Terling, Lord Rayleigh's seat in Essex; and the last chapter he read at family worship, which he conducted at his host's request, was the 22nd of Revelation. The last words he uttered before he received his death wound were, as he waved his sword through the air, "This way, 97th!" Just before he died he said, "Cover my face, cover my face." "What need for covering," beautifully says his biographer, "what need for covering under the shadow of that dark night? Was it not a sudden consciousness that he was entering into the presence of a Holy God before Whom the cherubim veil their faces?"

9th Febr 1895.

Ever yours sincerely
W. Ramsay.

Prof. William Ramsay, F.R.S.

(From a Photograph by Mr. John Fergus, Largs.)

leaving the child alone in its cradle. There a pet baboon, kept in the family, found him, and, taking him up, carried him to the top of the steeple of the neighbouring abbey. Then, having marched round the battlements, to the horror of all beholders, with the infant in its arms, it brought him back safely to his cradle.

What a strange immortality there is in actions, whether good or bad! Though six hundred years have passed, the pranks of that monkey still interest and excite us.

It was to Professor Ramsay that the task was given of describing Argon, and the method of its discovery, at the historic meeting of the Royal Society on the 31st January last. There has not often been a greater gathering of distinguished men. Lord Kelvin, who has no living equal, they say, in

largeness of mind, occupied the chair. He is, and has been for nearly fifty years, Professor of Natural Philosophy in Glasgow University. Mr. Ramsay was one of his students, and I should say the youngest in his class, many years ago. Lord Kelvin — Sir William Thomson he was then— used, like the Queen of Sheba, to try us with hard questions, and had himself to act as Solomon and answer them. It was rarely easy to answer them, and it was sometimes dangerous. I remember the ludicrous ferocity with which Sir William turned on a student who, as sometimes happens, had by a curious chance stumbled on the right answer to a question. "That's the right answer," said he, "but you meant it wrong, sir! YOU MEANT IT WRONG!" And then he gave the poor fellow a lecture, which made some of us feel that "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

I remember another day. Sir William had put a question, the answer to which demanded considerable knowledge of chemistry. We all sat silent, but were suddenly surprised to hear a young voice. It was Gulielmus—that is the Latin for William—Ramsay's, and as he went on, Sir William Thomson looked so pleased that I remember that many of us turned round to look at Ramsay's face. What would the Professor and the class have thought if the veil of the future had been withdrawn for a moment, and they had foreseen the great day that was to be, when Sir William would wait on Ramsay's words—a learner as well as a delighted listener!

Mr. Ramsay has done much notable work since then; for example, on the molecular weights of liquids —work which, I believe, the fifty men scattered over Europe who are able to appreciate it would put before that which has recently brought him so much popular applause. He is an accomplished linguist—the Russian language is his latest acquisition—a tremendous worker, he is still young, and as he comes of a good stock, and no man has a happier home, there is every reason to hope that his life for many a day to come will be like Aaron's rod, as rich in buds and blossoms as in fruit, with an endless harvest and a continual spring.

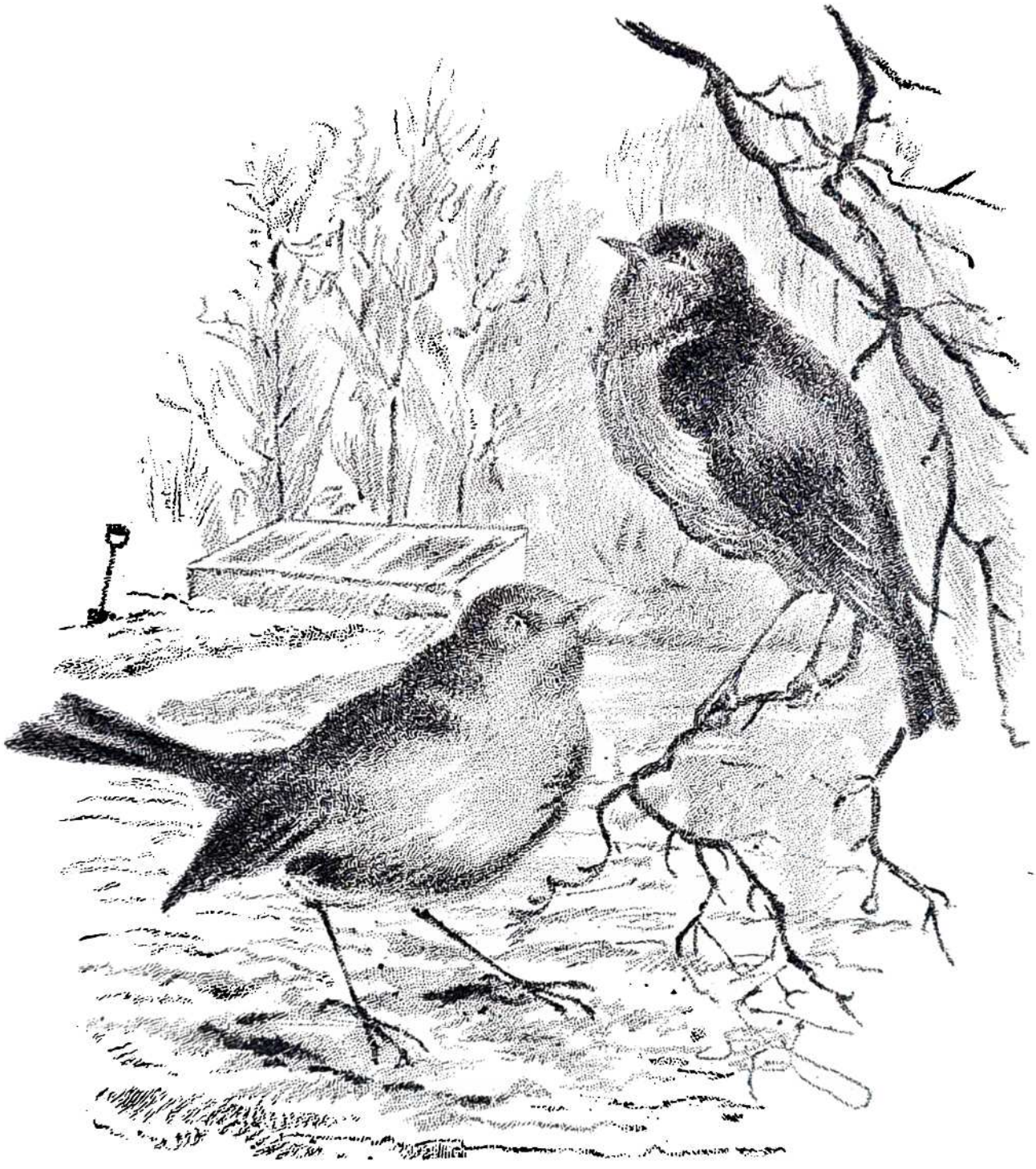
The Two Robins.

ONE of the Robins was very ill. He was thinner than he looked, for his feathers were somewhat puffed out. But his eye was getting dim. The mist of death was coming on him. He was dying of cold and hunger.

It was during the terrible frost of February.

> Birds lay here, and birds lay there,
> With little feathers all astare.

The second Robin was as pert and plump as could be. His little red waistcoat was extended to its utmost capacity, and well for him it was not fastened with buttons, for no buttons, as they are generally sewed on, could have stood the strain. No dimness about his eyes.



"Yes," he was saying, "everybody is complaining about the frost. For my part, I was never in finer condition in my life. I call it seasonable weather. I have not lost a meal. I don't know why people grumble so much. I was looking at myself in a bit of ice this morning. I am sure I never looked better. I go to seventy-three windows six times a day. Not that I know what seventy-three means. I can count as well as any of our family, but I can't go beyond six. I don't see the need of any more arithmetic. But I heard a man say there were seventy-three windows in that street in the village, and I go

to every one of them. And whether there is food or not, I tap at the window and chirp, and people say, 'Oh, there is that pretty Robin again;' so sometimes I get two meals at once. I don't go with the other birds, and that lets me get everything that's going all to myself. Chirp! chirp! I find that's the best plan; if one doesn't look after one's-self, who is to do it? Ta-ta! old boy, only you shouldn't look quite so glum. But I'm feeling peckish a bit. I haven't tasted a morsel of anything for I am sure nearly five minutes. It's exhausting when one has to do all the speaking one's-self. Ta-ta! chirp, chirp!"

Next morning the other bird was dead. That was the word that came to the birds who had gathered for that day's meal in our old doctor's green. There were tom-tits, and gulls, and crows, and sparrows, and mavises, and starlings, and many more besides.

"I see no sign of a change," said an old, old Crow; "I doubt if I'll live to see a change. Nineteen deaths last night, and the frost as keen as ever, and no food to be got.

There were three ravens sat on a tree,
Down, a down, hey down, hey down;
There were three ravens sat on a tree,
With a down;
There were three ravens sat on a tree,
They were as black as they might be,
With a down, derrie, derrie, down.

The one of them said to his mate
Where shall we our breakfast take?

I doubt my days of singing are past."

"But it's seasonable weather," said the plump Robin, who had just risen from his ninth breakfast.

"Nineteen deaths," said the Crow again, "I fear I shall be the twentieth."

"No," said the Tom-tit; "old Robin Goodfellow is the twentieth; he died this morning."

Then all the birds fell a-sighing and a-sobbing,
As they thought of the death of poor Cock-Robin.

The old doctor now threw out two trayfuls of crumbs and bones, but none of the birds, with the exception of the Robin, had any heart to eat.

For Robin Goodfellow had fallen a martyr to hard work and unselfishness. For three weeks he had scoured the village and the country, seeking morsels for other birds, telling each one where something suitable to him might be found. Many a quarrel he had stopped by a merry jest and the gift of the one mouthful he had reserved for himself. He had been provider to the whole bird community, and had sung loudest when he was most hungry. And now that he was gone the birds all saw how little attention they had paid to him. They had judged him by themselves, and thought that one who gave away so much must have at least more than enough for himself.

The most of that forenoon they spent recalling his good deeds. One thing threw light upon another. There were things even which had provoked them which they now saw he had done only for their good, and done wisely.

Meantime the other Robin had secured other fifteen meals. He had seen his own portrait, too, very

distinctly in several windows, and was not only plumper but vainer and more selfish than ever. When he got back to the doctor's green, on his way to the doorstep of Granny Webster, who gave him every day almost the half of what she had to herself, "for he must be very hungry when he is willing to eat what I can give him," she said, the old Crow was still there, breathing very heavily, and evidently nearing his end. I don't know what he was thinking about, but this I am sure of, that, if God is with birds when they are dying, and He says He is, He is not there for nothing, and the thoughts He puts into their little minds must be worthy of One Who is excellent in counsel and wonderful in working. Maybe the birds never praise Him more than when they are passing through the valley of the shadow of death.

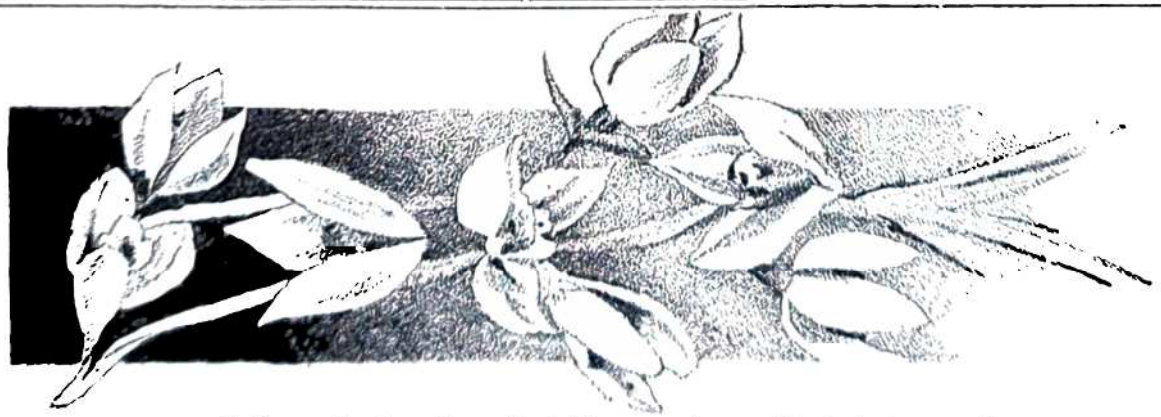
The Robin was annoyed at not being taken notice of. He hopped about and displayed his plumage at every possible angle. But still the Crow was unobservant of him.

At last, unable to stand the silence longer, he said, "I say, old Crow, don't you sometimes wish you had been a Robin?"

"Yes," said the dying bird, and these were his last words, "I could have wished well to be a Robin, *if only I could have been like the Robin that is dead.*"

I was asleep, but my heart waked. Song of Solomon, 5, 2. R.V.

ADMIRAL Sir E. Codrington, one of the heroes of Trafalgar, was signal-lieutenant on board Lord Howe's flag-ship in his younger days. Immediately before the great battle of the 1st of June, the British were watching the French so narrowly that Codrington never left the deck but for a few minutes at meal time. So worn out was he that he fell asleep almost between the mouthfuls of his dinner. His brother officers tried to keep him awake, but found it no easy matter. They knocked loudly on the table, threw things at him, shouted 'Codrington!' but all to no purpose. There was only one word, they found, that would awaken him, and that was the word 'Signal!'—the word connected with his duty. The moment it was said he sprang to his feet.



"Snowdrops whose first blossoms heave the latest snow."

1	F	Examine me, O Lord.—*Ps. 26, 2.*
2	S	Examine yourselves.—*2 Cor. 13, 5.* "God makes my brethren so kind that there is only one of the number who teases me, and that is myself, and I often think pride has much to do with that.—*Faraday.*
3	S	O Lord, the Hope of Israel.
4	M	All that forsake Thee shall be ashamed.—*Jer. 17, 13.*
5	Tu	Jesus said unto them, the devil is a liar.—*John 8, 44.*
6	W	That old serpent which deceiveth the whole world.—*Rev. 12, 9.*
7	Th	Adam said, I was afraid, and I hid myself.—*Gen. 3, 10.*
8	F	Judas cast down the pieces of silver.—*Matt. 27, 5.*
9	S	He gave them their request. "Possession is ten points of disillusion."
10	S	But He sent leanness into their soul.—*Ps. 106, 15.*
11	M	Doeg was there, detained before the Lord.—*1 Sam. 21, 7.*
12	Tu	Ye say, The table of the Lord is contemptible.—*Mal. 1, 7.*
13	W	Ye said also, Behold what a weariness is it !—*v. 13.*
14	Th	Ye would none of my reproof.—*Prov. 1, 25.*
15	F	My soul thirsteth for Thee. The last words of the Dutch Admiral De Ruyter.
16	S	My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness.—*Ps. 63.*
17	S	Every one that loveth, is born of God.—*1 John 4, 7.*
18	M	Love rejoiceth not in iniquity.—*1 Cor. 13, 6.*
19	Tu	The wicked sleep not, except they have done mischief.—*Prov. 4, 16.*
20	W	Their sleep is taken away, unless they cause some to fall.
21	Th	Glad at calamities.—*ch. 17, 5.* "A sour, envious man, being seen unusually sportive in the market-place, was asked by a philosopher whether he had just heard of any good befallen himself, *or any ill to his neighbour*, that he whistled so."
22	F	Be ye all like-minded, compassionate,
23	S	Loving as brethren, tender-hearted.—*1 Peter, 3, 8 (R. V.).*
24	S	If these shall hold their peace, the stones will cry out.—*Luke 19, 40 (R. V.).*
25	M	This stone shall be God's house.—*Gen. 28, 22.* So graciously did James Abbot rule the wild Huzara tribe in India that, years after he was gone from them, they used to point with affection to a stone on which he had once rested.
26	Tu	These stones shall be for a memorial.—*Josh. 4, 7.* Sir Evelyn Wood says that an English officer in 1892 found in a cave near Sebastopol a stone which he had used as a book-rest during the Crimean war in 1855.
27	W	The stone shall cry out of the wall.—*Hab. 2, 11.* A man in an Ayrshire village, caught taking lime from a neighbour's yard, was compelled to carve "Thou shalt not steal," on the lintel of his new house, to escape prosecution.
28	Th	Jacob set a pillar upon Rachel's grave.—*Gen. 35, 20.*
29	F	They laid a very great heap of stones upon Absalom.—*2 Sam. 18, 17.*
30	S	The angel rolled back the stone and sat upon it.—*Matt. 28, 2.*
31	S	This stone shall be a witness unto us; for it hath heard all the words of the Lord.—*Josh. 24, 27.* "We take these hills around us to witness against you, if this be not your end—to bring Christ again unto this land."—*Richard Cameron.*

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The Morning Watch.

Vol. VIII. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* No. 4.

Francis Rous,

The Chief Author of our Metrical Version of the Psalms.

The Dying "Bo'sun."

ON the 30th of March, two years ago, during a fearful storm, the steamship Cresswell, Captain Rilson, bound from Hamburg to Philadelphia, was found to be on fire. After eight hours' hard work the fire was got under, but the crew were left utterly exhausted, and still the storm continued. On the 2nd of April a mighty sea swept over the deck, wrecking the cabins, smashing the skylights, splintering the bulwarks, and staving in all the remaining boats. The boatswain, George Dorman, was found lying on the deck jammed between the funnel and the wreckage, with his back broken. But though he was so terribly injured, the dying man remembered his duty, and, noticing the condition of the rope that supported the hindmost mast, said to the Captain, "Look to the mizzen-stay, sir, it is nearly chafed through."

General Viscount Hill.

WHEN the Duke of Wellington became Prime Minister in 1828, Lord Hill succeeded to the command of the army. One of his best known exploits was his surprise of the French at Arrogo de Molinos in Spain, 28th October, 1811. On the evening of the 27th, after a long forced march in bitter weather, he found himself within four miles of the enemy. Having secured the roads which led from the neighbouring villages, he and his men encamped in the open field without fires, and so kept the French Commander in ignorance of their nearness to him. In the morning he made his men—no easy matter—march in silence. Then, taking advantage of a sudden storm of hail which compelled the French sentries to turn their backs to him and their faces towards their own camp—that hail which God told Job He 'reserved against the time of trouble, against the day of battle and war'—he burst on the enemy just as the storm ceased and the sky cleared, and won an almost bloodless victory. Four years afterwards, he led the brigade which charged Napoleon's Old Guard at Waterloo.

At his office at the Horse Guards when he became Commander-in-Chief, there was of course a constant stream of visitors, many of whom, especially the wives of officers, seemed to forget how busy a man a Commander-in-Chief must be. Being asked once how he kept them from taking up more of his time than he could spare, he answered: "Why, in the room where I receive them, there is only one chair; I ask them to sit down; then they are sorry to see me standing, so they do not stay very long!"

On the fly-leaf of his Official Letter Book he wrote out Proverbs 15,1, "A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger." His manservant said of him in his illness that he never woke, day nor night, without praying earnestly. When he was dying he caused the fifty-first Psalm to be read to him.

How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.
How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 27.)

At the age of 78 GALILEO died, 8th January, 1642, persecuted and harassed to the last by the Roman Catholic Inquisition, which had condemned him for saying that the earth went round the sun. He was a lad of nineteen when he made his first discovery—the use of the pendulum in the measurement of time. He was seventy-three, just before he became blind, when he made his last. We never see the other side of the moon; it always turns the same face to us, but Galileo found out that it oscillates a little, now to the one side and now to the other, so that we can see in all about three-fifths of its whole surface. This is called the *Moon's Libration*, and it was first explained by

78 LAPLACE, who died 5th March, 1827, aged also seventy-eight. He was the son of a small farmer in Normandy, but became one of the world's greatest mathematicians and astronomers.

79 FRANCIS ROUS, Provost of Eton College, died 7th January, 1659. In his last will and testament, dated 18th March, 1657, he speaks of a youth in Scotland, his grandson, "concerning whom it is perchance expected that I should do some great matter for him." But as it was utterly abhorring to him to give him an estate as the heir of idleness, he left him only as much money as would give him "an answerable education towards a profession." I wonder what Rous would have said if he had known that there were to be many generations of youths in Scotland and elsewhere whose most precious earthly possession from the cradle to the grave was to be his version of the Psalms.

Our singing of the praise of God is one of the fruits of the Reformation. When Calvin went to Geneva there was preaching and praying in the churches, but no singing till he introduced it. That part of the worship of God had been left by the Church of Rome in the hands of the priests. From Switzerland the practice of congregational singing spread to this country. Crowds gathered, we are told, to the church of St. Antholine's, in Watling Street, London, to hear men, women, and children "singing in the Geneva fashion." The first religious songs sung in Scotland were the "Gude and Godlie Ballates" of the brothers Wedderburn. These consisted of twenty-two of the Psalms, and a number of hymns. It was their version of the fifty-first Psalm that George Wishart sang the night before he was apprehended. Since that time there have been published in our languge upwards of a hundred and twenty complete versions of the Psalms in metre, written by men and women of every rank, and one might say of almost every trade and profession. From 1564 to 1650 the people of Scotland used what is known as "The Old Psalter." It was written in twenty-nine different kinds of metre, and as there was only one version of each Psalm, it is evident that those

At the age of 79

thoughtless and indolent people, who now-a-days are not ashamed of being unable to sing more than one or two tunes at family worship, would have been looked on as extremely ignorant three hundred years ago.

The first version used in England was that of Thomas Sternhold and John Hopkins, published in 1562, two men whose piety, says Thomas Fuller, was better than their poetry. Their work was superseded by that of Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, first issued in 1696. Tate was a Dublin man, and was made Poet-laureate in 1690. Brady came from County Cork. The version by Francis Rous was recommended by the House of Commons to the Westminster Divines, and approved by them in 1646. It has never been used in England except by Presbyterians. Eighty copies of it having been sent by ship to the church in Scotland, the book was revised by a committee of the Assembly, and, after considerable changes, appointed to be used in public worship on and after May 1st, 1650.

Here are eight lines of Rous' version of the 1st Psalm :—

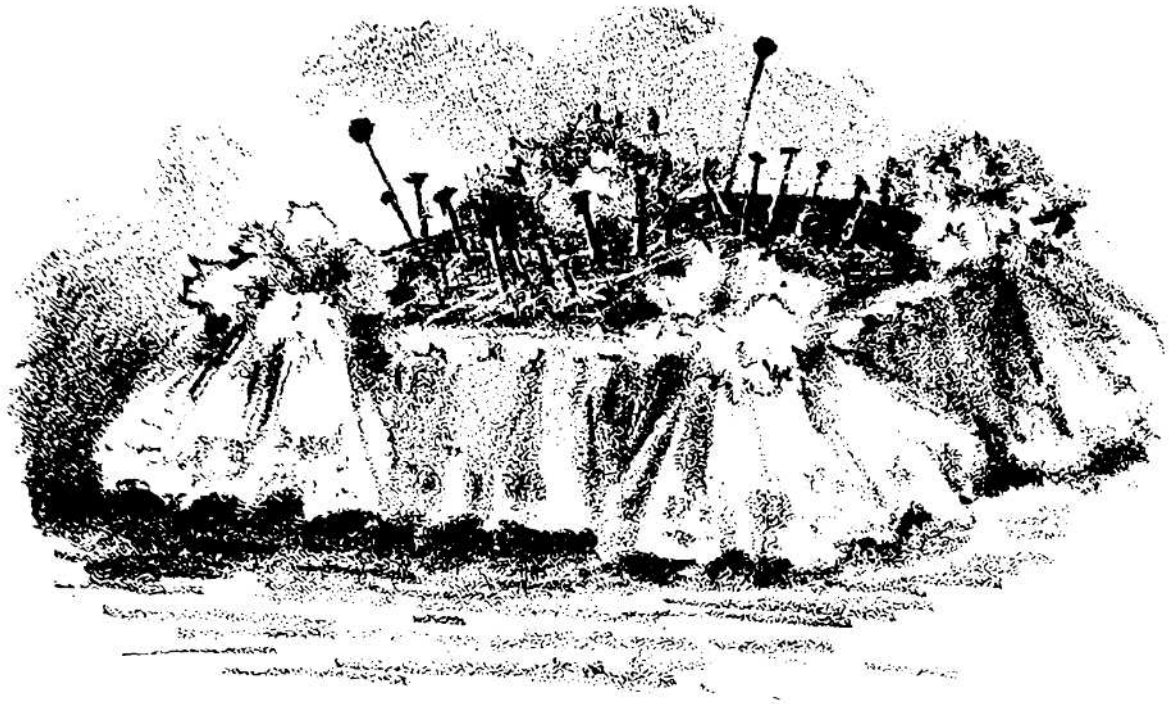
He shall be like a tree by streams
Of waters planted near,
Which in his season doth not fail
His pleasant fruit to bear ;
Whose leaf shall never fade nor fail,
But flourish still and stand :
Even so all things shall prosper well
That this man takes in hand.

The versions of the 100th, 102nd, 136th, 143rd, and 145th Psalms which we commonly use are all taken, with more or less change, from the old Scottish Psalter. If the Scottish Commissioners to the Westminster Assembly had had their will, the version used by us would have been that of Zachary Boyd, of Glasgow University.

Rous was a Presbyterian. He was born in Cornwall, and educated at Oxford. He was a member of the Long Parliament, and of the Westminster Assembly. He was also Speaker of the Little Parliament, which consisted of a hundred and thirty-nine persons, "faithful, fearing God, and hating covetousness," better known as the "Barebone's Parliament," so called after one of its members, a leather merchant, who bore the strange name of "Praise-God Barbon."

Rous was a godly man. His great wish was that the English Commonwealth should be like the Jewish nation under Joshua. His will closes with these solemn words :—"I lay hold of the free grace of God in His beloved Son as my only title to eternity, being confident that His free grace which took me up lying in the blood of irregeneration will wash away the guilt of that estate, and all the cursed fruits of it, by the precious blood of His Son, and will wash away the filth of it by the Spirit of His Son, and so present me faultless before the presence of God's glory with joy."

It is an interesting fact that the first book ever printed in America was a metrical version of the Psalms—the Bay Psalm Book, 1640.



Put pins into the pin cushion of your stranger's bedroom!

A FRIEND of mine, who was one of the late Professor John Stuart Blackie's "sacred band,"* has kindly allowed me to give you the facsimile of part of a letter he received from him announcing his intention of paying him a visit.

The Professor was in the habit of writing on the outside of almost every envelope he addressed these words from Ephesians 4, 15—ἀληθεύων ἐν ἀγάπῃ, *aletheuon en agape, speaking the truth in love.* I think his advice to "put pins into the pin-cushion of your stranger's bedroom" may be looked at as an illustration of his motto. "Your stranger's bedroom" implies that one is given to hospitality, and that means *love.* And the seeing that the pin-cushion has pins in it means that things, as well as people, should truly be what they profess to be. And that reminds me of a family I heard of long ago.

The mother was a widow. She had four daughters. The first or second time one met them one was greatly impressed by them. They were so kind in speech and manner,

* The "sacred band" consisted of men who promised to learn a verse of the Greek New Testament every day.

and at a distance they looked, on the whole, well dressed. But when one met them often, one began to be disappointed. "They are always asking me about my mother's cold," said a man to me once, "but I notice that they never wait to hear my answer!" So it was in everything they did, till at last everybody saw that they lived in an atmosphere of pretence.

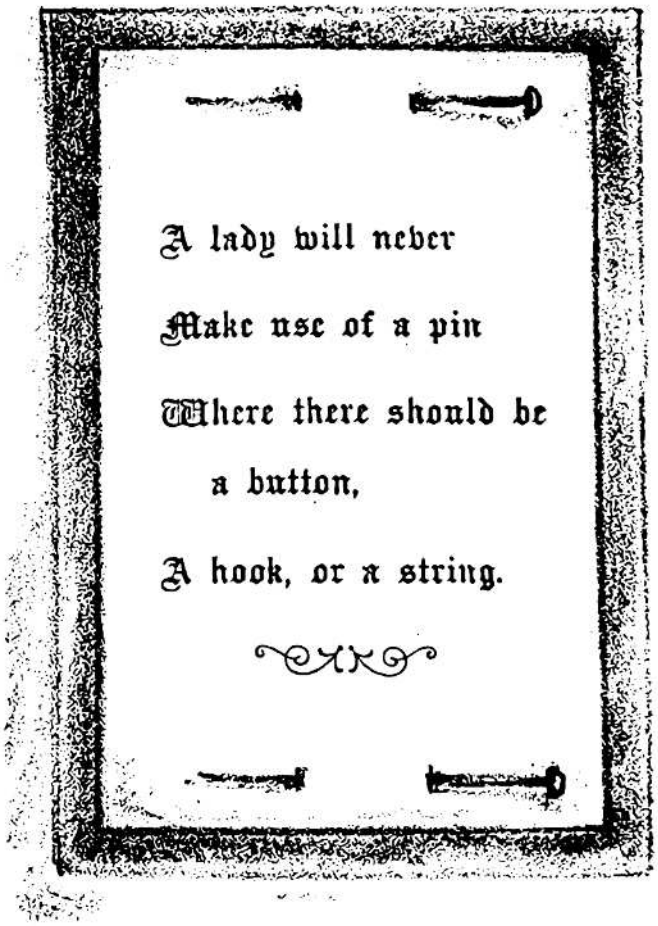
Their rich bachelor uncle from Australia, a most worthy genuine man, found them out in less than twelve hours. His suspicions were roused the moment he looked at the brass plate on the door. It was unevenly put on; that, of course, might not have been their fault. But their name was spelt in what was considered an aristocratic way. "Well," said he to himself, "that's not like my brother; our name is a common enough one, maybe, but it is a good honest manly one, and we never wrote it that way." He pulled the bell, that is to say, he didn't pull it, for the handle came out six inches and stuck there, the wire having been broken five weeks before. They meant to have it repaired next morning, but he had come one day sooner than they expected. He was welcomed with effusion, but he thought after a time that there was little depth in their perpetual smiles, which seemed "put on." They had been so accustomed to smile falsely, that now, even when they wished it, they were not able to smile truly. For their faces, especially the mother's and the eldest girl's, were, as one has phrased it, "scarred with the ravages of affability." And so it was with everything. The table looked laden, yet there was hardly anything to eat. The piano was out of tune—they were expecting the tuner every day, they said—but that mattered little, for none of the daughters could play more than one piece.

When he retired to his room, two of the brass knobs on the bedstead which he accidentally touched fell off. There was a fire in his room but no coals. The arm-chair had only three casters, and when he was leaning with his elbow on the mantel-piece, looking over a time-table which he presently discovered to be six months old, the mantel-shelf gave way and he broke a vase. On the wall there was a fancy calendar worked by three ribbons, one of which came away in his hand. The little clock on the table might perhaps have gone if he could have found the winding key. The clock in the lobby, however, which stood right on the other side of the wall from his bed, did go, and kept him awake all night, striking every quarter, but never, by any chance, either at the quarters or the hours, striking the right number of strokes. There were candles, but no matches; a carafe and water in it, but no tumbler; a penholder, but no nib. Fortunately he had pens and paper of his own, but, unfortunately, when he tried the ink-bottle, it had no ink. The looking-glass swung round, and remained at every angle at which he could not use it. He proceeded to open his door, but there was no inside handle; he pulled the bell-cord on the wall, but only a spider appeared. "It seems," he said

to himself at last, "as if there were nothing *real* in this house." And then he sat down and listened to the steady drip of the rain. Two hours had to pass before, with many apologies, he was delivered from his imprisonment; and he was, I fear, not in an amiable mood, but his hostess and her daughters smiled as blandly as ever, and the barometer in the lobby stood at "set fair." Nothing ever disturbed it, yet it was never further wrong than it was that morning. There was a storm of rain outside, and a storm of weeping presently inside. For the children's uncle announced at breakfast time that he meant to return to Edinburgh, on his way to London; by the mid-day train. Their fate, and our fate is just our character, pursued them to the last. For when the youngest daughter kissed him at the door, one pin in her dress tore his cheek, and another the back of his hand. "I've found something real at last," he said to himself, but to the mother he said, "Oh, is it there you keep your pins? I was searching all the pin-cushions last night, and could not find one to fasten the blind in my room with. Good-bye!"

The four daughters are all married now—but so is their uncle—and their husbands are never out of debt.

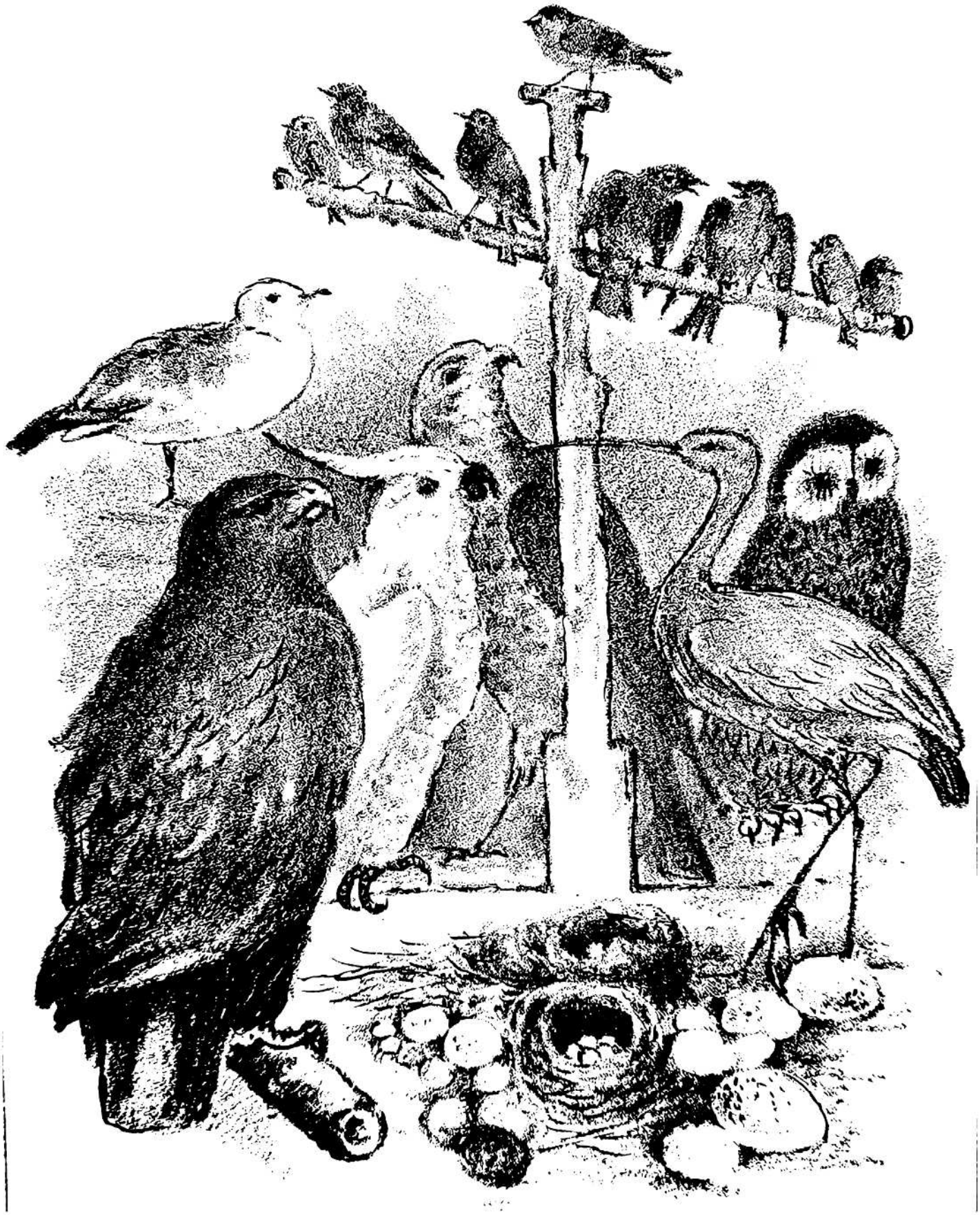
I THINK men and women are for no use but so far as they are for Christ.—*James Renwick.*



The Quarrels of the Birds.

The New Museum.

WHEN the new Museum was opened there was a rush of the smaller and younger birds to secure the best places. Those that were stiff through years, or size, or dignity, came along very leisurely, and had to be content with standing room on the floor. There was, of course, a great deal of noise. Those who had got good berths were triumphant, others who had been badly jostled were weeping; while those who were bad-hearted mocked and said it was only what they had expected all along, and not only expected, but foretold. What surprised their keeper most, however, was not the selfishness of the birds,



but the foolishness of the arguments they used in support of their claims. The Crow had heard that in some large recent work on Ornithology it had been placed at the head of British birds.

"No doubt because of your singing," said the Jackdaw, who had been much taken up of late with a copy of Æsop's fables, and had just finished the story of the Fox and the Crow and the Bit of Cheese. The Crow in reply made as though he would have struck him, but feeling, like Giant Despair, that his limbs failed him, he suddenly remembered he had been dead three years and was stuffed with tow, and so yielded, but with a bad grace, and had the mortification of looking on helplessly while the Jackdaw acted the fable, with a shameless amount of exaggeration, to the birds who were nearest him. Similar scenes were going on all around, and as no bird could use any weapon but its tongue, for they were all alike stuffed, the timid made even more noise than the bold. The uproar at last became deafening, and the birds were compelled once more to ask the Eagle, who had been looking on silently but much grieved, to act as judge.

The Sparrow, of course, was the first to speak. It had secured the best place in the room. It began in a very impudent manner: "I am the best known bird in the world, and"

"About the least respected," interjected the Magpie.

"Silence!" said the Eagle. "Go on."

"And in the old Museum," continued the Sparrow, "I had the best perch for nine years."

"A sufficient reason," said the Eagle, "why you should have it no longer."

The Crow was now coming forward to speak, but caught sight of the Jackdaw, who was pretending with a most comical look of despair to catch an imaginary piece of cheese which had fallen from his mouth, to the great delight of a number of small birds who were shaking their sides with silent laughter. The Crow hesitated a moment, and while he hesitated the Crane came forward with a most consequential air. He had heard that no one could be a king or queen who had not a pedigree, and that the word pedigree meant a crane's foot, and he therefore was surely entitled to the foremost place. The Eagle granted that the word pedigree came from *pied de grue*, foot of a crane, but explained that the word only referred to the slender lines which were used in drawing out genealogical tables, and were so called because they were like a crane's foot for thinness. This explanation silenced but did not satisfy the Crane; the other birds, however, to whom the claim had seemed irresistible, drew a long breath, and looked at each other.

The Eagle took advantage of the silence to lay down a few general principles. "If," said he, "any bird has a claim to the chief place amongst British birds, it is the Grouse, who alone of all birds is found in Britain and nowhere else.

But we were not made to quarrel about who is the first amongst us. We are here to be happy, and to make one another and everybody who comes in to look at us, happy, and there is room for all of us, and a good place for each of us. The place where the Sparrow is now was meant for the Ostrich, and no other place will do for the Ostrich. That other place to which the Sparrow has just gone is for the Albatross, whose home was wont to be two thousand leagues of sea. The sunny spot which the Sparrow now occupies belongs to the Bird of Paradise, and that dark corner where he is gone to hide himself is for our friend the Owl, who in the old Museum was almost blinded with looking at the sun, contrary to nature, for fifteen years.

"Let us, my dear birds, in this as in all other things, imitate men whom God has given us for a pattern. They do not choose the highest rooms at feasts or the chiefest places in the synagogues, but in honour prefer one another, and he that is greatest amongst them is servant of all. No boy or girl will sit in any building and let a woman or an old man stand. No young person makes an older needlessly change his seat. And if a seat is full they do not crowd in to make it fuller; they rather take the nearest empty one. Nor do they rudely stare at every stranger who comes in. For every mansion in our Father's house should be like Heaven, the abode of love."

But at this point the Eagle was interrupted. The Glossy Ibis was making for the door. The Parrot had insulted him, it seemed. For, two weeks before, a school-boy, beginning Latin, had stood opposite the Ibis, and regarding him a moment had said, "Ibis, second person, singular, future indicative, thou wilt go," and had then laughed and gone away. Now the Parrot, after the manner of his kind, had been practising the words in his mind, and having seen at length his way to say them rightly, suddenly broke out, "Ibis, second person, singular, future indicative, thou wilt go; ha! ha! ha!"

"I am not going to stay here and be insulted," the Ibis said.

"But," said the Eagle, "it was only the Parrot that insulted you, and he didn't know the meaning of what he said, poor creature."

"Oh, but I am evidently not wanted here."

"Yes, you are, Ibis. There are 10,000 different kinds of birds in the world, and only four hundred of these in Britain, and there is room here for every one that will come."

"But I am not wanted."

"I say you are. We all wish you; and the keeper wishes you, and everybody who comes here is glad to see you. It was only the Parrot who spoke, and he meant no harm; he never means *anything* he says."

"It doesn't matter; I am not going to stay where I am not wanted, and where I am only insulted."

"Very well, go! But I am sorry and I am disappointed. I looked

for better things of you. Your kinsman, the Red Ibis, was the Sacred Bird of Egypt, and was worshipped for its wisdom, and purity, and love. I hope you will live to get more sense. And when you come back to us, as that merry school-boy would have said, though perhaps you will say I am insulting you too, you will come back, *redibis*, a Red Ibis, a wiser and a better bird."

They shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.—Isaiah 2, 4; Micah 4, 3.

1	M	This is an holy man of God that passeth by us continually.
2	Tu	Elisha said, Thou hast been careful for us with all this care;
3	W	What is to be done for thee?
4	Th	Wouldest thou be spoken for to the King?
5	F	And she answered, I dwell among mine own people.
6	S	And he said, What then is to be done for her?—*2 Kings, 4.* Guiseppe Dolfi, a baker whose roof often sheltered Mazzini and other patriots, was the man most trusted by the Florentines. When Victor Emmanuel, long after, came to Florence, he sent for him to the Palace and wished to decorate him. "Your Majesty," he answered, "to bake good bread and to serve my people is enough for me."
7	S	When he saw the multitudes, he was moved with compassion.—*Matt. 9, 36.*
8	M	In perils in the city.—*2 Cor. 11, 26.* "The flow of life in the streets seems often sublimer to me than the tides of the sea."—*Lowell.*
9	Tu	Should not I spare Nineveh, that great city?—*Jonah 4, 11.*
10	W	He beheld the city and wept over it.—*Luke 19, 41.*
11	Th	The mourners go about the streets.—*Eccles. 12, 5.*
12	F	The streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing.—*Zech. 8, 5.*
13	S	The street of the city was pure gold.—*Rev. 21, 21.*
14	S	The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.—*1 John 1, 7.*
15	M	The deceitfulness of sin.
16	Tu	Sin, when it is full grown, bringeth forth death.—*James 1, 15 (R.V.).*
17	W	My sin is ever before me.—*Psalm 51, 3.*
18	Th	I will be sorry for my sin.—*Psalm 38, 18.* "One is afraid of being proud even in speaking of one's sins."—*Capt. Hedley Vicars.*
19	F	Whose glory is in their shame.—*Phil. 3, 19.*
20	S	Many shall awake, some to shame and everlasting contempt.—*Dan. 12, 2.*
21	S	The Lamb is King of kings.—*Rev. 17, 14.*
22	M	All power is given unto me in heaven and on earth.—*Matt. 28, 18.*
23	Tu	Ho, Assyrian, the rod of mine anger.—*Isaiah 10, 5.*
24	W	Syria and Ephraim are the two tails of smoking firebrands.—*Isaiah 7, 4.* That is, they are the charred stumps of wooden pokers.
25	Th	Shall the saw magnify itself against him that shaketh it?—*Isaiah 10, 15.*
26	F	The government shall be upon his shoulder.—*Isaiah 9, 6.* "For ten years I carried the world on my shoulders." *Napoleon's Conversations at St. Helena.*
27	S	He shall reign for ever and ever.—*Rev. 11, 15.*
28	S	One pearl of great price.—*Matt. 13, 46.*
29	M	I will that women adorn themselves, not with pearls or costly array. Sir E. Arnold heard some Indian ladies who were looking at the Gáekwár of Baroda's State jewels call them *santôsha*, that is, contentments.
30	Tu	But (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works.—*1 Tim. 2, 9.* The Countess Gozzadini (whose family claimed descent from Dante), the worthy wife of an Italian patriot, was noted for the quiet elegance of her dress, and cared so little for diamonds that when those which she had were buried in the garden in the commotions of 1849, she forgot all about them till the gardener, long after, accidentally dug them up.

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The Morning Watch.

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"Threescore and Ten Years."

Not mindless of the growing years,
Of care, and loss, and pain,
My eyes are wet with thankful tears
For blessings which remain.

Be near me in mine hours of need,
To soothe, or cheer, or warn,
And down these slopes of sunset lead
As up the hills of morn!

—*Whittier.*

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN sailed from Greenhithe, on his last earthly voyage, on Monday, 19th May, 1845, fifty years ago this month. His ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, were last seen by a whaling ship in Baffin Bay on the 24th July. No further news of them being heard, fifteen different expeditions were sent to look for them between 1848 and 1854. The Government at last gave up the search as hopeless, but Lady Franklin's hope and love still persevered. In 1857 she bought the little screw yacht *Fox*, of 177 tons burden, and sent it off on its sacred quest under the command of Captain M'Clintock, R.N., then only in his thirty-eighth year. He returned to England on the 21st September, 1859, with the melancholy tidings that of the hundred and twenty-nine men who entered the ice with Sir John Franklin not one was left alive; that their brave leader himself had died on the 11th June, 1847; that the *Erebus* and *Terror* had been abandoned on the 22nd April, 1848, after being beset in the ice for nineteen months. The ships had perished, strange to say, within sight of two headlands that had been named Cape Franklin and Cape Jane Franklin by another Arctic discoverer, Sir James Ross, eighteen years before. On the fly-leaf of a copy of *The Voyage of the Fox* that now lies before me some boy has written long ago, and written truly, "Splendid Book." I do not know which to wonder at most—the greatness of the perils through which Captain M'Clintock and his five-and-twenty comrades passed; or the courage and calmness—"tranquillity" is his own word—with which they faced them; or the modesty and devoutness with which he tells the tale. I am not surprised that of his little company the majority had served with him before in Arctic voyages; still less that the first use they made of their wages when they reached England was to buy their captain a gold chronometer, as his first object was to secure for them their Arctic medals before they left the ship.

One can see that he feared God and loved everything and everyone—from the solitary little mouse on board that was found living in the biscuit cask in which it had been accidentally shut up in Aberdeen fifteen months before, to his brave lieutenants, Hobson and Allen

Admiral Sir F. L. M'Clintock, K.C.B., F.R.S., LL.D.

Young, whose honour and promotion he was ever furthering. There is one passage which I think shows specially the chivalrous character of the man. Finding fewer letters on their return to Greenland than they expected, he and Hobson found great delight in studying the pages of an Official Navy List that had been forwarded to them, and reading of the advancement of many of the old friends and comrades they had left behind them.

Sir Leopold M'Clintock is still living and working. You may read his name amongst those of the Judges in the High Court of Admiralty, whom he assists with his judgment and experience when knotty points arise. And he is one of those who are wise enough to see, and brave enough to fight against, not the errors only, but the lies, the cruel, arrogant, shameless lies of the Church of Rome.

May we not say of this Valiant man, this Valiant-for-the-truth, that we are glad "that he has lived, that he is living, and that he will always live?"

How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.
How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 40.)

At the age of	
80	"At sixty we come 'within range of the rifle pits.' A certain amount of self-deception is still possible at threescore years and ten, but at threescore years and twenty nature has shown most of those who live to that age that she is earnest, and means to dismantle and have done with them in a very little while."—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*
80	Moses was fourscore years old when he spake with Pharaoh.—*Ex. 7, 7.*
80	The Poet Wordsworth died, 23rd April, 1850. His favourite text was, *Eph. 5, 20,* "Giving thanks always for all things unto God, and the Father, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ."
80	Dr. Andrew Bonar wrote in his diary on his birth-day, Wednesday, 29th May, 1889:—"The Lord has enabled me to lean upon Christ day by day for fifty-nine years. He took hold of me that year, 1830, and has never once left me in darkness as to my interest in Him all that time. I have been meditating upon His marvellous grace; and I see it in this light, viz., He promised that day I found Him that I would have rest in Himself always as I went along, and then nothing less than a whole eternity of blessedness. All this for accepting the gift of Christ! The first moment of faith rewarded by everlasting ages of blessedness!" On another occasion, during his eightieth year, Dr. Bonar said to a friend, "I must be very old now, for the Bible says—
80	'Barzillai was a very aged man, even fourscore years old. And the king said unto Barzillai, Come thou over with me, and I will feed thee with me in Jerusalem. And Barzillai said unto the king, How long have I to live that I should go up with the king unto Jerusalem? I am this day fourscore years old: can I discern between good and evil? Can thy servant taste what I eat or what I drink? Can I hear any more the voice of singing men and singing women? Let thy servant turn back again, that I may die in mine own city, and be buried by the grave of my father and my mother.'"—*2 Sam. 19, 31.*

Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honour the face of the old man, and fear thy God; I am the Lord.—Lev. 19, 32. Gal. 4, 2.

WHEN Massimo d'Azeglio, one of the bravest of Italian soldiers and statesmen, was a very little child, he lifted a stick he had in his hand to strike an old servant who was in attendance on his mother the Marchioness Taparelli, and himself, in one of the streets of Florence. His mother instantly stopped, and made him kneel down and ask the old man's pardon—much to the latter's consternation—in the presence of all the passers-by.—*Countess Cesaresco's Italian Characters.*

MR ROBERTSON, the tenant of Nether Craigs, was a godly man and a good farmer. When he reaped with his hook in harvest time the other reapers panted after him in vain. The fields he ploughed looked like the finest corduroy. "That man," said a drawing-master, as he stood watching him one day, "makes a line two hundred yards long as straight as I could make one of ten inches, and I need an even surface." But it was sowing that Mr. Robertson loved best. Other things made him feel proud, but it made him humble. Yet no one could beat him at it either. Windy or calm, it was all one to him. Perhaps he liked windy weather best when he sowed his oats. He liked to hear the grain hiss as it flew through his open fingers; he liked to hear it patter on the ground; but he loved when the breeze blew back the golden grain and it stung his cheek like hail. I have seen him sowing in half a gale of wind, walking backwards, and there never was a prettier looking field when it brairded, that is, when it showed above ground three weeks after. When rye-grass seed was sown—it is almost as light as feathers—some of his brother farmers loved a calm day, some loved a breezy one. Mr. Robertson had no choice. Whether the day was without a breath of wind, or so blowy that, when sowing, the seed went all behind him, no one could have told, when the seed sprouted, where one cast had begun or ended.

Yet, I have said, sowing always made him humble, for it seemed to bring him unusually near God. All other things, as it were, he could do himself, or at least God did them by him. But in the springing of the seed God had no fellow-worker; it was He Who gave the increase.

During all the rest of the year, at family worship, Mr. Robertson sang right through the Psalms, beginning always where he left off the time before, and Marjory, the fatherless and motherless daughter of his only son, led the tune. But in the sowing time, ever since his son's death, he precented himself and sang special Psalms. There was, of course, the 65th:

The earth Thou visit'st, watering it;
  Thou mak'st it rich to grow
With God's full flood; Thou corn prepar'st,
  When Thou provid'st it so.
Her rigs Thou waterest plenteously,
  Her furrows settelest:
With showers Thou dost her mollify,
  Her spring by Thee is blest.

The 126th too:

As streams of water in the south
  Our bondage, Lord, recall.
Who sow in tears, a reaping time
  Of joy enjoy they shall.
That man who, bearing precious seed,
  In going forth doth mourn,
He doubtless, bringing back his sheaves,
  Rejoicing shall return.

It was his wife who always fastened the sowing-sheet about his neck; it was the best, the finest linen sheet they had, and was kept sacred for the purpose. As she fastened it and sent him away, there was always, I believe, some solemn word uttered; such as "Behold, a sower went forth to sow:" "It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption:" "It is sown in

dishonour, it is raised in glory:" "It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power:" "We shall all be changed:" "This mortal must put on immortality:" "One soweth and another reapeth:" "The harvest is the end of the world, and the reapers are the angels." Then with a solemn, loving look at his wife and little Marjory, he strode away like a priest of the Most High God.

On the evening of the day on which the sowing for the season was finished, they sang, always to the tune *Scarborough*, in the 72nd Psalm:

Of corn an handful in the earth
On tops of mountains high,
With prosperous fruit shall shake, like trees
On Lebanon that be.

The city shall be flourishing,
Her citizens abound
In number shall, like to the grass
That grows upon the ground.
His name for ever shall endure;
Last like the sun it shall:
Men shall be bless'd in Him, and bless'd
All nations shall Him call.

II.

Nether Craigs, as you can easily infer, was not a large farm, and employed only a few hands. But these few were hardly ever changed. They loved their master, and would not go free, or their master loved them and would not let them. There was a yearly prize in the district of a pound of tea for the ploughman who had been longest in one place. It was not a big prize—though rumour said the laird and his lady put a sovereign always in the heart of it—but, like the parsley wreath at the Isthmian games, the honour of it was accounted very great. For nineteen years it fell to Hector Munro, one of Mr. Robertson's men, much to the annoyance of Alison Young, who had come with her husband to the Upper Craigs the term after Hector had gone to the Lower Craigs, and had persuaded him to stay on, year after year, for seven-and-twenty Novembers, as much to her own discomfort as to his, all in the vain hope of winning the prize on which she had set her heart. Had she taken her husband's advice and gone to any part of the adjoining county when he wished her to do so twenty years ago, they would have had the prize there for six years running now, and a better house besides. And Hector Munro was as lusty as ever, and, indeed, it was said his grandmother in Iona had lived to be a hundred and seven, and his grandfather had been drowned at ninety-nine. "So we have only to exercise a little patience for other forty years or so, Elsie my woman, and you'll get the tea all right, unless something comes in the way!"

Hector was a capital hand at everything but sowing. Somehow or other he could never manage that, though he practised diligently after hours in the barn, sometimes with "handfuls of nothing," and sometimes with a sheet full of sand. Old Tommy Mason gave him lessons, but in vain. When sowing with both hands was invented Tommy took to it at once. Mr. Robertson, like many of the older farmers, would not even condescend to try it. Tommy showed him how easy it was, and how much time was saved: "you do the whole width of

a ridge every step, one yard at a time, instead of half-a-ridge every two steps." But his pleading was of no effect. Nor would Mr. Robertson allow him to try one field. For Tommy now and again took drink; it was that and not years that had given him the look of age. To give him the corn to sow would have seemed to his master almost as great impiety as to have allowed him to carry the sacramental bread. "You must be a better man, Tommy, before I let you try your hand at that."

And well did his master and mistress strive to make him a better man. They strove for his soul as those that expected to give account, and wished to do it with joy. Mrs. Mason was heart-broken, but she never ceased praying and hoping. When she saw her husband getting restless and another time of trial approaching, she would plan with her master and mistress and Marjory how best to help her poor husband to get over it. They were all as willing as could be, though one must own he tried them cruelly. For he seemed to choose the time for sin that would harass and grieve them most. They had an only son, a sailor, a godly, clever lad. Time after time his father chose the day of his return home from distant lands for a drunken outburst. And once, when Ronald was to have gone to Liverpool, to get a medal and telescope at a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, for his bravery as mate in rescuing ten men from a Norwegian barque in the North Atlantic in February, he was prevented by having to go in search of his father, who had gone to a funeral. When he left to join his ship a fortnight after, he took his father aside, and having prayed with him behind a hedge about a stone-cast from their little house, said to him, with choking voice, "I am to be made captain after this voyage; the owners have promised me a ship; but I solemnly tell you, father, that if I find you have done wrong when I come home, I will fling up the sea and come and stay with mother. Promise me, before God, and in His Name, to love Him and do what is right." And then he prayed once more, asking God and his father both to forgive him if he had spoken any word unlovingly. It was in late autumn, and Marjory, who had been bramble-gathering, had unwittingly heard every word.

III.

That winter, and all the year after, Tommy Mason did well, and seemed so changed that men began to call him sometimes Mr. Mason. And indeed I believe he was changed, only it is not easy to get the victory over any sin all at once. And twice Mr. Mason fell.

Our young laird was to come of age on the 1st of September after, and it was known that there were to be many titled guests and much rejoicing on the occasion. Our old laird was anxious that every farm on the estate should look its very best. "I don't need to say anything to you, Mr. Robertson," he remarked one day, when he called with his lady, as they sat in the parlour enjoying butter-milk and cheese and

scones. "I'm glad your farm is at the beginning of the avenue. I venture to say that field of yours will be as pretty a sight as any of my guests have ever seen."

Mr. Robertson's health was now less robust than it had been, and when January came he asked Mason to plough the field, adding, "I think you will do it better than I could."

But alas! the poor man was tempted one day, in the middle of the ploughing, by a gentleman who was ferreting with a keeper in an adjoining wood, and fell! Such a ploughed field you never saw. It was the plough that had to steady him and not he the plough. There were places where there seemed to be almost no furrow at all, and, as if to make up for the shallowness of these, the "hints" or finish of the ridges were all too deep. Mr. Robertson was fortunately unable to leave his bed for some weeks and Marjory succeeded in hiding from him what had happened. The harrowing, she knew, would hide all but the "hints." March came, and still Mr. Robertson was ill. "I meant in any case," he said to Mason, "to ask you to sow the field, but now I have no choice, even though I wished." So the sacred sheet was fastened round his neck. "Mind, Tommy, the young laird and all his friends are to see the field, and your son's to see it, and God's to see it. And the reapers are the angels."

But that day he was tempted and fell again. Harrowing may hide bad ploughing, but it cannot hide bad sowing. And when the end of April came there was a revelation! There were big spaces between the casts, and every here and there, where Mason had stumbled and let the seed fall in a heap out of his sheet, there were those clumps that come to nothing in the harvest time. But again Marjory hid what had happened, and when young Ronald came home, the old farmer had nothing but the best of news for him. There never was a happier lad than he that day when he set off to be captain of his first ship.

As soon as the old farmer was able to be out, he discovered what had happened, and his grief and shame were very great. No one, of course, said anything to him, but he was glad when the birthday festivities were past and the last guest gone. But the poor ploughman's grief and shame were greater still, and his master saw it and was glad. And when Marjory told all that she had seen and overheard, and how it was for the son's sake that she had hid his father's shame, "You did quite right, my dear," her grandfather said, "and maybe something will come out of it better than we know."

IV.

It was the fifth year afterwards, and Mr. Mason, who had never fallen again, was lying dying. "I would have liked," he said, "if God had spared me and given me strength to plough that field once more. These "hints" have been sore hints to me. Many and many a time have I gone up to that field and looked at them, and the earth

seemed to open her mouth and cry against me. But I hope God has forgiven me, and I hope you have forgiven me too. It was the worst day's work I ever did, but who knows? Maybe it was all to be overruled for good. It was sown in dishonour; maybe glory's to come out of it. But it will be God's glory and not mine."

V.

Some months after, our young laird came home again from India with all the fame of a brave soldier, and the additional interest that attaches to a man who has been shipwrecked. It was a wonderful story he had to tell. His ship, with two hundred people, passengers and crew, had been caught in a cyclone, and dismasted. Their boats were all gone, or stove in, and hope had been abandoned when a steamer's smoke was seen on the horizon, and after hours of agony, for though the wind was down there were tremendous seas, the steamer came up, the City of Carthage, and by the captain's splendid management and the heroism of the crew, every soul was saved. "And what is the most wonderful thing of all," added the young laird, "do you know who the captain is? I told him he must come and spend some days with my father and mother, and when I told him where we lived, 'I know,' he said; 'I know your place well. My father was a ploughman on the farm of Nether Craigs with Mr. Robertson. You'll remember him and his wife and their grand-daughter Marjory?' So he is coming next week."

That night the old laird called on Mr. Robertson, who had not yet heard the news.

"Do you remember how anxious I was to have the estate at its best when the Captain came of age? I don't think I have ever told you what an eyesore the marks on those ridges have been to me all this time."

"They have been a greater eyesore to me," said the old farmer, "but it will all be put right at the next ploughing in a month or two. But I think you would forgive me, sir, if you knew all the outs and ins of it." And then he told, Marjory blushing all the time, what she had overheard, and all she had done.

"Well," said the laird, "I don't think any one of us knows yet all the outs and ins of it." And then he told about the shipwreck and the City of Carthage, and how her captain was coming next week, and his name was Ronald Mason!

VI.

Now, I think you can guess what happened next. For the old laird told Ronald some things about Marjory that he didn't know, and his wife told Marjory some things about Ronald that she didn't know; and Ronald and Marjory in process of time told each other things that they both knew, and soon every other body knew too!

He made another voyage out and home, and then they were married. The laird insisted that the marriage should be in his house, and it was so, and when the young couple had driven away, he walked down with Mr. Robertson to the field, and said, "I think I shall be sorry when that field's ploughed, after all, but I'll be

glad for Captain Mason's sake. The past should sometimes be hidden though never forgotten."

That night Mr. and Mrs. Robertson and their maids and their guests sang the 65th Psalm, only they began at the fifth verse :

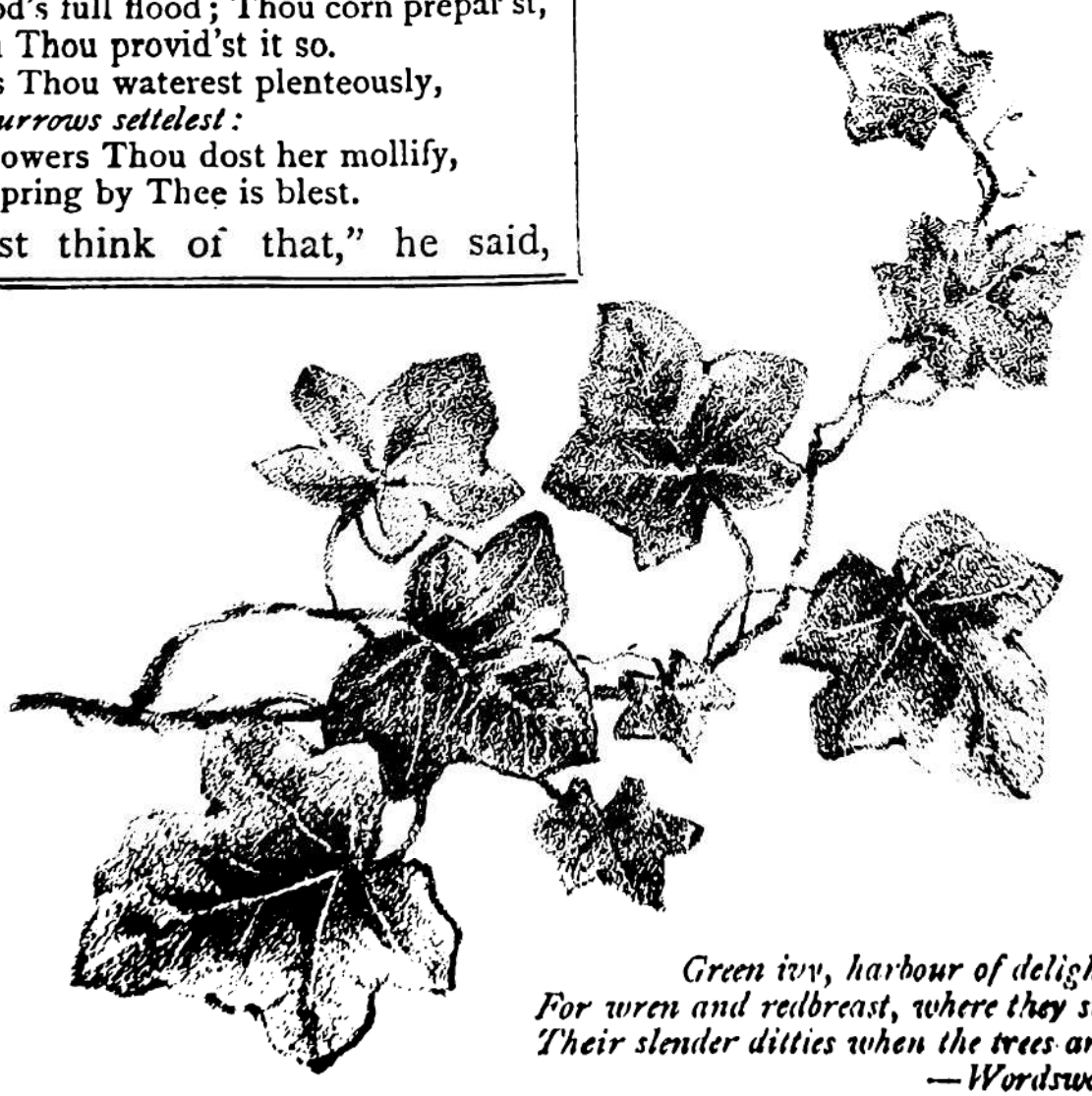
O God of our salvation,
Thou in Thy righteousness
By fearful works unto our prayers
Thine answer dost express :

Therefore the ends of all the earth
And those afar *that be*
Upon the sea, their confidence,
O Lord, will place in Thee.
Who, being girt with power, sets fast
By His great strength the hills.
Who noise of seas, noise of their waves,
And people's tumult stills.

The earth Thou visit'st, watering it ;
Thou mak'st it rich to grow
With God's full flood ; Thou corn prepar'st,
When Thou provid'st it so.
Her rigs Thou waterest plenteously,
Her furrows settelest :
With showers Thou dost her mollify,
Her spring by Thee is blest.

"Just think of that," he said, "He stills the noise of the seas, and He settles the furrows ! You would think that Psalm had been written expressly for Ronald and Marjory's marriage day !"

THERE is an officer here, in our camp before Sebastopol, named Douglas Macgregor, who is very dear to me. Some weeks ago he asked to be my companion in visiting the hospitals, adding, "I have just been reading those words, 'I was sick and ye visited me not,' and I should not like my Saviour to be saying those words to *me*."—*Captain Hedley Vicars' Last Letter.*



Green ivy, harbour of delight
For wren and redbreast, where they sit and sing
Their slender ditties when the trees are bare.
—Wordsworth.

1	W	Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.—*Eccl. 12, 1.*
2	TH	My Father, Thou art the guide of my youth.—*Jer. 3, 4.*
3	F	Thou makest me to inherit the iniquities of my youth.—*Job 13, 26 (R.V.).* "It is extraordinarily difficult, in making a statue, to set right the faults of the first blocking out."—*Michael Angelo.*
4	S	I will restore the years that the locust hath eaten.—*Joel 2, 25.*
5	S	God is a righteous judge,
6	M	Yea, a God that hath indignation every day.—*Ps. 7, 11 (R.V.).*
7	TU	The wicked is snared in the work of his own hands.—*Ps. 9, 16.* There was a stone in Devonshire two hundred years ago called the *Hanging Stone*, because a thief, who had stolen a sheep and tied it about his neck to carry it on his back, rested himself for a while on it, till the sheep, struggling, slid over the stone on the other side, and so strangled the man.
8	W	His mischief shall return upon his own head.—*Ps. 7, 16.*
9	TH	The flame of the fire slew those men that took up Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego.—*Dan. 3, 22.* At the siege of Brescia, in Lombardy, in 1849, a young blacksmith, Carlo Zima, whom some Austrian soldiers had covered with burning pitch, rushed in his pain at the foremost of his tormentors, and clasped him so tightly that they perished together.
10	F	He hath not dealt with us after our sins.—*Ps. 103, 10.*
11	S	Pardon mine iniquity, for it is great.—*Ps. 25, 11.*
12	S	Praise Him, old men and children.—*Ps. 148, 12.* John Lawrence, of Essex, was allowed, on account of his weakness, to sit in a chair when he was burnt at the stake in the reign of Bloody Mary. Some children, who were about the fire, cried out twice, "God strengthen you."
13	M	Out of the mouth of babes hast Thou ordained strength ;
14	TU	That Thou mightest still the enemy.—*Ps. 8, 2.*
15	W	Children saying, Hosanna to the Son of David !—*Matt. 21, 15.*
16	TH	I found of thy children walking in truth.—*2 John, 4.*
17	F	Little children mocked him, and said, Go up, thou bald head.—*2 Kings 2, 23.*
18	S	So shall your children make our children cease from fearing the Lord—*Josh. 2, 25.*
19	S	Thou, O Lord, art a shield about me.—*Ps. 3, 3 (R.V.).*
20	M	In my prosperity I said, I shall never be moved.
21	TU	Lord, by Thy favour Thou hast made my mountain to stand strong. "Remember that, both for yourselves and for the enemy, every mountain has some practicable pass.—*Mazzini's Rules for Guerilla Warfare.*
22	W	Thou didst hide Thy face, and I was troubled.—*Ps. 30, 6.*
23	TH	Thou saidst, I shall be a lady for ever.
24	F	Thou has said, None seeth me.
25	S	Therefore shall destruction come upon thee suddenly.—*Is. 47, 7.*
26	S	The Master of the house.—*Luke 13, 25.*
27	M	Jesus said, Have ye here any meat?—*ch. 24, 41.*
28	TU	God said unto Balaam, What men are these with thee?—*Numb. 22, 9.*
29	W	What said these men?
30	TH	What have they seen in thine house?—*2 Kings 20, 14.*
31	F	What were ye reasoning in the way?—*Mark 9, 33 (R.V.).*

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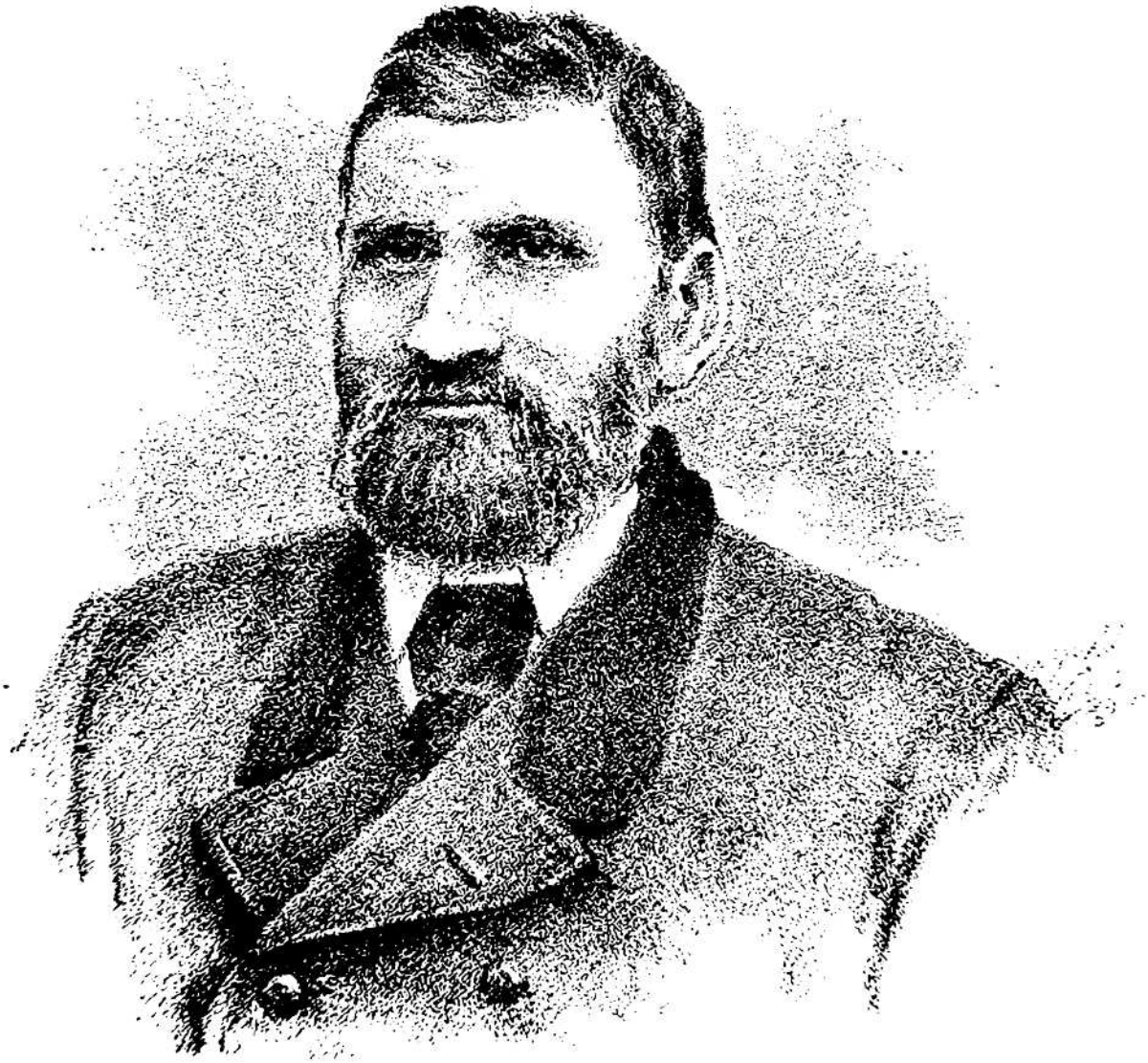
Mr. William Mugford.



W. Mugford

The Stanhope Medallist
of the Royal Humane Society for 1894.

(From a photograph by J. C. Dinham, 11 Lower Union Street, Torquay.)

"The Morning Watch" for 1894, being Vol. VII., is now ready. Price One Shilling.

Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons.

LORD RAGLAN'S orderly officer, Lieutenant Tom Leslie, was wounded at the battle of Alma. On the evening of that day Lord Raglan said to another officer, "Do you know Tom Leslie's mother? She is a charming woman. I must write to her. How proud she will be to hear that her son has a bullet in his shoulder!"

At the battle of Busaco in Portugal, in 1810, Sir Charles Napier, afterwards the conqueror of Scinde, was shot through the face. His jaws pained him greatly for many a day, specially at meal times—so much so that when he asked a blessing he used to pray for the man who had shot him. Napier's two brothers had been wounded a short time before, and when he wrote to his mother, he said, "You have the pride of saying your three sons have been wounded and are all alive. How this would have repaid my father for all his anxieties, and it must do so for you. Why, a Roman matron would not have let people touch her garment in such a case. There is no shame for such wounds. The scars on my face will be as good as medals; better, for they were not gained by hiding behind a wall."

Now they do it to receive a corruptible crown.—1 Cor. 9, 25. But thou, O man of God, fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life. —1 Tim. 6, 12. From henceforth let no man trouble me: for I bear branded on my body the marks of the Lord Jesus.—Gal. 6, 17, R.V.

PRINCESS ANNE, the third daughter of Charles I., died in 1641 when not full four years old. Being minded by Mistress Conant, one of her Rockers, to call upon God when the pangs of death were upon her, "I am not able," she said, "to say my long prayer"—meaning the Lord's prayer—"but I will say my short one, 'Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, lest I sleep the sleep of death.'" And this done, she gave up the ghost.

The LORD looseth the prisoners.

Ps. 146, 7; Dan. 3, 25; Acts 12, 7; 16, 26.

"26th June, 1663.—At table Sir W. Rider did tell a story of his own knowledge, that a Genoese galley in Leghorn Roads was struck by lightning, so as the mast was broke in pieces, and the shackle upon one of the slaves was melted clear off his leg without hurting him. Sir William went on board the vessel and would have contributed towards the release of the slave whom Heaven had thus set free, but he could not compass it, and so he was brought to his fetters again.—*Pepys' Diary.*

Similarly, in Jamaica once, a slave mother and her babe were set free by an earthquake, which threw down the stone walls of their prison and left both mother and child uninjured.

How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.
How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 52.)

At the age of 80

"Most long lives resemble those threads of gossamer, the nearest approach to nothing unmeaningly prolonged, scarce visible pathway of some worm from his cradle to his grave."—*Lowell.*

80 Dr. Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich, said in a sermon preached in 1654, two years before he died:—"It hath pleased the providence of my God so to contrive it, that this very morning, fourscore years ago, I was born into this world. 'A great time since,' ye are ready to say; and so, indeed, it seems to you that look at it forward, but to me, that look at it past, it seems so short that it is gone like a tale that is told, or a dream by night, and looks like yesterday. It can be no offence for me to say that many of you who hear me this day are not like to see so many suns walk over your heads as I have done. Yea, what speak I of this? We are all tenants at will; and for aught we know, may be turned out of these clay cottages at an hour's warning. Oh, then, what should we do, but, as wise farmers, who know the time of their lease is expiring and cannot be renewed, carefully and seasonably provide ourselves of a surer and more during tenure."

80 An Old Man in Nottinghamshire came to me one Sabbath as we were going into church, and said—"Do you think, Sir, you could bring in that prayer about giving thanks this morning? I am eighty years old to-day, and I should like to thank God for all the mercies he has been pleased to send." He had one small room in a poor cottage; his income was three shillings a week; he had no relatives and few friends; he was often ailing and always infirm, needing two sticks to lean on, and yet he was not only content, but happy. He was a Christian in spirit and in truth, and the last words he spoke to me, just before his death, were these: "I am not dying in darkness, I am dying in the light of life."—*Dean Hole's Reminiscences.*

80 Thomas Carlyle described his eightieth birthday as "the birthday of a skinless old man, a day of the most miserable agitation he could recollect in his life. A noble and most unexpected note from Bismarck was the only real glad event of the day." Yet even that brought its drop of bitterness, for Bismarck had thought it was only his seventieth birthday, and that was enough, Carlyle said, to quench any vanity he might have had on a letter from such a man. There was a crowd of other things on the occasion, "a perfect whirlwind of gifts and congratulations," including a gold medal! but everything, he said, "was mere fret and fuss to me, intrinsically of no value at all, at least till one had time to recognise from the distance that kindness and goodwill had lain at the heart of every part of it. They say," he added, "that I am a great man now, but not one of them believes my report, not one of them will do what I have bidden them do."

NO one need be ashamed of watching a boy spinning a top, or of spinning one himself. I have seen the President of the Royal Society, Lord Kelvin, spinning one before a hundred students, as I have also seen him making soap bubbles and heard him lamenting that he did not seem to be as good at it as when he was a boy. The top he performed with was, however, not a common wooden one, but, I think, a brass one, called a Dynamical Top, invented by that very great and very godly man, Professor Clerk-Maxwell. Clerk-Maxwell took it up with him from Aberdeen to Cambridge in 1857, and exhibited it to a tea-party in his room one evening. I don't know how long it was able to keep spinning of its own accord once it was set a-going—I have the impression we watched Lord Kelvin's one for over forty minutes—but, anyhow, when the party broke up, the top was still full of energy. Next morning Clerk-Maxwell, noticing one of his friends coming across the court to visit him, crept out of bed, started the top, and went back to bed again. His friend came in, found the top still going, and spread the wonderful story over Cambridge!

Boys played with tops in ancient Rome, as Virgil and Tibullus tell us, and, there can be no doubt, everywhere else almost since the world was. It is one of the things that nature itself teaches us. Most of us, I imagine, have seen a pebble which we have kicked by accident whirling round and round exactly as a top does.

But it was Tom Ferguson's tops I wished to speak about. Tom was one of those lovable kind-hearted young fellows of whom people say that they are so good natured that they are easily led astray. We should remember that there are things which God means us to hate as well as things which we should love, and love that loves everything, whether it be good or bad, is not love, for the foundation of love is holiness. But Tom was certainly a kind-hearted lad. It is said with regard to some distinguished man, I forget who, that a groom who had never seen him, being told to meet him at some station, asked—"But how shall I know him?" and the answer was, "Oh, if you see a man helping sombody, that's he!"

In the same way Tom was always finding people to help. Strangers asked him to direct them to places, message boys got him to help them with their loads, old men took his arm when they were climbing braes, cats rubbed themselves against his legs, and dogs licked his hands. But he had fallen in of late with some careless-living lads. He no longer went regularly to church, forenoon and afternoon, and twice he had gone into a public house. And the strange thing was, he no longer had the adventures he used to have. More than once he noticed people who seemed to be in doubt of their way halt as if they were going to speak to him and then pass on, and once an old woman refused to let him carry the bundle she was quite unable to carry herself.

One night in May, after a struggle

(After the group by E. Roscoe Mullins.)

with himself, he set out to meet a companion who had persuaded him to consent to go for the first time in his life to the theatre. In ordinary circumstances, and in other days, he would have found much to interest and detain him on the way. There was one boy in particular playing so intently with a "peerie," which he was bent on lifting on to his hand, that most passers by halted for a moment and smiled. A sergeant of police even, and one of his men, looked on with admiration, and at last determined not to apprehend the lad, but, as the constable put it, "to give him the benefit of the doubt." Yet Tom pressed on. But there were other angels in the way with whips in their hands, and thrice these angels turned him. And the angels were little children with their tops. First there was a little girl, all alone, with a top lying on its side which she was trying in vain to make to stand upright and spin. But to manage to spin a top that way one

needs a good whip, or scourge, as we used to call it, and she had only two little bits of string in her hand. When Tom asked her if she didn't know how to make it spin, she only shook her head. She was evidently beginning to despair. So he made it spin for her, and she struck it once or twice with the strings, though most times she only hit the pavement. But by chance there was a little piece of stick lying on the street, a bit of a barrel hoop, and Tom, like all wise men, had always string in his pocket. He made her a whip, stuck a little piece of red paper, which he nipped off the corner of a bill posted on a hoarding close by, on the top and set it spinning once more, and left the little lassie speechless with delight. That was angel number one.

The second angel was a boy, a very little boy, who was trying in vain to spin a top with his fingers. Tom offered to do it for him, but the boy neither said 'yes' nor 'no,' but persevered himself, and tried and tried and tried again, till he succeeded gloriously! while Tom watched him with delight, saying to himself, "That's a little chap that has some pluck, he'll get on all right!" Angel number two.

The third was also a boy, but this boy's difficulty was a different one. He could spin his top perfectly, and whip it too, but whenever he began to whip it, the top began to go slower and slower, till it finally reeled and rolled away on its side. The boy was evidently both puzzled and ashamed. His mistake, as Tom pointed out to him, was this. A boy, as a rule, spins his top with the back of his hand uppermost and his fingers gripping the rim of the top, so that the top goes round like the hands of the clock—from left to right. But this boy had somehow learnt to spin his with the back of his hand towards the ground, the sharp end of the top coming towards his palm, and his fingers pointing upwards, so that the top was made to spin from right back towards the left, as if one turned the hands of a clock back. The top would have continued spinning if he had whipped it with his left hand, but as he used his right, the top was going one way, and the whip was trying to make it go the other way.

When Tom reached the corner where he was to meet his friend, he found himself late and his friend gone. Then he turned and went home.

On the Sabbath after, the minister, a stranger, who was preaching in Tom's church, chose for his text, *Leviticus 26, 27-28*, "And if ye will not for all this hearken unto Me, but walk contrary unto Me; then I will walk contrary unto you also." Tom sat in the front of the gallery, and as he looked over the book-board he saw a seat filled with a family that had newly come to town. The boy at the end of the seat was twirling his fingers as if he were spinning a top, half-unconsciously, for his eyes were fixed on the minister all the time. But just as Tom recognised the face, the minister said something like this: "God rules the world, and things must go God's way, else they

can't go at all. The man that fights against God is bound to come to nought."

"Yes," said Tom to himself, "I have been making the same mistake as that boy this while, and I didn't see it. God has been pulling one way and I have been pulling another."

YOU see that little man in the picture? His heart was set on getting a spade, and a spade he has got. I do not know that he is looking particularly happy. He has already found out that it is either

too thick at the edge, or else he is not strong enough to push it into the ground. And that, though he does not know it yet, is only the beginning of sorrows. In ten minutes the shaft will break, being of cross-grained wood and much too long. Then he will have to carry the two pieces home, expecting a whipping, and a whipping he will infallibly, though very unfairly, get. And whenever he asks anything for many a day to come, he will be reminded of the spade he broke.

Now, it is the man who made the spade, and the person who bought it, that should be whipped—whipped for making and buying a dishonest piece of work, and then whipped a second time for needlessly grieving a little boy whom God wished to make happy.

I remember when I was a child getting a present of a railway train, an engine, tender, and two carriages. It cost sixpence, and made me so glad that I was more than reconciled to the departure of the friend who gave it me. I carried it proudly home from the railway station. It was painted green and gold, the tops of the carriages were black and their ends red. It looked beautiful. I can still recall the feelings of admiration with which it filled me. But when I tried to make the train go, no matter how steep the incline of the board on which I set it, it wouldn't go one inch. The wheels, for one thing, were not round, and they were so loosely fastened that they would not stand straight. The whole thing was a sham and a fraud.

When you make a toy, or buy a toy, and especially when you give a toy, see that it be a bit of honest work. Remember that when God made the world, He looked at everything that he had made, "and behold, it was very good." And remember also that whilst He is angry with all liars, He is most of all displeased with those who deceive His little ones.

Mr. William Mugford.

THE Royal Humane Society of London gives Bronze and Silver Medals, according to the risk run, to those who save persons from drowning. On the one side of the medal is a boy blowing a torch which seems to be gone out. The words in Latin mean, "There may be a little spark in it yet." On the other side is a garland of oak leaves, which was known in ancient Rome as a "civic crown." It was given only to those who saved the life of a Roman citizen in battle. The ribbon is of blue.

The Stanhope medal, so named in honour of a much respected officer in the navy who died in 1871, is of gold, and is given annually to the man who has done the greatest deed of gallantry during the year.

Mr. Mugford, Foreman of Corporation works in Torquay, is the Stanhope medallist for 1894; and this is the story of what he did.

About half-past eight on the evening of the 20th October last, night being the best time for such work, he and a small party of men went down into the main sewer of Torquay to make some repairs in the brick-

work. He himself had previously fixed in dams from four to five feet high to turn the water from the sewer into other side outlets that led to the sea. The sewer is seven feet in diameter.

The work was carried on as quickly as possible till eleven o'clock, when, a signal being made that the water was rising, the men went out, Mr. Mugford and one of them named Milton waiting behind for a little till they had made the staging on which they had been working perfectly fast. Finding that the water had only risen a few inches, the men, after taking tea, went down again and resumed work. The weather looked threatening, but as the moon and stars were shining there seemed to be no immediate danger. Strict orders were given, however, to the man in charge of the man-hole, that is, the entrance into the sewer, which was half-a-mile off, to show a red light if rain fell and the water began to rise. By two o'clock the work was almost done, and they had only four and a half bricks to put into the arch, when they noticed the red light. There were six men in all working together at the time. One of them named Smith, who was sent back to find out what was the matter, had only gone two hundred yards when he cried out—"Come on, the water is rising very fast." Mr. Mugford instantly, handing a candle to each of two others of the men, bade them go, one being named Beasley, the other Callicott, Beasley being in front, while a third, Potter, followed with a barrow which had been used for carrying bricks and cement. The foreman and Milton remained behind once more for a few minutes to make everything secure so that nothing might be washed away. This done, they followed the others, but had gone only a hundred and fifty yards when they met a heavy rush of water. Mr. Mugford, who is a powerful man, being slightly in advance, looked behind and cried to Milton to come on. Getting for an answer, "I can't," he turned back and taking hold of him made him fling away his shovel and told him to hold on to him. During the next two or three hundred yards Milton was washed off his feet several times. They were now both in the dark, and the water over three feet deep and running with great force, owing to the slope of the sewer. Presently they felt the barrow go past them,

and something else, they knew not what, under the water. Then Potter met them, having turned back to lend a helping hand, but he too was forced to take hold of Mr. Mugford.

At that moment the foreman hardly knew what to do, but having asked God to help him, determined to turn back and make for what is known as "No. 2 shaft." This, which was half-a-mile off, was the only place of refuge in the sewer between them and the sea. Bidding the men hold on to each other, he managed to light a candle, and then the three set off as quickly as they could with safety. With no little risk he managed to get them through and over the staging at the place where they had been working. By this time the water was well up Mr. Mugford's back, Milton, a shorter man, being up to his armpits in it. On they went, with difficulty keeping their feet, till, about thirty yards from the foot of the shaft, they caught sight of the chains and foot-irons placed there as a means of escape in case of need. They succeeded, fortunately, in catching hold of them, and the two men, who were much exhausted, were able, with Mr. Mugford's help, to haul themselves up on to a little platform eighteen inches square, on which he then climbed up himself. But for his presence of mind and brave devotion the two men would have been drowned.

The three men knew that they were safe, though they were 220 feet under ground. The water by this time was five feet deep. A little after, their candle burned out, and just at that moment a flash of lightning lightened up the shaft and showed them the rushing water, and then followed a clap of thunder which shook the little ledge of rock on which they stood, and they felt the hailstones striking them. They knew then that it was a thunder-storm that had burst over the town.

They stood on the ledge for two hours, unable to stand upright owing to the overhanging of the rock. About five o'clock—for he read the time on his watch by the light of his last match—finding that the waters had abated, he made the men leave their perch and walk about in the sewer for exercise, as they were very cold. The water now reached only to their knees.

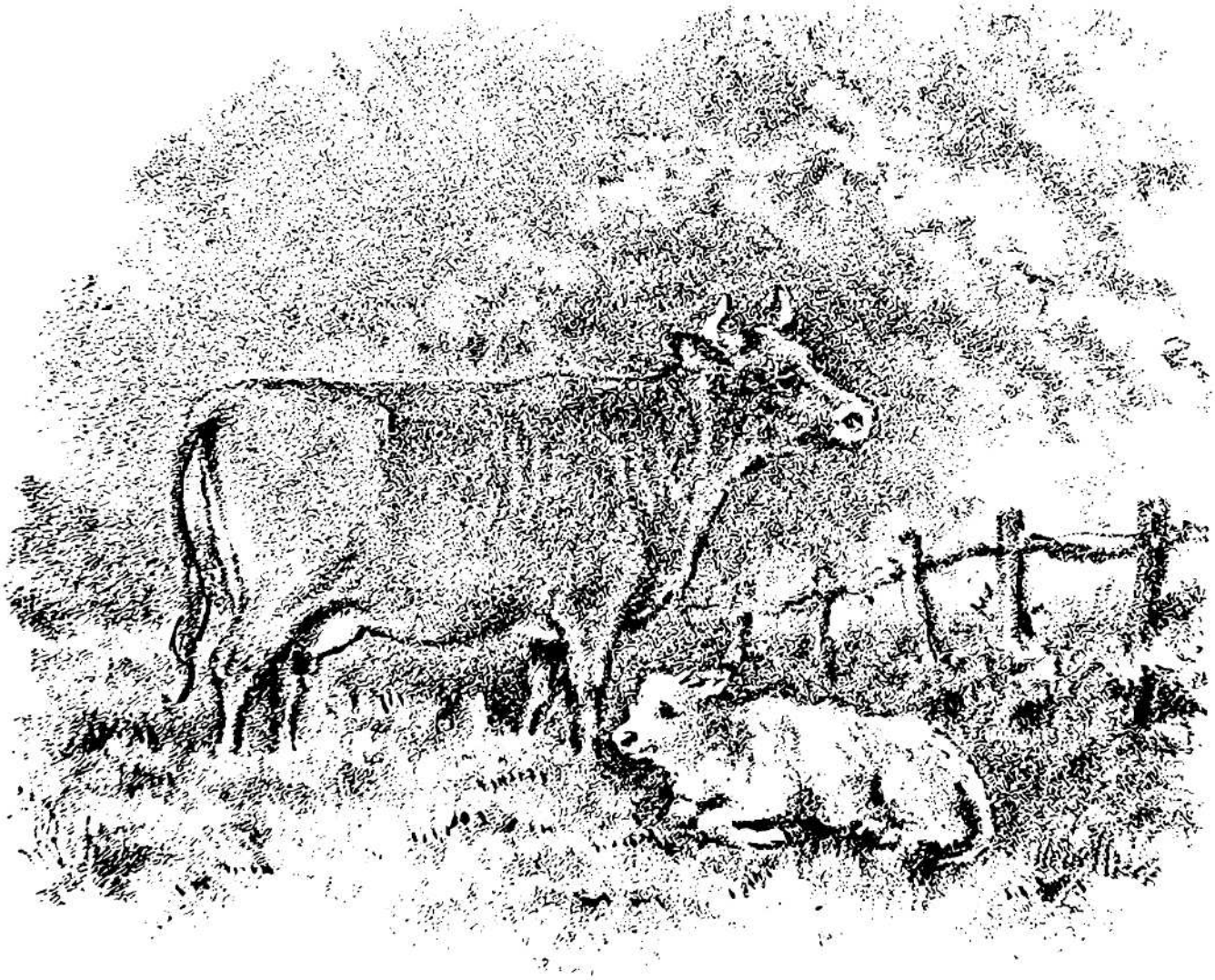
At 7.30 some one called down the shaft to them—at least so they understood—to make for the outlet next the sea, a quarter of a mile off. They did so, but finding the tide in and their escape in that direction cut off, they made haste back again to the shaft. At eight o'clock candles and food were lowered to them, and then a man named Raymond came down the shaft. From him they learned that Callicott had not come up with the others. Meanwhile Potter had been fastened in a rope that he might be hauled up, but when he heard that his comrade was amissing and that their foreman was going up the sewer in search of him, he and Milton insisted on going too. When they came to the staging they found poor Callicott's dead body. It had been the 'something' that they had

felt passing them under the water. They took the body with them, and ascended the sewer till they came to the man-hole through which they had come down to their work ten hours before. Mr. Mugford was of course the last to leave.

In my distress I called on God,
Cry to my God did I ;
He from His temple heard my voice,
To His ears came my cry.

The Lord God also in the heavens
Did thunder in His ire ;
And there the Highest gave His voice,
Hailstones and coals of fire.

And from above the Lord sent down
And took me from below ;
From many waters He me drew
Which would me overflow.



And it shall come to pass, if ye shall hearken diligently unto My commandments which I command you this day, to love the LORD your God, and to serve Him with all your heart, and with all your soul, that I will send grass in thy fields for thy cattle, that thou mayest eat and be full. —*Deut. 11, 14-15.*

1	S	Men shall be lovers of self, unthankful.—*2 Tim. 3, 8.* That is, selfish, ungrateful. "Do some people nineteen courtesies, yet you may lose their love if you but go over the stile before them at the last."—*Old Saying.*
2	S	Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?
3	M	By taking heed thereto according to Thy word.—*Ps. 119, 9.*
4	Tu	There hath no temptation taken you but such as man can bear.—*1 Cor. 10, 13, R. V.* "At sixteen everyone believes he is the most peculiar man who ever lived."—*Lord Beaconsfield.*
5	W	There came one running, and kneeled to Jesus.
6	Th	Then Jesus beholding him, loved him.
7	F	One thing thou lackest; Take up the cross, and follow Me.
8	S	But his countenance fell at the saying.—*Mark 10, 17, R. V.*
9	S	The house of my pilgrimage.—*Ps. 119, 54.* In 1660 Dr. Bridgeman, of Chester, bought an estate that had belonged in olden times to the family of the Levers, and then to the Ashtons, and having repaired the house left four places in the great hall window for coats of arms. In one he put that of the Levers, with the motto, "*Olim*," that is, *formerly;* in another that of the Ashtons, with this, "*Heri*," *yesterday;* in the next his own, with this, "*Hodie*," *to-day;* and in the fourth nothing but the words, "*Cras nescio cujus*," *to-morrow I don't know whose.*
10	M	All that generation were gathered unto their fathers.—*Judges 2, 10.*
11	Tu	Ye are entered into their labours.—*John 4, 38.*
12	W	How short my time is.—*Ps. 89, 47.*
13	Th	The things which thou hast prepared, whose shall they be?—*Luke 12, 20, R. V.*
14	F	Death shall be their shepherd.—*Ps. 49, 14, R. V.*
15	S	In My Father's house are many mansions (or abiding places).—*John 14, 2.*
16	S	I thought on my ways.
17	M	I made haste.—*Ps. 119, 60.* "The hawks of Norway, where a winter's day is hardly an hour of clear light, are the swiftest of wing of any fowl, Nature teaching them to bestir themselves, to lengthen the shortness of the time with their swiftness."—*Thomas Fuller.*
18	Tu	We must work while it is day.—*R. V.*
19	W	The night cometh.—*John 9, 4.*
20	Th	A great door is opened unto me,
21	F	And there are many adversaries.—*1 Cor. 16, 9.* Lancelot shouted, "Stay me not! I have been the sluggard, and I ride apace, For now there is a lion in the way. —*Tennyson.*
22	S	Consider Christ, that ye wax not weary.—*Heb. 12, 3, R. V.*
23	S	Lift up the light of Thy countenance on us.—*Ps. 4, 6.*
24	M	The darkness He called Night.—*Gen. 1, 5.* Dr. Kane, the American explorer, being asked, "What is the most awful thing you ever experienced?" answered, "The silence of the Arctic night."
25	Tu	The darkness hideth not from Thee.—*Ps. 139, 12.*
26	W	This is that night of the Lord.—*Ex. 12, 42.*
27	Th	He led them all the night.—*Ps. 78, 14.*
28	F	He brought them out of darkness.—*Ps. 107, 14.*
29	S	We shall see Him even as He is.—*1 John 3, 2.*
30	S	Walk as children of light.—*Eph. 5, 8.*

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July, 1895. One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

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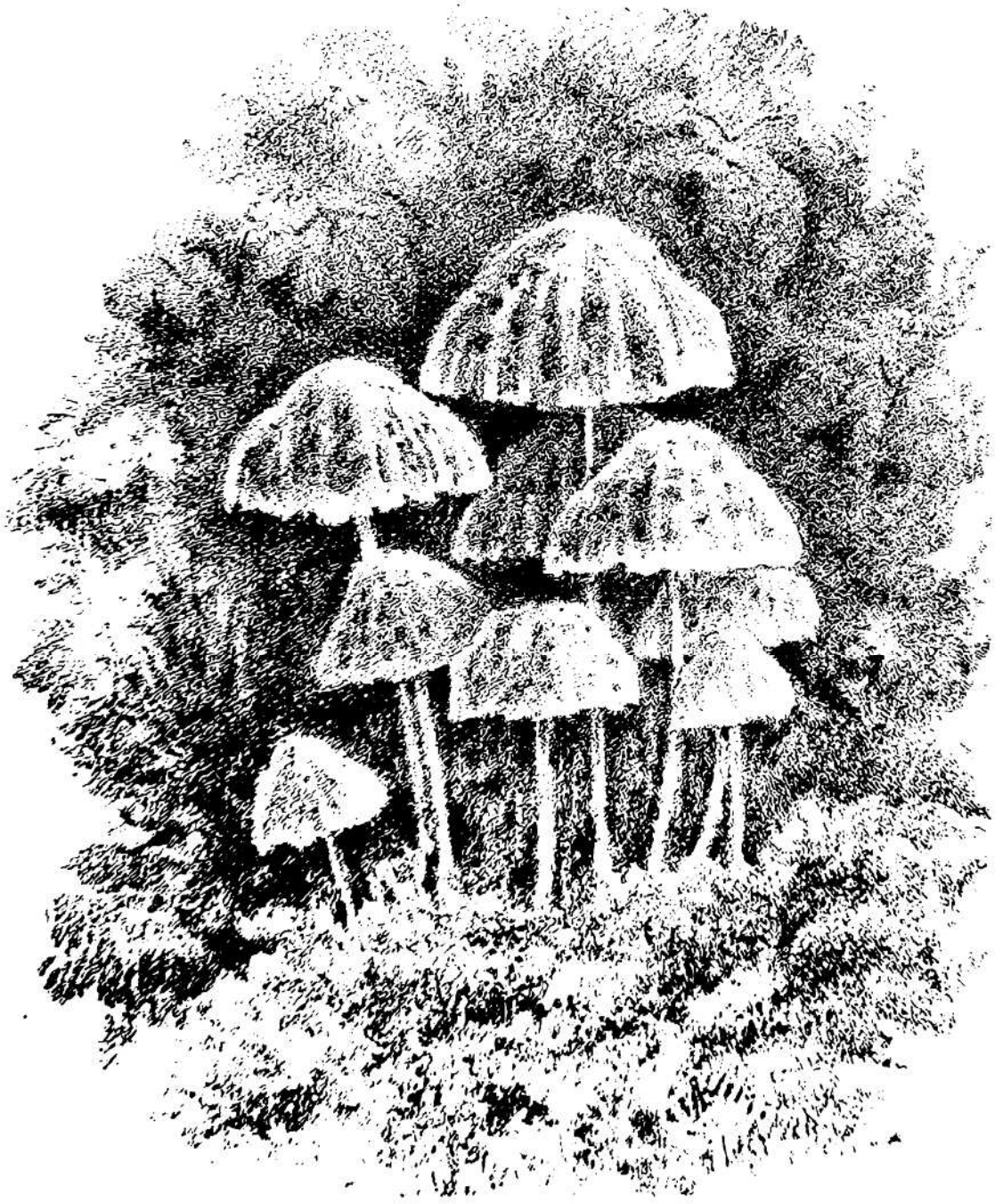


The lily shrinks and the rose turns pale,
When they feel its breath in the summer gale,
And the tulip curls its leaves in pride,
And the blue-eyed violet starts aside;
But the lily may flaunt, and the tulip stare,
For what does the honest toadstool care. —*O. W. Holmes.*

ON the day after the distribution of prizes in one of our chief schools some years ago, I called on Mrs. Innes. Her son Harry was in great spirits. He had not got any prizes himself, but he seemed quite pleased that most of his companions had come off well; one of them had got three, and two others had got two, and Tom Henderson had got a case of mathematical instruments and a splendid box of paints, but Tom was a very clever fellow. And Walter Sutherland, another friend of his, had brought a whole cocoa nut to the school and given all the boys a bit. "It was splendid! And," he added, "I am going to try for a prize next year, though I maybe sha'n't get one; but I'll do my best, and I have brought home my copybook, and I'm going to write three lines every day as well as I can, and do a sum in arithmetic before I go out to play, and I began this morning after I went the messages."

Now I think that is a most beautiful thing that one often sees in children—they are happy just because others are happy. And in this they remind us of the Kingdom of Heaven. In these summer days when the river steamers on the Clyde go past my window, I see the children on board waving their handkerchiefs, and I hear them cheering while they are still a great way off. They are happy and they can't help showing it. And I notice this, that if there are any children on the shore when the steamer passes, they wave their handkerchiefs too, and cheer with all their might. God grant that you and I may be like them in this respect, "never dejected while another's bless'd."

After I left Mrs. Innes', I called on Mrs. Findlay. I knew her son Tom had got a prize, and I expected to find them very happy. But the prize, it seemed, had only been a source of trouble. To begin with, Mrs. Findlay had gone to see the distribution; she was anxious to see her son go up and get his prize from the Lord Provost's hands. But just before her son's name was called, a form on the top of a desk on which some boys had climbed had fallen, and when the excitement caused by that had passed, she found that her son had received his prize while her attention for the moment had been withdrawn. And quite a number of women had remarked to her that they hadn't noticed her Tom getting any prizes.

Then as for Tom himself. He had returned to his seat carrying his book triumphantly. The boys round about him seized it; it was *Robinson Crusoe*, the very book he would have chosen, and splendidly illustrated! But just as they were all looking at one of the pictures—it was the first meeting of Robinson and his man Friday—one of the teachers came down to him. It seemed he had got another boy's book by mistake; "*this* was the one he was to get"—whereupon he handed him *Hallam's Constitutional History of England.*

But there were more troubles in store. Tom's full name was Thomas Macfadyen Findlay. He had been named after his mother's brother,

an old bachelor who was supposed to have some money, and poor Tom had been told times without number always to write his name Thomas M'F. Findlay. "Mind the M'F.," his mother had said to him, "when the master asks your full name for publication in the prize-list in the papers." Tom had remembered it, for it was understood that if he got a prize his uncle would likely ask him to spend all his holidays at the farm. Mrs. Findlay had taken the precaution to order two dozen copies of the newspaper in advance, and had bought as many stamps. She thought she had that number of friends in the world. But alas! when they opened the first copy of the paper, the corner where her son's name should have appeared was found to have been creased in passing through the press, and twice printed on. Tom's name was quite illegible. However, that was not a thing likely to happen more than once. Nevertheless, they opened the next copy with some misgiving, and there was Tom's name, but printed thus—F. Finlay! And in every other of the two-and-twenty copies it was the same. The list, I imagine, had been hurriedly written and carelessly copied.

"I don't know what his uncle will say," the poor woman said to me; but she knew what her neighbours said, for at least five of them remarked before the day was done—"I thought you said Tom had got a prize, but it is very odd that his name is not in the newspapers; it will be a terrible pity if Tom turns out to be a boy that doesn't speak the truth!"

However, I am glad it all ended well. For the Headmaster corrected the mistake in the papers two days afterwards, and Tom got his invitation to the farm, and both he and his mother were all the better for their many disappointments, and soon became much greater favourites with everybody than they had been.

How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.
How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 63.)

At the age of 80	John Molle, of Devonshire, died in 1638. "He was imprisoned in Rome by the Roman Catholic Inquisition, and detained in durance there for thirty years together, losing comfort of wife and children. How great his sufferings were is only known to God who permitted, his foes who inflicted, and himself who endured them, seeing no friend was allowed to speak with him alone."—*Fuller's Worthies.*
81	Mrs. Eden, the mother of Charles Page Eden, a godly English minister and scholar, wrote, in a private memorandum book kept by her son, her experience of life in these words: "The Lord will destroy the house of the proud, but he will establish the border of the widow." When her husband, also a minister, died in 1809, she was left with eight children, so slenderly provided for that little Charles' nurse offered, if Mrs. Eden would part with him, to bring him up as her

At the age of 81

own child and make him—a collier! Mrs. Eden survived her husband for thirty-seven years.

81 MRS. BARBAULD died in 1825. She was an authoress of some note in her day, but is now chiefly remembered by a few pleasing lines from one of her poems:

Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good Night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good Morning.

Her husband, the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, was a grandson of a French Protestant who, as a boy, during the persecution of the Huguenots in the reign of Louis XIV., had been carried on board a ship enclosed in a cask, and so escaped to England.

(The accompanying portrait of Mrs. Barbauld is what is known as a *Silhouette*, so named after a French Chancellor of the Exchequer, who died in 1767, whose name became a byword for meanness. A Silhouette is the easiest and cheapest kind of portrait one can make. You have only to trace in pencil the shadow of a face thrown by lamp or candle light on a piece of paper fastened on the wall, and then cut it out with scissors. It is a delightful amusement, and you should try it, if you are spared, when the nights begin to get long.)

ON the 23rd of this month, forty-two years ago, Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, the Arctic explorer, set sail from Greenland in command of one of the American expeditions that went out in search of Sir John Franklin. On the morning of that day he wrote as follows to his father: "Looking through the port-holes I see two hundred and sixteen icebergs floating in a sea as dead and oily as the Lake of Tiberias. So, trusting, trusting in God that I am willing to meet like a man the worst that can happen to one secure of right, and approving, heart and soul, of that in which he is engaged, Good-bye.—E K.K.

"Love ☞ my last word is, Love."

EIGHTY or a hundred years ago, in some parts of the country, there were far fewer dykes and fences than there are now, and the farmers used herd laddies to keep the cattle out of the corn. But in the district I am thinking of there were plenty of dykes, and, of course, quite a number of dykers. We have dykes still standing two hundred years old at least. We have some melancholy ruins, too—melancholy because they have failed through careless workmanship, and not from age. Most of the dykes are known by the names of the men who built them, sometimes only by their first names. The best built of them all is "Andrew's dyke." Andrew, or Andra as we say, died more than a hundred and twenty years ago—a good man as well as a good dyker. When he was dying, the story goes, the master of the grammar school sent his two best scholars—they both became Professors—to ask the old man's blessing on the school, and that is the reason why the words were carved over the front door—"God Almighty bless the lads."

In more recent times our best dyker was old Walter Gilmour. We used to watch him when we were boys, and often thought that it looked as if the stones had been made on purpose for him, they fitted so neatly. He was getting frail then and was evidently pleased when the older ones amongst us fetched and carried for him. Now and again to our great joy he would let us put a stone or two in their places.

In his younger days he was very hard, they say, and so he said himself when he was old. He was paid by the perch and could earn at most only a few shillings a week, even in good weather and in busy times. His wife, a sister of the old Mrs. Porteous I once told you of, earned what she could by working in the fields, and then in process of time their only daughter Katie helped.

Thirty years ago our good old laird built a number of little two-roomed cottages on the estate. They had wooden floors and plastered walls. Adjoining proprietors thought him mad. Their labourers' cottages had earthen floors with flattish stones sunk in them here and there, which the women folks washed white or red according as their taste inclined. Grand ladies would come in and look at them, and say "How very picturesque; no wonder the people look so happy and contented!"

When Wattie and his wife flitted into one of the new cottages they had managed to save nearly twelve pounds. But the next difficulty was, Where were they to keep the money? Their house adjoined a highway much frequented by tramps, and it was often shut all day. They could not carry the money with them. They tried one place after another in the house but they always seemed to hear their money crying to them, "Here I am!" Their own eyes turned instinctively to the spot, and a thief's no doubt would do the same! Then they thought of a hole in their garden, and then of crevices in the walls all over the country side

till at last they had in imagination hid it in a hundred different places. What a little world it was when there wasn't a single square foot that they could safely hide their treasure in. But at last they suddenly made up their minds and hid it in the wall in the garden where the beanfield was, that being the name they had given in jest to a little bit of ground about five feet square which they had planted with four rows of beans. They agreed not to tell Katie, for Katie trusted everybody, and saw no reason why one should keep good news from anybody in the world. "But you had better write down in your Bible, or in some other safe place, where you have put it, in case anything should happen to me and you should forget where it is." Whereupon her husband laughed and said, "I'll be pretty stupid when I forget that!"

The old laird's wife often called on them, and sat in their little room. It was so neat and tidy, but the white-washed walls looked so bare that one spring time, when the painters were up at the big house, she sent them down to paper the Gilmours' little room. The pattern was roses and rosebuds, and made the room look so grand that Walter felt as if he should never go into it unless he was washed and had on his Sabbath clothes.

A month or two afterwards, Mrs. Gilmour took ill and died. "I doubt," she said, a day or two before her death, "we have both set our hearts too much on this world; I wondered what was to come over us when we were old, and I forgot that we weren't sure of old age, but, whether or no, that we were always sure of God."

She had no sooner said that than the thought of the money he had hid suddenly came into her husband's mind, and strange to say, he could not at the moment recollect where he had put it. He tried to banish all thought of it from his mind, but at last the fear took hold of him—"what if he could not remember?" Once or twice he thought of asking his wife, but that seemed an awful thing to do. Then he caught himself saying—"Am I to have two trials at once?" and that filled him with shame. But it showed him himself; it was too true what she had said; without doubt he, at least, had let the world fill his heart.

Months passed, but where the money had been laid he could not recollect. Some to whom I have told this refuse to believe me; they say that the thing is quite impossible, that no man's memory ever went like that. But those of us who are getting old know that our memories are not our own; they are gifts from God, and He keeps the key of them as well as the key of everything else, and shuts and no man opens, and opens and no man shuts, when, and as, He wills.

Mr. Gilmour passed through his trial, and came out of it at the right end. He was as careful as ever, and he had need to be, but he was generous now instead of mean. "Remember what mother said," he would say to Katie, "we are sure of God and sure of nothing else."

Not many years had passed before his faith was tried. The old laird and his wife both died; their heir was a soldier in foreign parts, and the factor was a harsh and domineering man. The old dyker and he came into collision several times, but the dyker stood his ground. At last an election time came round, and the factor brought the baronet,

who was one of the candidates, to the old man's cottage. "Sir John hopes to have the honour of your vote." "It's very good of you both to call," he answered, "but I don't approve of Sir John's principles; not that I mean to vote for Lord William either, for I don't think he has any principles at all. I trust none of your parties, but I trust Sir John's least." They proceeded to argue, but he stopped them. "I didn't form my principles in half-an-hour, or on reasoning like that, and I'll not change them in half-an-hour." Sir John left the house smiling, and insisted on shaking hands, but the factor turned back, and taking the old man into the garden where no one could hear him, said, "If you don't vote for Sir John, you leave this at the term!"

"All right! I'll leave."

"And, mind you, you'll never build another yard of dyke on the estate!"

Everybody was sorry for Mr. Gilmour when it was known he was to leave, and many told him he was a fool, he could quite easily have held his tongue, or gone to the polling booth and spoilt his ballot paper, if he did not wish to vote for either of the candidates. "Well," he answered, "I see nothing clever in *that*, and, you must grant yourselves, it's neither brave nor honest, and, if I am a fool, better that than be a liar."

The Roman Catholic who got the cottage and voted steadily at every subsequent election as his priest directed him—though the factor didn't know that—came to see the cottage a week before the flitting, and told the old man and his daughter, very heartlessly, all his plans. "And I'm to get new paper for this room, though that old stuff looks pretty good. But there is not enough green in it for me. I'll just paste the new paper on the top of that, though they say it would be healthier to scrape it off."

Two days afterwards the Gilmours carried all their belongings away, leaving only such things as were necessary to clean the house. The people in that district held firmly that it was unlucky to go into a clean house, and that made the old man and his daughter all the more determined. "Let us never lose a chance of knocking a superstition on the head," he had said to his wife when they agreed to marry in May. "To put it off to June would be the same as saying that June belongs to God and that May does not." And on that principle he had gone ever since. "We will make the house as clean as we can make it, and lay a kindling in the grate as your Aunt Porteous did."

But when they came to clean the house the old wall paper in the empty room looked soiled and faded here and there. "We must take it off, Katie; it will be a kindness to the man who is coming here though he is no friend of ours. Besides, he doesn't want it, and if we are careful we might get some of it to do a bit of our new house, and it will remind us of your mother. She was very proud of it."

So they took it off, though it was

a harder task than they bargained for.

When the last corner was done, and Katie was removing a little bit that was sticking where two pieces had slightly overlapped, she suddenly said, "Oh, here's a bit of mother's writing, but I don't know what it means: 'four steps east of the bean-field.'"

It was the place where the money had been hid; and there it all was still, quite safe, kept by God against their time of need!

It was too solemn a thing to speak about to anyone but God, and the father and daughter kept the story to themselves. But one Sabbath, five or six months after, their minister preached on the "Hand-writing on the Wall," in the Book of Daniel, and spoke of the many ways in which our houses speak against us, and how we need to have the blood of Christ sprinkled, not only on the lintels and door-posts, but everywhere, to blot out the handwriting that is against us.

"But I could tell you," said Mr. Gilmour to him on the Wednesday after, "of a handwriting that was against us and Christ didn't blot it out, but He hid it in the secret of His presence till He made it a message of good news."

Next Sabbath day the minister took for his text two passages in Isaiah, ch. 49, 16, "Thy walls are continually before me;" and ch. 60, 18, "Thou shalt call thy walls salvation." And when on the Monday the young laird said, "Something must have happened during the week that made you go back to that subject, the minister told him the story, and the young laird said, "We mustn't let the matter end here; I tell you what I'll do. I'll ask old Gilmour and his daughter to keep the new lodge I am building and that will finish the text both for them and for you, and for me too, "Thou shalt call thy walls Salvation *and thy gates Praise.*"

The Mouse Trap.

THE mother of the mouse in the trap was a widow. She had been five times married. Of her husbands one had been killed by a cat, and four had been caught in traps, one of them after they had been only two days married. Of her thirty-five children, twenty-seven had been caught in traps, as had also a hundred and seventy-three of her own brothers, sisters, and first cousins. It was no wonder, therefore, that she was always talking to her children and friends about traps and the danger of going near them.

"Please don't begin about traps to-night again," they would say.

"I daresay," she would answer, "I speak about them too often, but can you blame me? Four of my husbands, twenty-seven of my children, a———"

"Oh yes, a hundred and seventy-three brothers, sisters, and first cousins, and several thousands of acquaintances—do stop, dear mother; we know all about it, and this perpetual harping about traps is enough to drive one into them."

"But I wish you to promise never never even to go near one. You

don't know what a mother's heart is."

"Well, if we don't, it is not for want of telling. And we are not going to submit to this kind of thing any longer. We are not fools, and mice will die though there wasn't a trap in all the world. And no reduction of traps will do any good. If a mouse wishes to go into one it will go three miles to find one. Besides, can you prove that a reduction in the number of traps anywhere has resulted in a corresponding lessening of the number of mice trapped?"

"Hear, hear!" said the other mice after this great burst of reasoning. "Hear, hear! That's the point. We have said all along that that's the point. Give us facts—something to go on."

"Haven't I given you facts?" she said. "Four of my husbands,——"

"Women can't reason" resumed the eldest son; "I'm going out, I have had enough of this talk."

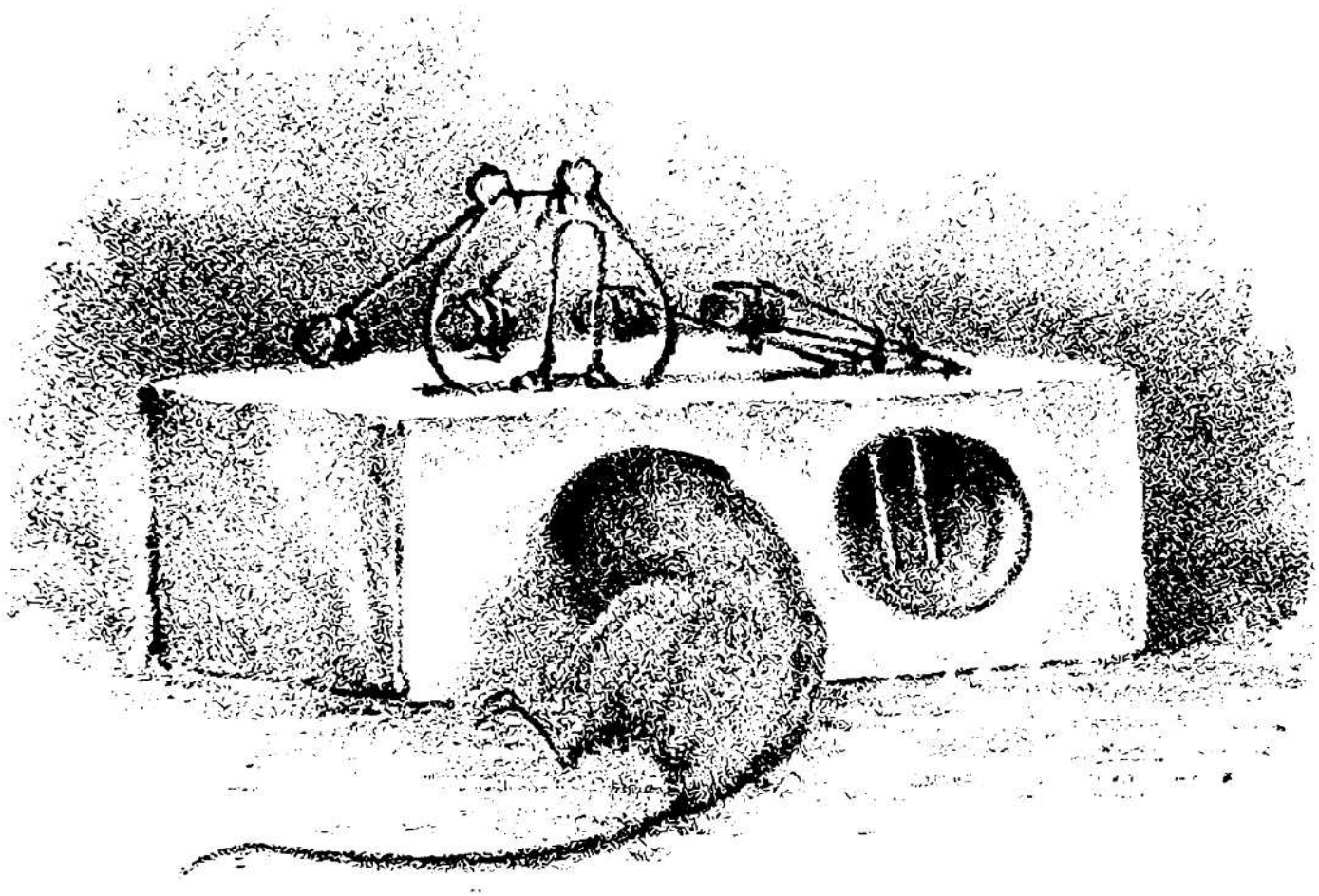
The son who spoke thus to his mother was clever in some things, though not so marvellously clever as he thought. He was a good climber, thanks chiefly to his unusually scaly tail, and fond of practical jokes, so long as he himself played them. He seemed to take a special delight in teasing and fretting his mother. She was in failing health, and used to sit trembling at night listening for traps going off. Her nerves at last got into such a state that her voice shook when she spoke, and she would burst out crying without cause.

There were several kinds of traps in use in the property in which she lived. There was the bowl, turned upside down, with a little wet meal sticking to it, one side of the bowl resting on a halfpenny set up on end. When a mouse went under the bowl and touched the meal, the halfpenny would fall and the mouse be shut up inside. Now the tricky mouse I have told you off would rub himself against the outside of the bowl and make it tumble, and then go home laughing to find his mother in tears. "It is fun to you, but no fun to me," she would say.

He got a lesson once. His favourite little sister was playing at hide-and-seek one night, and crept under the bowl, knowing that no one would look for her there. Her brother, who was annoyed at something his mother had said to him, said, as he passed, "I'll give the old lady a fright," and he pushed the bowl. The screams of his little sister told him too late what he had done.

That stopped his tricks for a week or two, but he soon forgot, or acted as if he had forgotten, the warning. One of the people in the property had got a new trap which caught four of his brothers and sisters in five days. Their mother redoubled her warnings and entreaties, to her eldest son's annoyance.

"I must stop this chatter," he said, and soon an opportunity, as he thought, came. He was near the trap one day, and finding the wire of one of its compartments sprung, he determined to put his head in and scream as if he were caught,



and then when his mother came running out, he would withdraw his head, and ask what she was wishing. So in he went and screamed and screamed, fainter and fainter, and then, giving one or two convulsive shivers, lay as if he were dead. He did it well, for he was a good mimic. But just as he was picturing to himself the state his mother would be in, and the laugh he would have at her, a cat looked into the press—a possibility he had overlooked—caught him, tossed him up and down for five minutes, and then gobbled him up!

The owner of the house was a drunkard, whose father was a drunkard too, and as he was putting on his boots to go out to the public-house for his last drink for the night—it was five minutes to eleven—he looked at the mouse-trap and the cat, and said, "Aye, it's a queer thing that mice won't take a warning in spite of all the lessons they get!"

DR. ANDREW BONAR used to say to sick people when he called on them, "Think upon the Lord when you can, and He will think upon you when you can't."

1	M	I am already being offered (poured out as a drink-offering),
2	Tu	And the time of my departure is come;
3	W	I have fought the good fight,
4	Th	I have finished the course,
5	F	I have kept the faith:
6	S	Henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness.—*2 Tim. 4, 6-8, R. V.* "Paul was looking backward, forward, and downward—so the resultant was upward."—*Professor Clerk-Maxwell.*
7	S	For ever and ever.—*Rev. 22, 5.*
8	M	From everlasting to everlasting Thou art God.—*Psalm 90, 2.*
9	Tu	Make me to know the measure of my days.
10	W	Thou hast made my days as handbreadths.—*Psalm 39, 4, R. V.*
11	Th	One generation goeth.—*Eccl. 1, 4, R. V.*
12	F	Another generation cometh. "A glacier reminds one at once of Time and of Eternity—of Time, since we see portions of it break off and melt away: and of Eternity, since its downward march is so extremely slow, and its augmentation behind so regular, that no change in its appearance is perceptible from age to age."—*Sir Leopold M'Clintock.*
13	S	There shall be time no longer.—*Rev. 10, 6, R. V.*
14	S	Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
15	M	He that hath clean hands and a pure heart.—*Psalm 24.*
16	Tu	Woe unto you, hypocrites!
17	W	Ye make clean the outside of the cup.
18	Th	Ye are like unto whited sepulchres,
19	F	Which indeed appear beautiful outward.—*Matt. 23, 25.* They used to make a cloth in Norwich long ago called "Stand-far-off," which seemed pretty at a distance but discovered its coarseness when nearer to the eye.
20	S	Every man's work shall be made manifest.—*1 Cor. 3, 12.*
21	S	Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord.—*John 20, 20.*
22	M	It was meet we should be glad: thy brother is found.—*Luke 15, 32.*
23	Tu	On the three and twentieth day of the seventh month he sent the people away glad and merry in heart for the goodness that the Lord had shewed to His people.—*2 Chron. 7, 10.*
24	W	God did good, filling our hearts with food and gladness.—*Acts 14, 17.*
25	Th	I am glad of the coming of Stephanas.—*1 Cor. 16, 17.*
26	F	A good word maketh the heart glad.—*Prov. 12, 25.* "From Earl Cowper I received kind notice when I was poor and obscure. His benevolent and exhilarating smile is one of the most delightful images in my memory."—*Lord Chancellor Campbell.*
27	S	They looked unto Him, and were lightened.—*Psalm 34, 5.*
28	S	Comfort of the Scriptures.—*Rom. 15, 4.*
29	M	Comforted of God.—*2 Cor. 1, 4.*
30	Tu	Comfort one another.—*1 Thess. 4, 18.* "When you are despondent, look out people in your district who want to be cheered and encouraged, and look out suitable passages of Holy Scripture to go and read: and watering, you shall be watered again."—*Letter of C. P. Eden to a Minister.*
31	W	Filled with joy.—*2 Tim. 1, 4.*

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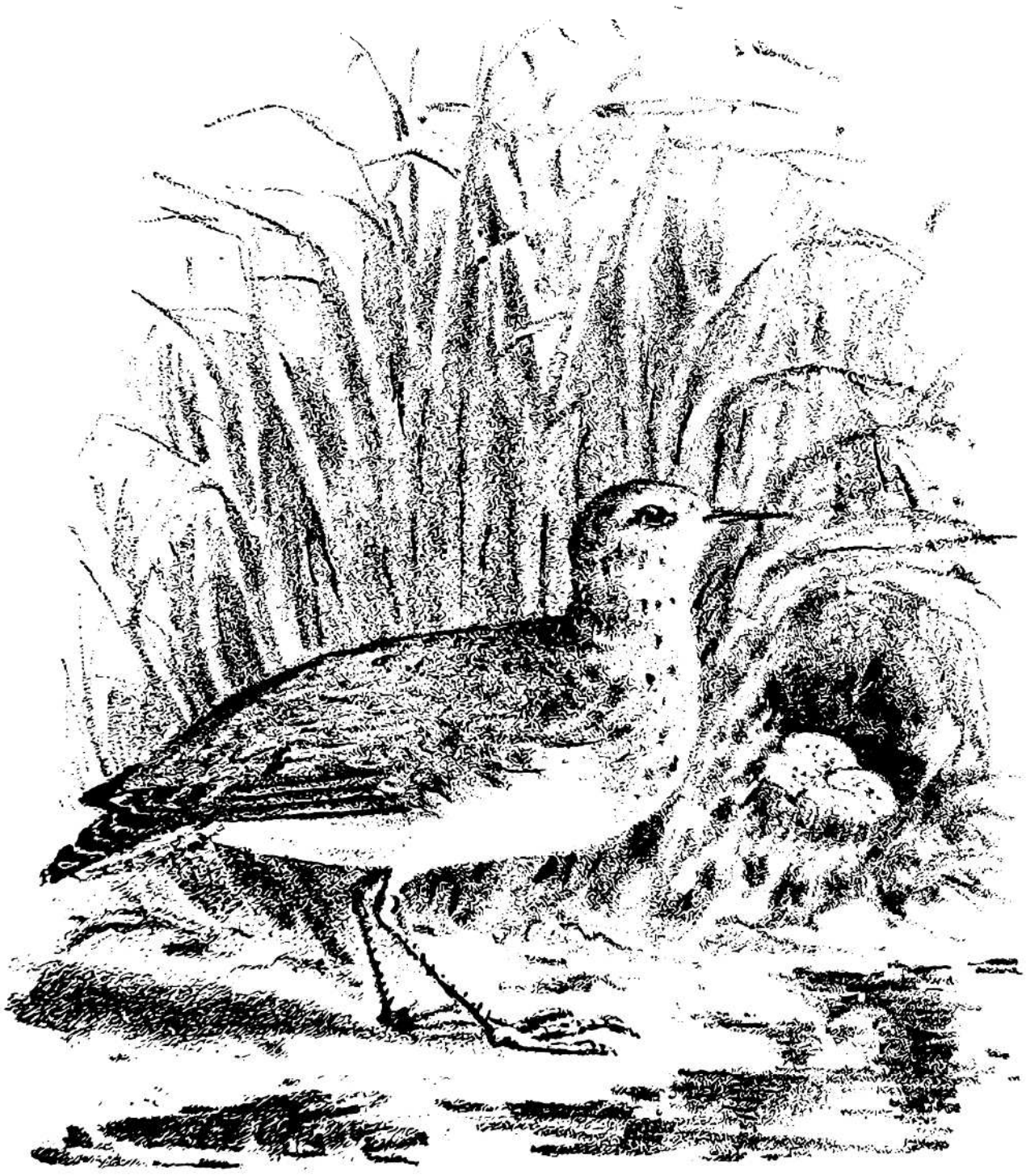
The Morning Watch.

VOL. VIII. *Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.* NO. 8.



The Common Sandpiper.

IT was said of Lord Clyde, or, as he is better known, Sir Colin Campbell, that when he was Commander-in-Chief in India he could recognise by name all the men of his favourite regiment who had served in the Crimea. He himself often related an incident that happened when he was inspecting the depot of troops at Chichester. He had noticed that an old man, evidently an old soldier though in plain clothes, was constantly on the ground, and apparently watching his movements. As he was leaving the barrack-yard at the end of the inspection, the old man came towards him, drew himself up, made the military salute, and with much respect said, "Sir Colin, may I speak to you? Look at me, sir! do you recollect me?"

"I looked at him," said Sir Colin —so Mr. Forbes, the famous war-correspondent, tells the story—"I looked at him and replied, 'Yes, I do.'"

"What is my name?" he asked. I told him.

"Yes, sir; and where did you last see me?"

"In the breach of San Sebastian," I replied—and forty-three years had passed since then—"and you were badly wounded by my side."

"Right, sir!" answered the old soldier.

"I can tell you something more," Sir Colin added, "you were Number —— in the front rank of my company."

"Right, sir!" said the veteran. Then, as Sir Colin was putting his hand in his pocket to make him a present, the old man stepped forward, laid his hand on his wrist, and said: "No, sir, that is not what I want; but you will be going to Shorncliffe to inspect the depot there. I have a son in the Inniskillings quartered at that station, and if you will call him out and tell him that you knew his father, that is what I should wish."

Now, boys and girls, there are many of you, I am sure, to whom God has often said, and in many ways, "I am the God of thy father." There is no earthly honour to be compared to that. And I hope you have already answered, "This God is my God for ever and ever. He will be my guide even unto death."

Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake thou not.

How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.
How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 76.)

At the age of 80

MILES COVERDALE died in 1568. He gave Britain the first complete English Bible. He was brought up a Roman Catholic, but became a Protestant through the teaching of one Robert Barnes, who was burned at the stake in 1540. Coverdale himself was imprisoned and banished in 1553, and would have been put to death by Bloody Mary had not the King of Denmark, whose chaplain was Coverdale's

At the age of 80

brother-in-law, interceded for him. He was not what men call a genius, but his glory lies in this, "that he did a great work when no one else thought of attempting it." We owe much of the musical rhythm of our authorised version of the Bible to him. It is his version of the Psalms that is read in the Church of England to the present day. He was buried in the church of St. Bartholomew, in London, but, when it was pulled down in 1840 to make room for the New Exchange, his bones were lifted and re-buried in the church of St. Magnus.

81 MR. WALTER MILL, the last to suffer martyrdom in Scotland during the first Reformation, was burned at the stake at St. Andrews, April 28, 1558. At his trial, when he was asked if he had preached privately in houses and sometimes in the fields, he answered, "Yea, and on the sea also when sailing in a ship." And we know that when he was apprehended in the village of Dysart, "he was warmand him in ane poor wife's hous and teaching her the commandments of God." When the Roman Catholic bishops offered to spare his life if he would recant, he said, "Ye shall know that I will not recant the truth; for I am corn and not chaff; I will neither be blown away by the wind, nor burst with the flail, but will abide both." When he was condemned, the people of St. Andrews shut their shops to keep themselves from selling ropes and other material needed for his execution. He went to the stake, we are told, with a cheerful countenance, saying, "*Introibo ad altare Dei*," *I will go to the altar of God.*

82 JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, the poet, and one of the truest and bravest friends that the slaves in America ever had, received on his birthday, 17th December, 1889, a beautiful phial of gold sand from Africa, the golden cover of which was ornamented with a sapphire and a clasp of diamonds. The day was observed as a holiday in the schools throughout the country. Whittier himself had said, "I hope my birthday will pass quietly. As life draws nearer the close one feels desirous to be near the old home and the unforgotten landscape of youth, and to muse by the same fireside where our dear ones used to sit."

Oliver Wendell Holmes, who was himself then in his eighty-first year, wrote thus to him on the occasion: "We are lonely, very lonely, in these last years. We were on deck together as we began the voyage of life two generations ago. A whole generation passed, and the succeeding one found us in the cabin, with a goodly number of co-evals. Then the craft which held us began going to pieces, until a few of us were left on the raft pieced together of its fragments. And now the raft has at last parted, and you and I are left clinging to the solitary spar which is all that still remains afloat of the sunken vessel."

82 PLATO died. He was born in Athens, the most famous and beautiful of cities, in 427 B.C. Probably no man who ever lived was more richly gifted by God in body, intellect, and spirit than he. He was well

At the age of 82

born; travelled in Italy, Sicily, Cyrene, and Egypt; lived in the company of Socrates for seven or eight years, and studied wherever he could find a teacher; he probably served in war for a short time, but did not attempt political life like most of his class.

He was a lover of wisdom, that is of truth and of God. He fought a good fight all his life against low-minded men, believing in things invisible, and in 'Ideas' which are the thoughts of God.

The soul, he said, has lived with God, and seen His truth, His beauty, His goodness, in another life; if it lives rightly it rediscovers them in this life. The world of 'Ideas' is its true home; knowledge is not so much discovery as re-collection—the soul's entrance into its divine inheritance, its coming to itself and to its own again.

Plato had divined that God is one, and that He is good. The worst atheism is to have unworthy thoughts of God, to think or to speak evil of Him. Though himself one of the greatest of poets, and able, as Socrates says of himself, to excel either in tragedy or comedy, he shut out his Greek poets from his perfect commonwealth (Utopia), because they told bad stories of the Gods, and made lies pass for truth.

Plato's country decayed and almost died in his lifetime, and he was profoundly interested in the laws which govern the life of nations. His greatest work—the Republic—discusses this and all kindred questions. It is full of 'piercing and divine things.' Plato was an aristocrat by nature, did not believe in the equality of all men, but had classes in his ideal state, rulers, soldiers, and labourers—though men could be degraded from a higher to a lower, or raised from a lower to a higher. Only philosophers were to rule; that is, the government is not to be determined by the passions or private interests of men; but by the universal rules of justice and truth; and no man is to count anything that he has his own—not even his children. The good of the commonwealth is to be supreme. Education is to be physical, as well as intellectual and moral; and as far as possible it is to be precisely the same for women as for men. So that the man was not so far wrong who said that all the original ideas were to be found in Plato.

Perhaps the greatest thing in Plato was his strong feeling that man needs a guide wiser than himself. He expresses his longing for "some divine word on which, as on a raft, he may make the voyage of life." God has given us the very thing Plato craved. We cannot name a greater name than his among all mankind; nevertheless, the least in the kingdom of God is greater than he.

(Dr. Thomas Fuller says, at the close of one of the chapters in his book *The Worthies of England*—"Reader, I doubt not but thou art sensible of the alteration and improvement of my language in this place, owing both my intelligence and my language to another." So may I say, at the close of this account of Plato, to every kind reader of *The Morning Watch*, for it was written at my request by one of the first scholars in Scotland.)

Mother's Grave.

THERE was a professor in one of our Scottish Universities many years ago who took a special interest in students of promise who were poor. He had not always done that, however, and I wish to tell you how God brought the change about.

There was a student in our class, dead long ago, whom we got to speak of always as *Secundus*, which is the Latin word for second. There were three students with the same name that year, and the first was called "primus" to distinguish him from "secundus" the second and "tertius" the third. Secundus was as poor a lad as ever entered our college gates. How he and his widow mother ever saved enough to pay the £7 6s which were the necessary fees nobody in their village knew. He was only fourteen and had had no chance of making money himself. He had only a few pounds left to keep him all winter in food and books. The professors that year insisted on students buying red cloaks according to an old custom. That took other thirteen shillings. If he had known that beforehand, his mother would not have needed to make him a new jacket, for a red cloak covers everything. There were two bursaries to be competed for that year, and Secundus hoped that he might win one of them The examination lasted two days and was all in writing. The first day he did well. He did a good bit of Latin prose, and the Greek set for translation was, very luckily, a piece of Herodotus he knew. He went home to his lodgings very happy. It looked as if God were favouring him, and he was the more pleased as he had noticed that his fellow-competitors all seemed well-to-do. The loss of the bursary would, from a money point of view, be nothing to them; the gain of it would be everything to him. £10, with the £3 he had, would keep him all that winter and pay his fees for the session after.

But next morning a sad misfortune overtook him. His shoes, which his landlady had first said were not cleaned, were finally found to be amissing. Then, when he told her he had to be at College for a special examination, she told him the truth with tears: "Her daughter had heard that a lady was wishing a little scullery-maid, and having no boots of her own decent enough to appear in had put on the student's shoes, thinking he would not be needing them. The poor lad was in sore trouble. At home he went regularly bare-foot, but the University was a different place. He dared not do it there. At the last moment the girl came back; she had got the place. The student hurried on his shoes—he never forgot to his dying day how cosy they were!—rushed off to College, and got to the examination hall just in time to hear the bell stop ringing and see the door shut in his face by the grinning cruel old porter. There was nothing left for him to do but go to the College Green and cry.

On the Monday after, the professor asked him why he had been absent. "Did you mistake the

hour?" "No, sir." "Then why were you late?" "I can't tell you, sir, but it was not my fault."

But the shots that lost him one friend found him another. His mother had mended them with sixpence worth of gutta-percha, a stuff which melts with heat, and one day in the reading-room, forgetting this, Secundus, who had no fire at home, had planted his feet against the stove. When he rose to come away, he left the one half of his sole behind him! He thought no one had noticed it, but he was wrong. A rich, kind-hearted student, who had often looked with wonder at the poor clever boy, had observed it all, and set himself to help him. I have only room to say that he got him a place as tutor in a family, and that tutorship in time brought him health and wealth and friendships, and finally God's second greatest gift to man, a clever, godly wife.

But what about the professor? Well, the little scullery-maid had won favour and promotion, and in course of time came to be table-maid in that very professor's house. Professors are often just ordinary men—which is their greatest condemnation—and their conversation when they meet is not always about science and philosophy and the best ways of advancing learning in their country. Mary, the table-maid, had schooled herself, as was her duty, not to listen to their talk. It was her place to wait the table, and not to hear what was not meant for her. She would as soon have thought of opening other people's drawers, or reading other people's letters. She had never forgotten the one great mistake she had made when she had put on another's shoes without asking leave.

But, one day, when the conversation had taken a noble turn, and the professors were talking about distinguished students, she suddenly heard the name of her mother's old lodger mentioned. "He is a splendid fellow," more than one of the guests at table said.

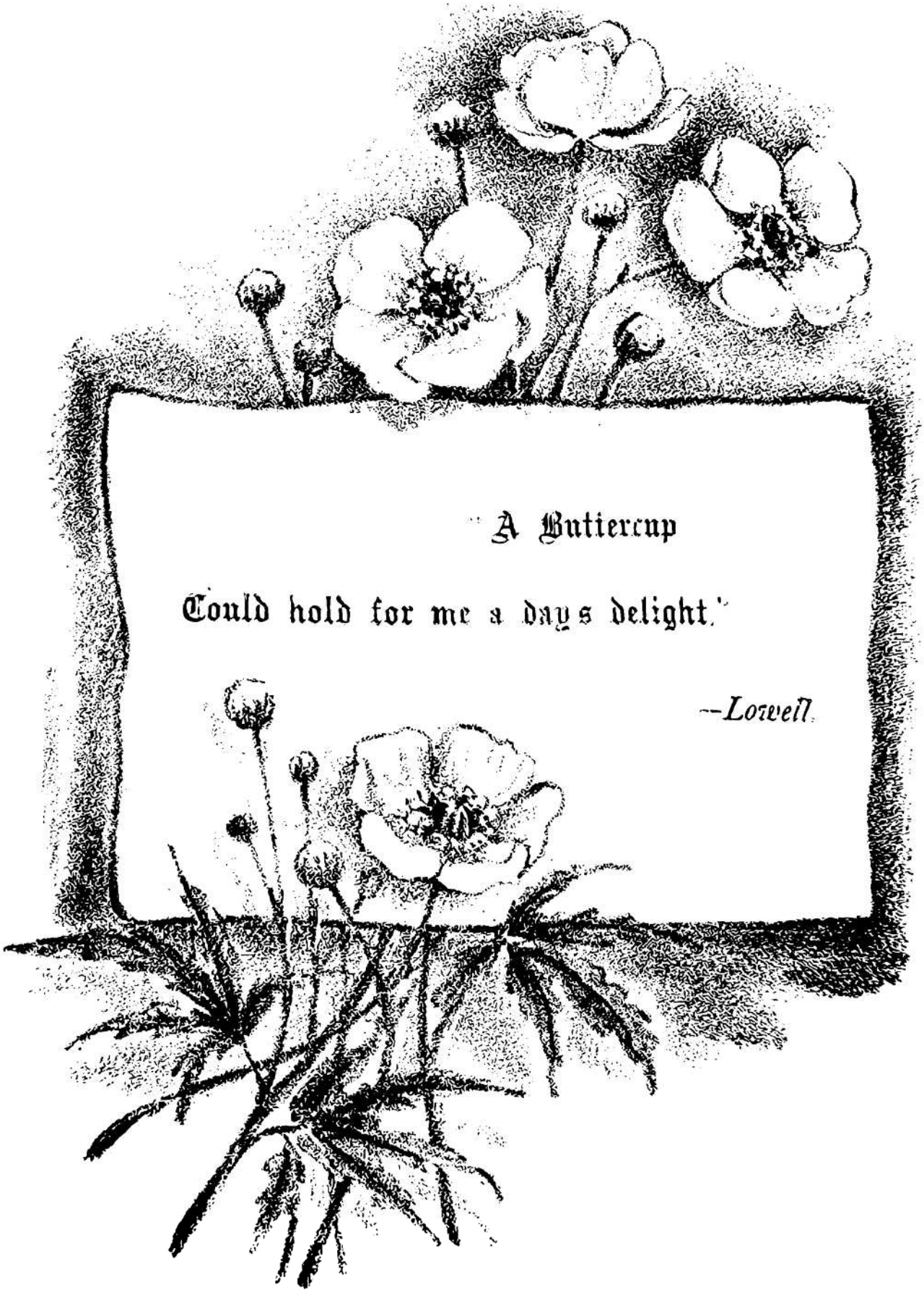
"No doubt," said her master, "he's an able student, but I have never taken to him. In his first year at college he didn't turn up at an examination on one occasion, and he refused point blank to give me any explanation. And somehow I have felt I never could trust him since."

That same evening Mary told her mistress the whole story, and she told her husband, and he told the other professors, who in turn told their wives, who, somehow or other—so great is the love of truth, and so eager the search for it in a University—had already heard it all!

And that is how that professor ever afterwards tried to be kinder to all students, and came to be known as "The Student's Friend."

Rev. 10, 6.

WHEN Colonel George Napier, the father of the famous Sir Charles, was dying in 1804, he handed his watch to his wife, saying, "*Sarah, take my watch, I have done with time.*"


"A Buttercup
Could hold for me a days delight."
—Lowell.

"Providential Pass."

And Abraham called the name of the place Jehovah-jireh: as it is said to this day, In the mount of the Lord it shall be seen.—Gen. 22, 14.

IT is only five years ago since Mashonaland was taken possession of by the British South Africa Company. The guide of the exploring party was Mr. F. C. Selous, who is the greatest living hunter of wild beasts. The task appointed him was not an easy one. For between him and Mashonaland lay the country of the Matabele people, a people fiercer and crueller than any lions ever were. The dreaded Lo Bengula was their king, and he had threatened death to any who should venture to pass through his land. The only hope, therefore, that Mr. Selous had of accomplishing his purpose lay in going round, or, to use the Bible word, "compassing," the territory of the Matabele. But such was the nature of the country through which he would have to pass, so thick were its woods and so dangerous were its defiles, that it was certain the exploring party would be overtaken and destroyed unless Mashonaland were reached in five-and-twenty days. On one part of their journey they had to hack their way through seventeen miles of thick forest, and there was no water on their line of march. Half of the men walked, clearing a road with their axes, while the other half, mounted, led their horses for them, ready saddled and bridled, and carried their rifles. Every night they surrounded their camp with thorn trees, while sentinels kept guard.

The advance party consisted of forty men, and then followed a handful of troops in charge of eighty waggons, drawn by oxen, whose line from front to rear stretched two miles. When they had gone on for several days Mr Selous' anxiety became very great. He could see the mountain range in the distance whose top was the goal he aimed at, but it looked as if no waggon track could possibly exist. From the summit of a little hill that he had climbed he could see one opening into the hills, but he could not tell how far it went. Halting and entrenching his camp, and taking four men with him, of whom two were natives, he announced his intention of going on himself for four days to examine the country. Leaving two of the men behind after a time, he pushed on with the other two. It was the afternoon of 2nd August, 1890, when they reached the entrance of the valley which he had seen from the hilltop. Mile after mile the valley led them on, always ascending, gently and regularly, and always running in the right direction. His heart beat high with hope that he had found a way that would lead him right on to the plateau it was his aim to reach.

But the sun went down and they were still in the pass. Then, leaving his two companions to gather wood and make a fire, Mr. Selous cantered on alone. About a mile ahead there stood a small rocky hill whose summit rose well above

the broken ridges that surrounded it. This hill he climbed, and in an instant there burst upon his vision, stretching before him as far as the eye could reach, the breezy downs of Mashonaland! Can we wonder that his heart was glad?

Ten days after, his men, waggons and all, had reached the summit of the pass, and Britain had entered into possession of a new land of promise.

On the sketch map which he handed in to the Government Mr. Selous named the road by which he had gone "Providential Pass." But twelve months afterwards a tourist, who wrote a book, to whom the pass was only one dreary stage of a tedious journey, ridiculed the name, and described the pass as a very commonplace portion of a very commonplace country. That tourist, says Mr. Selous, travelled without danger and without difficulty up a broad easy waggon track which the first pioneers cut through the pass with their lives in their hands. He knew nothing of the surrounding country, and had not imagination enough—or rather sense enough—to reflect how difficult it would have been to have found a road through the broken country on either side if the pass had not existed. It was very different with a Transvaal Boer who had lived in Africa all his days and knew what African exploration meant. "When I came to the head of the pass," he said, "and looked over the grass land before me, I felt as if I had come into the light out of a dark chamber, and felt inclined to shout and sing, and gallop my horse away across the open downs."

I think all of us are often like that tourist. We forget the cost at which the King's highway has been opened up. The road that is now so plain and so easy and so safe was once a Providential Pass. God was in this place, and it is and ever will be dear to Him, though we know it not. We picnic on the battle-fields on which our forefathers laid down their lives; we play hide-and-seek amongst martyrs' graves. We forget even our own personal experiences of God's love and tender mercy, and are ashamed of our own songs of thanksgiving when the danger and the deliverance that called them forth are past.

Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God,
And not forgetful be
Of all His gracious benefits
He hath bestowed on thee.

JAMES HYSLOP, the author of *The Cameronian's Dream*, tells in his reminiscences of a boy whom he came across one day who was lying wrapped in a grey plaid under a bush with a pocket Bible beside him. The lad's eyes were wet. His father and mother were both dead, but he had a kind master and mistress. "Yonder is the place where my father stayed; it gars me aye greet when I look at it; that was my father's Bible, and there's the Psalm they sang the night he died:

Help, Lord, because the godly man
Doth daily fade away,
And from among the sons of men
The faithful do decay.

"I am aye vexed when I read the Psalms. I used to say them to my father on the Sabbath nights, when he told me and my wee brithers that he was soon gaun to die, and gart (made) us aye fa' to the greetin'. But he bade us dicht our een (wipe our eyes), for if we sought the Almighty, He would be a Father to us when he was dead and gone."

The Joy of Harvest.

So Thou the year most liberally
Dost with Thy goodness crown;
And all Thy paths abundantly
On us drop fatness down.

They drop upon the pastures wide,
That do in deserts lie;
The little hills on every side
Rejoice right pleasantly.

With flocks the pastures clothed be,
The vales with corn are clad;
And now they shout and sing to Thee,
For Thou hast made them glad.

—*Psalm 65, 11-13.*

1	TH	Unto you it is given to suffer for Christ's sake.—*Phil. 1, 29.* Arthur Tacket, a tailor lad, a Covenanter, who was hanged in the Grassmarket, Edinburgh, 1st August, 1684, often spoke of the "gift of suffering."
2	F	I take pleasure in distresses for Christ's sake :
3	S	For when I am weak, then am I strong.—*2 Cor. 12, 10.*
4	S	I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day.
5	M	I John, partaker with you in the tribulation and kingdom and patience which are in Jesus. *Rev. 1, 9, R. V.* Compare with John in Patmos Napoleon in exile : "I daily suffer the agonies of death. The limits of St. Helena are too narrow for me, who was every day accustomed to ride fifteen or twenty leagues on horseback."
6	TU	I saw heaven opened.—*Rev. 19, 11.*
7	W	The word of the Lord came unto Jeremiah while he was yet shut up in the court of the prison, saying,
8	TH	Call unto me, and I will show thee great and mighty things.—*Jer. 33, 3.*
9	F	A light shined in the cell.—*Acts 12, 7, R. V.*
10	S	The Lord despiseth not His prisoners.—*Psalm 69, 33.*
11	S	They say unto the blind man, Rise, He calleth thee.
12	M	And he sprang up, and came to Jesus.—*Mark 10, 50.*
13	TU	The Master calleth thee. And Mary arose quickly.—*John 11, 29.*
14	W	The shepherds came with haste, and found the Babe.—*Luke 2, 16.*
15	TH	Zacchaeus ran on before, and climbed up into a tree to see Him ;
16	F	And he made haste, and came down, and received Him joyfully.—*Luke 19, R. V.*
17	S	The people ran through that whole region round about, and began to carry about on their beds those that were sick, where they heard He was.—*Mark 6, 55, R. V.*
18	S	The Creator of the ends of the earth fainteth not.
19	M	There is no searching of His understanding.
20	TU	Even the youths shall faint and be weary.
21	W	But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength ;
22	TH	They shall mount up with wings as eagles ;
23	F	They shall run and not be weary ;
24	S	They shall walk and not faint.—*Isaiah 40, 28.* "*Mount up—run—walk!* Is the order correct? Yes. First the ideal, then the rush at it with passionate eyes, then the daily trudge onward. Our religion, while it exults in being the secret of enthusiasm and the inspiration of heroism, is daring and Divine enough to find its climax in the commonplace."—*Dr. Smith's Isaiah.* Robert Blair, with other Covenanting ministers, built a ship and called it *Eagle's Wings*, and sailed for America. When they had gone 1,200 miles, God drove them back. Blair laboured afterwards in Scotland for thirty years.
25	S	Mighty in the Scriptures.—*Acts 18, 24.*
26	M	Ye do err, not knowing the scriptures.—*Matt. 22, 29.*
27	TU	Jesus saith unto them, Did ye never read in the scriptures?—*Matt. 21, 42.*
28	W	The Bereans received the word with all readiness of mind,
29	TH	Examining the scriptures daily.—*Acts 17, 11, R. V.*
30	F	Blessed is he that readeth.—*Rev. 1, 3.* Mr. William Gouge, minister of Blackfriars, London, who died in 1653, aged 79, read fifteen chapters of the Bible every day.
31	S	I did eat Thy words ; they were unto me a joy.—*Jer. 15, 16.*

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The Merlin.

ON the 5th of last month there died in the parish of Inch, near Stranraer, a Miss Jane Lamb, a lady who had entered on her hundred-and-second year. She was confined to bed for many years before her death, but her mind was clear to the very end. In June '93, on her hundredth birthday, some young girls who called on her asked her to give them a text; and this is the one she chose:

For all the promises of God in him are yea, and in him Amen, unto the glory of God by us.—2 Cor. 1, 20.

Very beautiful—is it not?—with the experience of a hundred years behind it. That verse was a favourite of Cromwell's too at the last, "his staff when he went through the flood on foot."

Owe no man anything, save to love one another. — Rom. 13, 8.

A MAN once told me that when he was a boy, being sent an errand by his mother one Saturday to a shop two miles off, with the promise that he would get out to play when he came back, he found, owing to some rise in the price of things, that he had a ha'penny too little. When he got home he held out his hand for the ha'penny, got it, returned to the shop, and neither his mother nor he thought he had done anything wonderful.

And another man to whom I once told the story said to me, that, when he was a boy, he remembered seeing a worthy widow woman, a Mrs. Sinclair, in great distress. She had gone to the grocer's, a shop she had frequented for over twenty years, and, after getting her messages, found she had a farthing too little. She hurried home for the money, but on looking at the clock and seeing there was scarcely time to go to the shop and be back in time for her son's dinner, she took off her bonnet, meaning to go when the dinner hour was past. The grocer, of course, would have trusted her for much more than a farthing, but the thought that she was in debt was more than she could bear, and she had to put on her bonnet again and go and pay the man at once!

How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.
How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 88.)

At the age of 83

AARON is mentioned in the Bible for the first time. "Behold"—said God to Moses out of the Burning Bush—"behold, Aaron thy brother cometh forth to meet thee; and when he seeth thee, he will be glad in his heart." . . . . "And the Lord said to Aaron, Go into the wilderness to meet Moses. And he went, and met him in the Mount of God, and kissed him."

At the age of 83

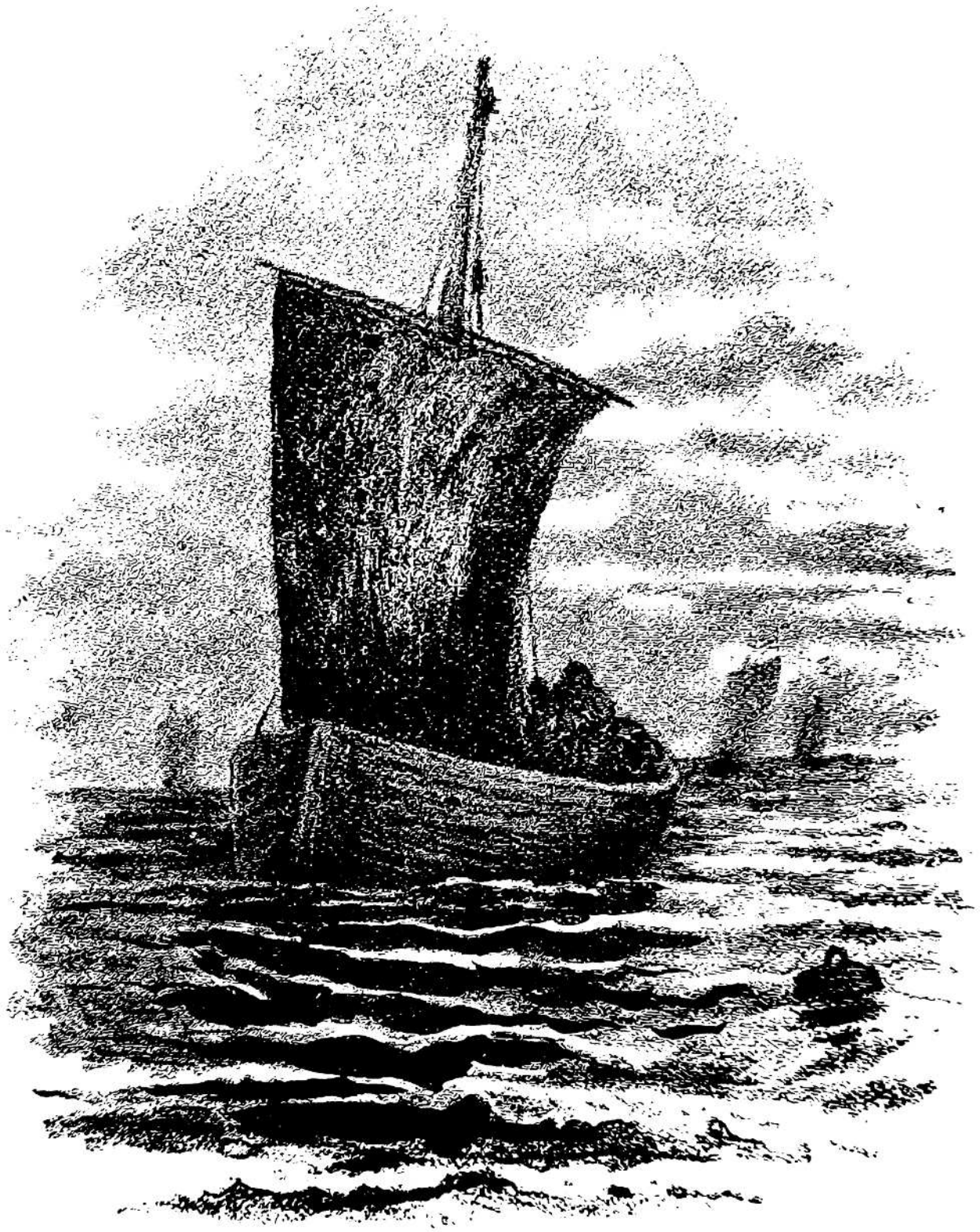
GOETHE died, March 22, 1832. He is the man whom the Germans put next to Shakespeare for intellectual power. But he was infinitely selfish, and he paid for it.

A few years before his death he thus spoke of himself: "I have ever been esteemed one of fortune's chiefest favourites; nor will I complain or find fault with the course my life has taken. Yet, truly, there has been nothing but toil and care; and I may say that in all my seventy-five years I have never had a month of genuine comfort. It has been the perpetual rolling of a stone which I have always had to raise anew."

83 NEBUCHADNEZZAR, the greatest of all the Kings of Babylon, died B.C. 561, after a reign of 43 years. The bricks which have been dug out of the ruins of that city all bear his name. On what scholars call the Standard Inscription, the record which he made of the great events of his reign, there is a striking allusion to the madness which Daniel tells us fell on him, when his nails grew like birds' claws and his hair like eagles' feathers, and he ate grass like an ox and his body was wet with the dew of heaven: "For years . . . in all my dominions I did not build a high place of power. In the worship of Merodach I did not sing his praises, and I did not furnish his altars, nor did I clear out the canals."

83 THOMAS CARLYLE'S MOTHER died, 25th December, 1853. On her death-bed she often quoted Job's words, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come." She was of the poorest, but also, as her son said, of "the fairest descent, that of the pious, the just, and the wise." When she was well up in years she taught herself to write, chiefly for the pleasure of corresponding with her illustrious son. The few letters of hers that have been published are as touching as are to be found in any literature. She was constantly beseeching her son to read the Bible and lay hold on God, offering in the fulness of her love to bear the blame for ever if he took her advice and then regretted it. "O Tom, mind the golden season of youth. Seek the Lord while He may be found, call upon Him while He is near."

83 JAMES WATT, the greatest of all inventors, died, 19th August, 1819. He suffered much from ill-health, but continued working to the last. In his old age he went regularly, after breakfast, into his workshop in his woollen surtout and leather apron, with the rustic hat he had worn for forty years. His last invention was a machine for copying all kinds of sculpture work. Some of its performances he distributed amongst his friends as "the productions of a young artist just entering on his eighty-third year." On the seal which he most frequently used he had a human eye engraved with the motto *Observare*. He was a modest unassuming man, and so lovable that one of his oldest friends once said—"It is very foolish no doubt, but all the same I can't help crying when I hear of anything good happening to Jamie Watt."



Our wet hands spread the carpet,
And light the hearth of home;
From our fish, as in the old time,
The silver coin shall come.

In the darkness as in daylight,
On the water as on land,
God's eye is looking on us,
And beneath us is His hand.—*Whittier.*

What is Thine Occupation?—*Jonah 1, 8.*

Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.
—Miss F. L. Havergal.

No. 1.—A Clerk.

They that handle the pen of the writer.—Judges 5, 14.

1.—His Model:

Ezra. *Ezra, chapters 7, 8, 9, 10.*
Every scribe which is instructed unto the Kingdom of Heaven.—*Matt. 13, 52.*

2.—His Handwriting:

(a) Easily read. The Lord said, write, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it.—*Hab. 2, 2.* Ye see with how large letters I have written unto you with mine own hand.—*Gal. 6, 11 (R.V.)*

(b) Swift. The pen of a ready writer.—*Psalm 45, 1.*

(c) Beautiful. The writing was the writing of God.—*Ex. 32, 16.*

3.—His Accuracy:

Write thee the name of the day, even of this self same day.—*Ezek. 24, 2.*

4.—His Discretion:

What thou seest write in a book.—*Rev. 1. 11.* I was about to write: and I heard a voice from heaven saying, seal up the things and write them not.—*Rev. 10, 4.*

5.—His Courtesy:

I, Tertius, who write the epistle, salute you.—*Rom. 16, 22 (R.V.)* The salutation of Paul with mine own hand, which is the token in every epistle: so I write.—*2 Thess. 3, 17.*

6.—*His Brevity:*

I have written unto you in few words.—*Heb. 13, 22.*

7.—His Force of Character:

His letters, they say, are weighty and strong.—*2 Cor. 10, 10 (R.V.)*

8.—His Personal Interviews:

What we are in word by letters when we are absent, such we are also in deed when we are present.—*2 Cor. 10, 11 (R.V.).*

9.—His Severity:

Though I made you sorry with my epistle, I do not regret it, though I did regret. I rejoice that ye were made sorry to repentance.—*2 Cor. 7, 8.*

10.—His Perplexities:

Hezekiah received the letter, and read it, and went up into the house of the Lord, and spread it before the Lord.—*2 Kings 19, 14.*

11.—His Temptation:

Jeremiah said unto Baruch the scribe, Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not.—*Jer. 45, 5.*

12.—His Resolve:

A certain scribe came and said, Master, I will follow thee, whithersoever thou goest.—*Matt. 8, 19.*

13.—His Great Surrender:

And Levi, who sat at the place of toll, forsook all, and rose up, and followed Jesus.—*Luke 5, 27.*

14.—His Safety:

The Lord hid Baruch the scribe. —*Jer. 36, 26.*

15.—The Purpose of Each Day:

Moses wrote of me.—*John 5, 46.* He hath set his seal to this, that God is true.—*John 3, 33.*

16.—His Prayer:

Blot out all mine iniquities.—*Psalm 51, 9.* Set me as a seal upon thine arm.—*Song of Sol. 8, 6.*

17.—His Dress:

They wrote upon it a writing, like the engravings of a signet, HOLY TO THE LORD. — *Ex. 39, 30 (R.V.)*

18.—The End of Each Day:

The man, which had the inkhorn by his side, reported the matter, saying, I have done as thou hast commanded me.—*Ezek. 9, 11.*

19.—The Close of Life:

Seal the book. But go thou thy way till the end be: for thou shalt rest, and shalt stand in thy lot, at the end of the days. —*Dan. 12, 13.*

20.—His Exceeding Great Reward:

I will in no wise blot his name out of the book of life. . . . I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, and mine own new name.—*Rev. 3, 5-12 (R.V.)*

A Girl's Handwriting.

Her even lines her steady temper show,
Neat as her dress, and polished as her brow,
Strong as her judgment, easy as her air,
Correct though free, and regular though fair;
And the same graces o'er her pen preside
That form her manners and her footsteps guide.

Compare with these lines of Mrs. Barbauld's the description of

A Man's Handwriting.

given in a letter written by Michael-angelo to his nephew Leonardo, June 5, 1546:

"Do not write to me again. Each time I get one of your letters a fever takes me with the trouble I have in reading it. I do not know where you learned to write. I think that if you were writing to the greatest donkey in the world you would do it with more care. Therefore do not add to the annoyances I have, for I have quite enough of them already."

With the same object in view, Lord Collingwood, who was Nelson's second in command at Trafalgar, says in a letter to his daughter written at sea, February 5, 1809: "Never do anything with indifference; whether it be to mend a rent in your garment, or finish the most delicate piece of art, endeavour to do it as perfectly as possible.

"To write a letter with negligence, without proper stops, with crooked lines and great flourishing dashes, is inelegant. It argues either great ignorance of what is proper, or great indifference towards the person to whom it is addressed, and is consequently disrespectful. It makes

no amends to add an apology for having scrawled a sheet of paper, of bad pens, for you should mend them, or want of time, for nothing is more important to you, and there is nothing to which your time can be more properly devoted."

There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.—Prov. 18, 24.

MR. ADAMS REILLY, an Irish gentleman whose grave may be seen above the waters of Lough Derg, was one of the first and greatest of Alpine climbers. He was seven times on the summit of Mont Blanc. The Badminton volume on *Mountaineering* says of him that he was a most unselfish and kind hearted man. On one occasion, when he was in a remote part of Switzerland, he came across a man, an absolute stranger to him, who had been taken ill and had been ordered to return home without a moment's delay. Mr. Reilly offered to accompany him, and took care of him as far as Geneva, but as the man was no better, he went on with him to Paris, then on to Calais, and at last to Dover; and then, when he had delivered the sick man to his friends, but not till then, went back to resume his holiday in the Alps.

John Williams.

WHEN the kings and queens and statesmen of our time will be forgotten or despised, the missionaries, and especially the martyred missionaries, will be revered and loved. They are Britain's greatest glory and her strongest bulwark.

The first martyr during the Queen's reign was John Williams. He was an ironmonger's apprentice in his boyhood. He left England for the South

Seas in 1816 when he was twenty. In 1818 he and his wife settled on the island of Raiatea, whose inhabitants welcomed them with a great feast—five hogs being provided for Mr. Williams, five hogs for Mrs. Williams, and five hogs for their baby. Having christianised that island, "unable to content himself within the narrow limits of a single reef," he pushed on to Raratonga. There, that he might visit other islands, he built, in fifteen weeks, a boat, *The Messenger of Peace*. It was 60 feet long, and 18 wide; its sails were native mats, its ropes the bark of the hibiscus, the oakum was the husk of cocoa-nuts, the nails that bound the planks were wooden pins. In that boat he sailed over many thousands of miles of stormy seas for years, carrying the good news of the love of God. In 1834 he returned to England to see after the printing of the New Testament in the Raratongan language. In 1838 he went out again, and after visiting the stations he had already planted, sailed to the New Hebrides, where he hoped to found a mission. He landed on Erromanga with another missionary, a Mr. Harris, 20th November, 1839, but they were instantly set on by the natives and put to death, and then eaten.

The children and grand-children of their murderers are now Christians.

The Merlin.

TWO hundred years ago every gentleman had his falcons and hawks for catching birds. The falcons were trained to light upon the falconer's gloved hand—gloved because of the sharpness of their claws. They were fed regularly upon the *lure*, which was a piece of lead or other metal covered with leather and adorned with pigeons' wings, to which a piece of flesh was fastened. When the falcon made an unsuccessful flight, the falconer swung the lure in the air and his bird came back to it. On the falcon's legs were fastened light straps and bells. Falcons are nervous and excitable, and in the presence of strangers dash themselves about as canaries sometimes do in their cages. Hence they need to be hooded, the hoods being little soft leather caps put over their heads, with a slit left for the beak to come through. The falcon, when thus covered, sits motionless in the darkness, and can be carried about, and passed from hand to hand, even in crowded streets, as though it were a stuffed bird. In the open fields, of course, the hoods were removed. Falcons were flown at herons, crows, and wild fowl, going after them and flying round and round them, as if they were going up a spiral staircase, till they got above them, and then, closing their wings, dashed down on them with all their might, killing them at one blow. Merlins are a smaller kind of falcon, and were used chiefly for catching larks. Being tamer, they do not need hoods.

It was the end of September, and the merlin in the picture had just been turned adrift by its master. This master was a lad whom two great misfortunes had befallen. He had succeeded to great possessions

unexpectedly the very year he came of age, and he had won the first bet he had made at a horse-race. It put £1,000 in his pocket, but it well-nigh cost him his soul. "The cleverest stroke done by a sportsman for twenty years," one newspaper called it, and the silly lad took it all in. From that hour he became the prey of designing men. He bought at least twenty horses, each of which he was informed was the greatest horse of the century. They never won him any races, but that, he was told, was only a run of ill luck, the like of which every great owner of horses had at one time or another, and such ill luck could not possibly go on for ever—which was literally true. Three years are much shorter than "for ever," but they were long enough to empty his pockets.

One of his crazes, strange to say, was falconry. That craze lasted almost two months. One of his merlins actually killed fifty-three larks, mostly moulting ones—"a marvellous performance," the sporting papers said, "which would immortalize its owner who, it is well known, is one of the keenest sportsmen and truest, kindest-hearted gentlemen in England." But he found it tame work compared with pigeon-shooting. And now the larks were getting stronger again, and his favourite merlin, after pursuing them up to heaven's gate, had repeatedly missed the birds it stooped at, and its kind-hearted owner had felt himself disgraced in the presence of his guests.

Now a merlin, if it is to be kept alive all winter, demands attention; it must be kept dry and warm and fed like any invalid. And that was what the merlin in the picture had expected. No wonder it felt indignant. It had cleared the country-side of songsters, and now with the wildest autumn and winter on record coming on, as it foresaw, it was stripped of the Punjaub bells, which, as it many a time had heard its master say, had once adorned the favourite hawk of a Maharajah's only son—stripped and tossed contemptuously into the open fields!

I can't tell you all the ways our spendthrift's money went. Jewels with sham pedigrees, pictures with forged names, friends with false hearts, "poor but dishonest" noblemen who honoured him by asking loans, colonels who played cards, actors and jockeys—any one of these will bring a man to poverty, but he had all of them together. I shall only tell you one of his last and most characteristic exploits, an exploit even he would hardly have ventured on had he not been flushed with wine. But I must give it to you in his own words: "I'll tell you what I did," he said to a man whom he met casually in a train, "I made a bet of £10,000 to £20,000 that I would name in order the first four horses in a certain race the other day. And do you know, I was right in the third and fourth, and if I had only guessed the other two I should have won £20,000."

"Do you say that that is what you did?" said the stranger.

"Yes, that is what I did."

"Well," was the answer, "it seems to me that instead of saying that is what you *did*, you should rather say that that is what you *did'nt*, for as far as I can make out you *did nothing* but lose £10,000!"

To a life of that kind there could only be one end and it came soon. "As we have predicted all along," said one of the sporting papers that used to praise him, "a certain plunger well known to our readers has found the pace too hot to last. As was only to be expected, he has come to grief, and in the interests of true sport which are dear to every patriotic and high-minded English gentleman, we have no hesitation in saying our race-courses are well rid of him." He had hoped at least to gain credit for bearing his losses like a man without flinching, but even that was denied him. The kindest word he ever heard said was the "Poor Fool!" uttered by some lady or other as he was being ordered out of the grand-stand where he had been welcome one week before.

He ranted, drank, and merry made,
Till all his gold it waxed thin;
And then his friends they slunk away;
They left the unthrifty heir of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purse,
Never a penny left but three;
The tane was brass, the tither was lead,
And the third, it was white monie.

"But many a trusty friend have I,
And why should I feel dule or care?
I'll borrow of them all by turns,
So need I not be ever bare."

But one, I wis, was not at home,
Another had paid his gold away,
Another called him thriftless loon
And sharply bade him mend his way.

"Yes," he said to himself, "they have treated me as I did the merlin. They fawned on me and flattered me so long as I made them sport. Now they call me 'Fool,' and I am

Lost to life and use and name
and fame."

Psalms 2, 7; 33, 11.

"BEWARE of using the word 'never,'" was the advice once given by a modern worldly-wise statesman to a young diplomatist.

But that was the word used twice over in a memorable debate in the French Legislative Assembly in 1867. M. Rouher, Minister of State, often called from his devotion to Napoleon the Vice-Emperor, declared in answer to M. Jules Favre that "*never*, *never*, should Italy get possession of Rome."

Three years afterwards, when the French troops had been withdrawn from Rome, and the Pope's troops had surrendered, the Italian soldiers were welcomed into the city by the young Romans and the crowds of returning exiles with merry cries of Never, never. "When the Lord turned again our captivity, then was our mouth filled with laughter."

Hazel-leaf and Nuts.

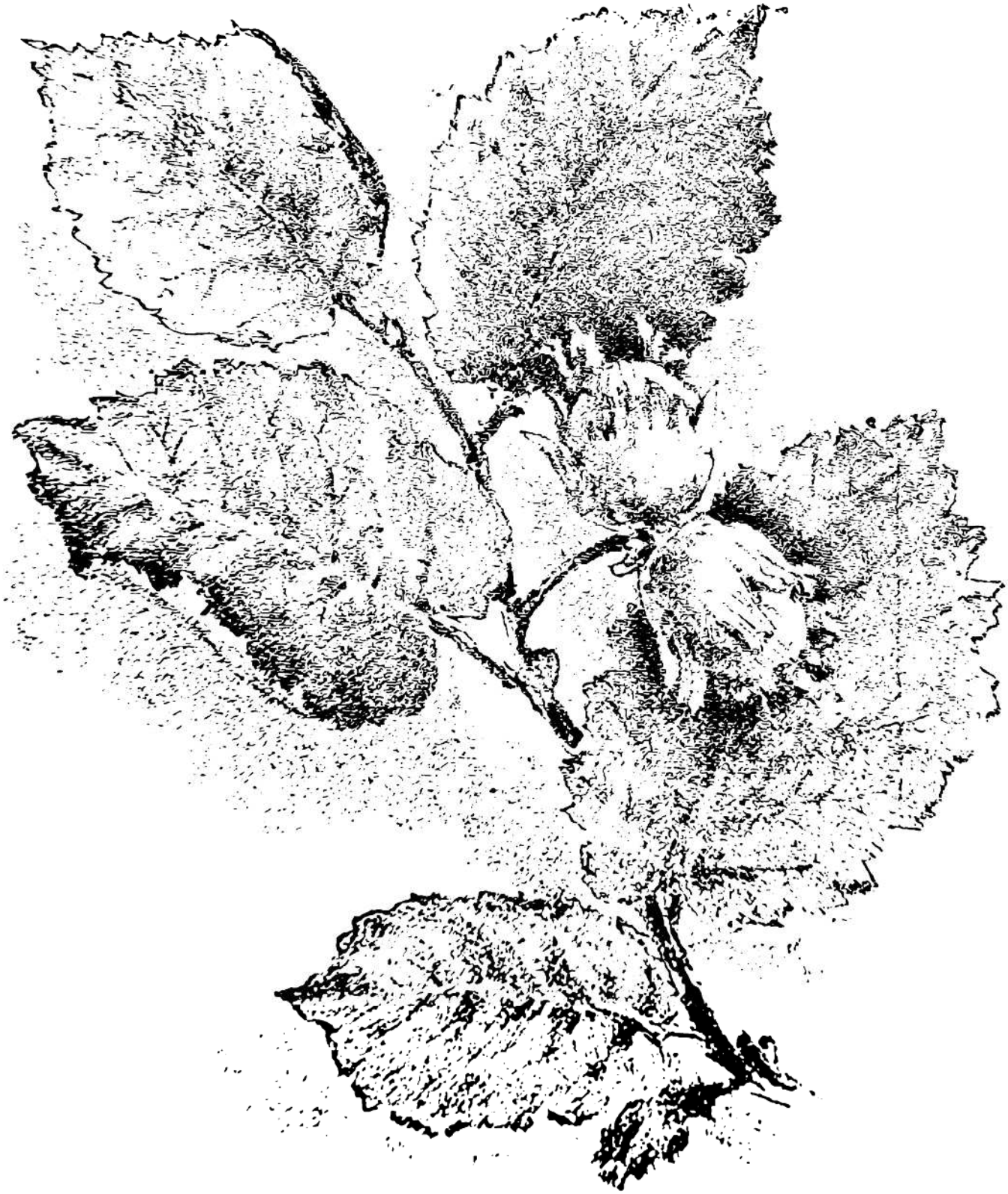
THE young straight stems and branches of the Hazel are much used for making baskets and hoops. The thicker wood makes the charcoal, from which gunpowder and artists' crayons are manufactured.

All boys should like the Hazel, not only for its nuts, but for the lovely canes it grows, which help to

make them good when they are bad.

Superstitious people still use Hazel-rods for finding out minerals, buried treasure, and especially hidden springs of water. They believe that when it is held in their hands it moves in the direction in which they ought to search.

O God, the Hazel-wand may fail,
But Thou canst lend a surer spell,
That, passing over Baca's vale,
Repeats the ancient miracle,
And makes the desert-land a well.



1	S	Joint-heirs with Christ.—*Rom. 8, 17.*
2	M	The disciple is not above his master.—*Luke 6, 40.* During the battle of Sedan, says Dr. Busch, Bismarck was asked if he would like something to eat. "No," he said, "I should like it, but neither has the King had anything."
3	Tu	Ye have continued with me in my temptations.—*Luke 22, 28.*
4	W	I have been crucified with Christ.—*Gal. 2, 20 (R. V.)*
5	Th	Raised together with Christ.—*Col. 3, 1 (R. V.)*
6	F	Glorified with him.—*Rom. 8, 17 (R. V.)*
7	S	Thou hast loved them, as thou has loved me.—*John 17, 23.*
8	S	A brother is born for adversity.—*Prov. 17, 17.*
9	M	Aaron kissed Moses.—*Ex. 4, 27.*
10	Tu	And Moses told Aaron all the words of the Lord.
11	W	The Lord was very angry with Aaron, and I prayed for him.—*Deut. 9, 20.*
12	Th	Moses put the breastplate upon Aaron.—*Lev. 8, 8.*
13	F	Moses stripped Aaron of his garments.—*Num. 20, 28.*
14	S	Die and be gathered unto thy people, as Aaron thy brother died.—*Deut. 32, 50.*
15	S	Many antichrists.—*1 John 2, 18.* "If the Church of Rome be not antichrist, she hath ill luck to be so like him."
16	M	Babylon the Great, the mother of the abominations of the earth.
17	Tu	Drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus.
18	W	A habitation of devils.
19	Th	Full of names of blasphemy.
20	F	Her sins have reached even unto heaven.—*Rev. 16.* Twenty-five years ago to-day the Italian troops entered Rome—losing 22 men killed, and 117 wounded, but taking 10,000 prisoners. And so the Pope's temporal power came to an end, to the joy of all his subjects. A great day in history.
21	S	The Lamb is King of Kings.—*Rev. 17, 14.*
22	S	That old serpent which deceiveth the whole world.—*Rev. 12, 9.*
23	M	We are not ignorant of his devices.—*2 Cor. 2, 11.*
24	Tu	The devil sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and saith,
25	W	All these things will I give thee.—*Matt. 4, 8.* When Magellan, the navigator, wished to capture two Patagonian giants, he loaded them with presents —knives, mirrors, and trinkets. Then he showed them two iron chains. The poor men, being eager to have them but having their hands full, allowed the smith to fasten them on their legs, and then, too late, discovered that they were prisoners.
26	Th	He hath sent me to preach deliverance to the captives.—*Luke 4, 18.*
27	F	The Lord's freedman.—*1 Cor. 7, 22.*
28	S	The Lord will give grace and glory.—*Ps. 84, 11.*
29	S	There is no man that hath left house, or father, or lands, for my sake and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold now in this time, with persecutions. Hepburn of Urr, who was disinherited and imprisoned in the time of Charles II. for becoming a Presbyterian, won the heart and hand of the daughter of Lord-Advocate Nisbet of Dirleton, who happened to pass by while he was preaching from his jail window.
30	M	And in the world to come eternal life.—*Mark 10, 30.*

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The Morning Watch.

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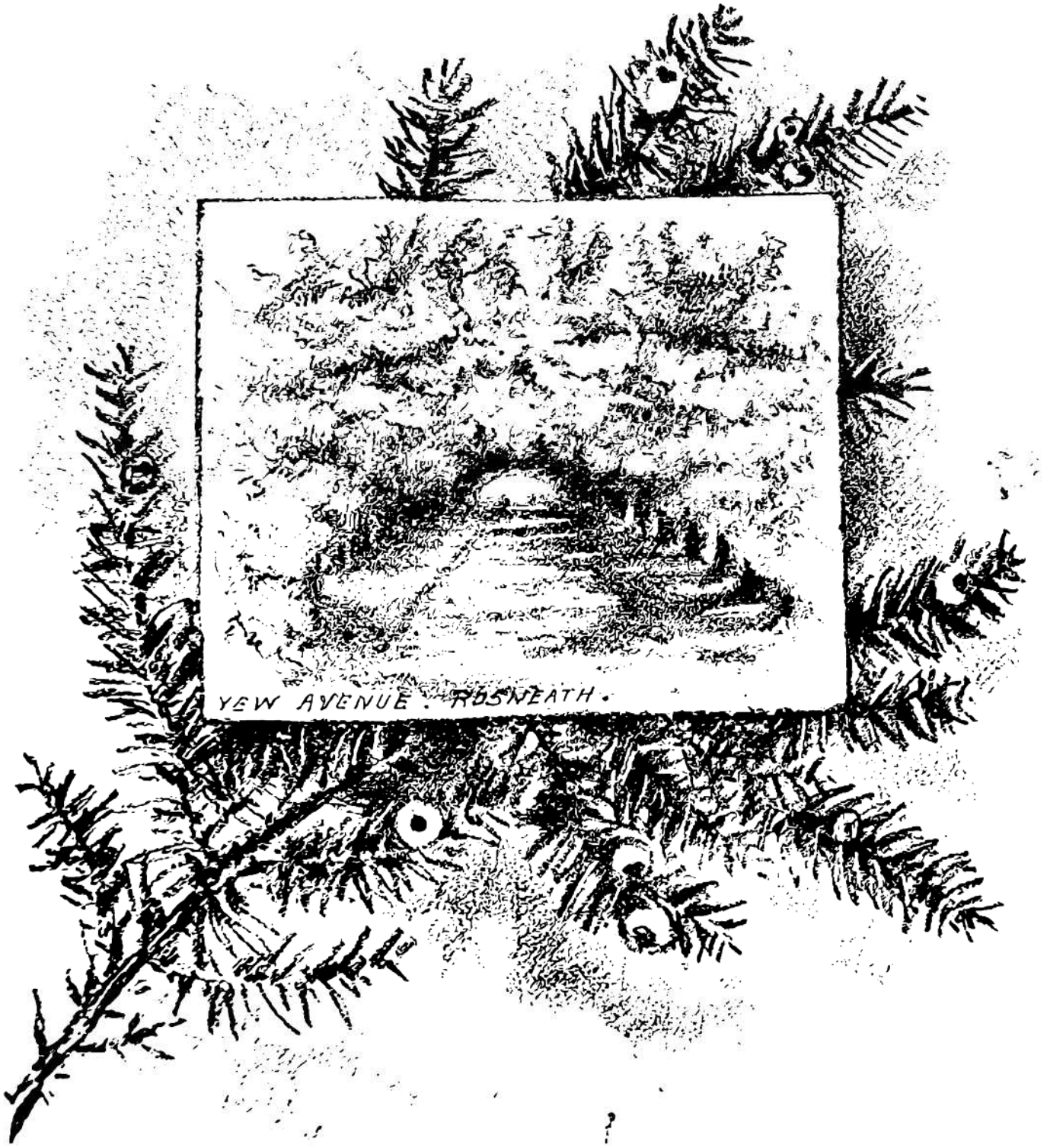


How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.
How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 99.)

At the age of 84

ON the morning of his last birthday, 17th December, 1891, the American poet WHITTIER was waited on by sixty people from his native town, who came with their congratulations and a bouquet of eighty-four roses, encircled with a scarf, on the ends of which were etchings of the house in which he was born and the school he had attended as a boy. I have told you before how he loved the slaves. They loved him in return. More than once, we are told, the children in the coloured schools sent him barrels of pitch-pine kindlings for his fire.

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

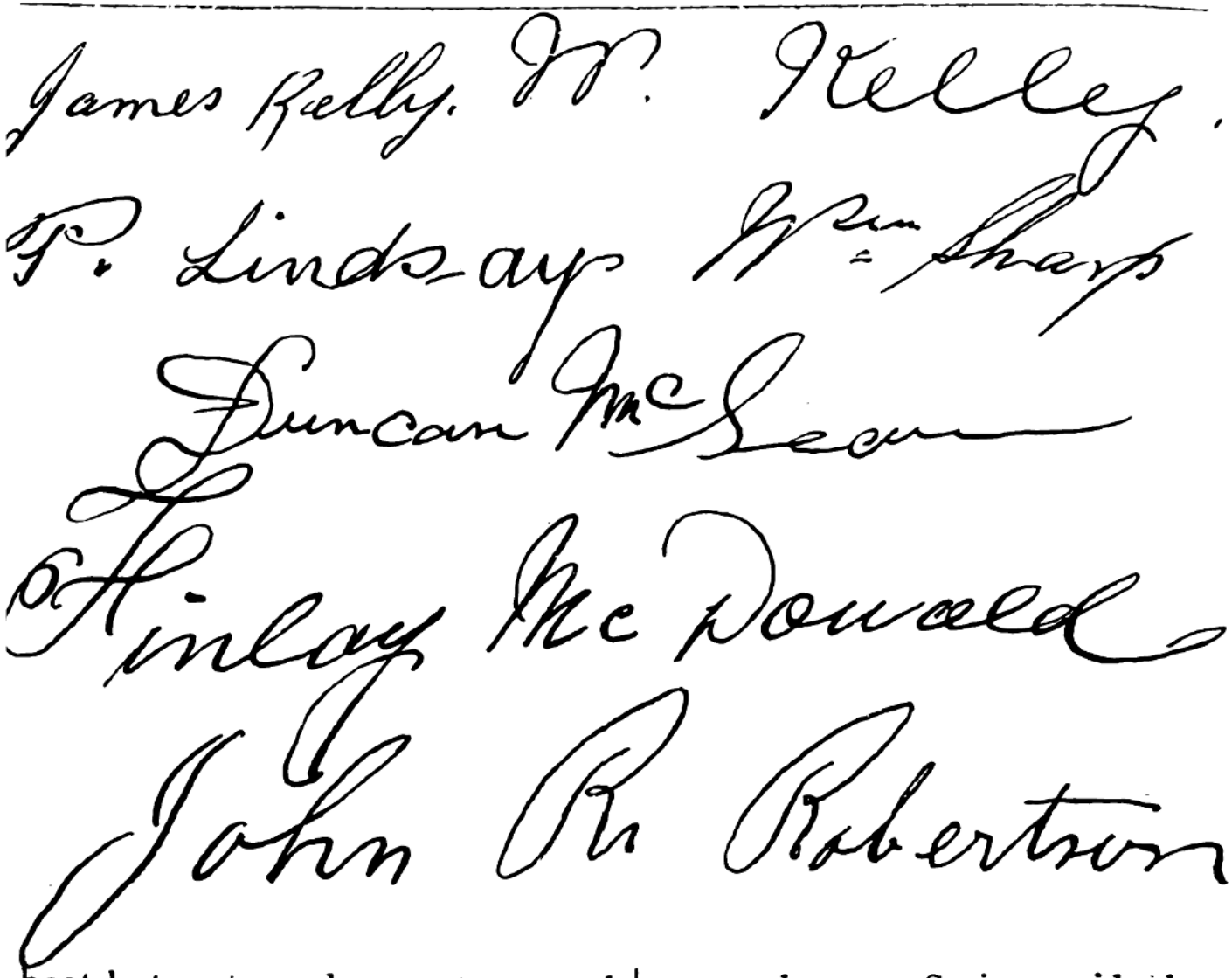
ONCE a year, about the month of July or August, there is repeated in the death column of the London *Times* a touching notice. It gives very briefly the story of the death of three apprentices in the merchant service, who were lost at sea on the 16th of July, 1886. Two of them were brothers who had been trained in the *Conway* at Liverpool; the third, named Midelton, hailed from the *Worcester*, her sister-ship at Greenhithe.

Their ship, the Earl of Jersey, was in the "roaring forties," on her way to Singapore, where squalls come on at any moment, when a boy named William Hood fell from one of the yards into the sea. There was a fresh gale from the northward blowing at the time, with a moderately high sea. The port lifeboat was immediately launched and manned by volunteers under the charge of the second mate, the first to jump into her being one of the apprentices, Alexander Murray. There being only seven men in the lifeboat, the Captain called for two more volunteers. The rest of the crew, however, held back, and the boat had set off without them when the other brother, Robert Murray, who had been engaged down below, came up on deck and hearing what had happened, determined to bear his part in the rescue of a comrade, leaped overboard and swam after the lifeboat. The others hauled him in, and then the eight oars pulled with all their might in the direction of the sinking boy, who was at that time well in sight. Then in one moment a dark squall passed over the vessel. When the blinding deluge of rain had passed by, the boat was looked for, but it was not to be seen. Less than ten minutes had elapsed. What had become of her? It was thought that the ship could not have drifted far in the time from the spot where she had been hove to, and at once the Captain stood back to pick up, if possible, his people. But though he searched for them four days, the search was all in vain, and at last the ship reluctantly proceeded on

her voyage. When she reached Singapore, the sad story touched all hearts, and as it was thought possible, though not more than possible, that the boat and its occupants might have found their way to one of the islands near Tristan da Cunha, in whose neighbourhood the Earl of Jersey had been at the time of the accident, a telegram was sent to Accra, the capital of the Gold Coast Colony, to despatch a ship of war in search of them. But though the *Watchful* searched long and carefully, and other ships besides, no trace of the missing boat's crew was ever found. And now, once every year, the parents of the two brothers, Colonel Murray and his wife, who in their grief had offered £1,000 to any one who would bring back both or either of their sons alive, record with sorrowful but loving hearts their grief for the loss of their two boys and their comrades, "who were not because God took them."

A somewhat similar disaster befel six men of the ship *Argus*, 1,540 tons, belonging to the Messrs. Carmichael of Greenock, on the 27th May of this year. The ship was on her way from the Cape of Good Hope to Port Jackson, Sydney, New South Wales. While a hard gale was blowing from the south-east, James Kelly, the third mate, was washed overboard from the forecastle head. Several life-buoys were thrown to him as he passed astern, and two men were sent aloft to keep a look-out for him. The port lifeboat was immediately cleared away, and safely, though with great difficulty, lowered, owing to the heavy sea that was running. It was manned by the chief mate, William Kelly, of Aberdeen, aged twenty-five, who was the third mate's cousin; Peter Lindsay, of Glasgow, steward, twenty-five; Finlay McDonald, of Inverness, twenty-seven; Duncan McLean, of Ross, twenty-three; John Robert Robertson, twenty-three, and William Sharp, nineteen, both of Shetland. The lifeboat and her gallant crew battled splendidly with the tremendous seas, and from a signal made by the chief officer it is believed they had succeeded in rescuing their comrade. But in a few minutes afterwards, in the strange providence of God, a heavy squall came on, hiding everything from view, and when it passed, to the unspeakable dismay of their anxious captain and shipmates, the lifeboat was nowhere to be seen. As it was now getting dark a bright light was hoisted up to the mizzen topmast crosstrees, and at short intervals blue lights, rockets, and flare-ups were burned all night. When daylight came search was made with glasses from the mast-head, but all in vain. All day the ship cruised round, with two men at her mast-head, but no trace of the missing boat was found save only an oilskin coat and a piece of wood. Then, when evening came on, Captain Laird gathered his crew together and asked them if they were satisfied that all had been done that was possible to save their comrades. Sorrowfully they all answered that no more could be done; and then the ship went on her course once more.

The steward, it seems, was one of the first to volunteer to go in the



boat, but as stewards are not expected to do that kind of work, the captain wished him to stay behind, and let one of the other sailors take his place, but he refused.

It is because I think these brave young men are worthy of all the honour we can give them and should be kept in our memories as long as possible, that I have told you the story of what they did, and given you, through the courtesy of the owners of the ship, copies of the signatures they wrote before they left the Clyde on their last but glorious voyage.

We are tempted, perhaps, to think that men like these, and the Conway boys, were taken away before their time. We should remember, however, what our Saviour said when the disciples wondered at His risking His life by going to Bethany: "Are there not twelve hours in the day? If any man walk in the day he stumbleth not, because he seeth the light of this world." It is as if He had said to them, "Danger? Yes, there is danger; but no man's day comes to an end till it has run the full course appointed him by God." When we see danger ahead, let us remember that the safe course is to do God's will, with this confidence in our hearts. Walk in the light, in that path of duty which is prescribed for you by the voice of God in your heart; and you will have time enough to do your whole task without any miscarriage. No ill

comes to us, and we never find time too short, if we follow this course; it is only when we desert it that there is real danger. It is a false plan to seek to lengthen life by avoiding dangerous duties. The Christian in an age of persecution; the physician when an epidemic of fever is raging; the soldier who has to take his place in the forlorn hope; the miner in the rescue party who descends into a fiery pit to save other lives at the risk of his own; and the sailor who has to man the lifeboat; all these are in a position like that of Jesus when He spoke these words, "Are there not twelve hours in the day?" Yes, and not one of you can be robbed of one of them as long as you walk in the light. Failure and disaster come when in fear and distrust of God you seek to prolong life at the cost of all that makes it worth living. Only go straight forward and you are safe. If you should die in this path of duty, no one will venture to say it was prematurely; you will have wrought out to the end the day's work which God assigned you.

One other thing I wish to say to you. People sometimes wonder why the captain, who is forbidden by law to leave his ship in time of danger, gets a bigger reward than the officers and sailors who man the boat that saves the crew of a sinking ship. The reason is this. When it demands skill and courage to go in the lifeboat, it demands even greater skill so to manage the ship as to launch the lifeboat safely and pick it up when it returns; it needs as great courage, too; for the captain, and the captain only, has to decide whether other men's lives are to be risked or not, and that is as terrible a responsibility as a brave and tender hearted man can be called to face in this world.

The late Mr. Joseph Thomson, F.R.G.S.

ABOUT six years ago Mr. Thomson gave a lecture on his travels in South Morocco in his brother the Rev. J. B. Thomson's church in Greenock. I was, to my great sorrow, detained at some other meeting, but, making as great haste as I could, was delighted to find, as I got into my seat—the only vacant one in the gallery—that Mr. Thomson was still speaking. But my joy was short-lived, for he was at his last sentence, and this was all I heard—"and so reached home again, having successfully accomplished the object I had in view." Yet it was something to have heard so much as that. To have even seen such a man, and to have joined in the cheering that followed as he sat down, are things to make one glad.

These few words of his own may, I think, be fitly taken as the summary of his short life—for he was only thirty-seven when he died a few weeks ago. He joined the first expedition he took part in as geologist, but on the death of his leader, Mr. Keith Johnston, succeeded to the command at the early age of twenty-one. His next and most famous journey was to Masailand in 1883. It was during it that a buffalo, which he had shot, rushed

at him and tossed him in the air. "My next recollection," he says,* "was finding myself lying dazed and bruised, with some hazy notion that I had better take care. With this indefinite sense of something unusual, I slowly and painfully raised my head, and lo! there was the avenger standing three yards off, watching his victim, but apparently disdaining to hoist an inert foe.

From a photograph by John Fergus, Largs.

I found I was lying with my head towards the buffalo. Strangely enough even then, though I was in what may be called the jaws of death, I had not the slightest sensation of dread; only the electric thought passed through my brain, 'If he comes for me again, I am a dead man.' It almost seemed as if my thought roused him to action. Seeing signs of life in my body, he blew a terrible blast through his nostrils, and prepared to finish me off. Stunned and bruised as I was, I could make no fight for life. I simply dropped my head among the grass in the vague hope that it might escape being pounded into jelly. Just at that moment a rifle-shot rang through the forest, which caused me to raise my head once more. With glad surprise I found the buffalo's tail presented to my delighted contemplation." A few moments after, he saw his adversary drop dead. But it was weeks before the terrible wound he had received was healed. The horns are now at Gatelawbridge, near Thornhill,

*In his "Through Masai Land," Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co., London, from which the sketch is copied.

where Mr. Thomson's father and mother live.

Mr. Thomson made many other journeys, and through them all had, in the words of Mr. Clement Markham, the distinguished President of the Royal Geographical Society, "the high and glorious distinction of never having caused the death of a single native." There have been other African travellers who made a way for themselves by fire and sword, and so made it doubly dangerous for others to follow in their track. But wherever Joseph Thomson passed, the next white man was welcomed as a friend.

> Whatever record leap to light
> He never shall be shamed.

For he was one of those who not only have made the bounds of Britain's empire wider, but have helped to win Africa for Christ.

He was a man greatly beloved, making friends everywhere, but especially amongst those who were of the same heroic nature as himself. Amongst the papers which his brother has kindly showed me, there is none more affecting than a little scrap with a tiny piece of fern enclosed, and those words—*To Joseph Thomson, with the kindest regards of Fridtjof Nansen.* Alas! where is Nansen now? Has he accomplished his object? or is he, too,

> On a happier voyage now
> Toward no earthly pole?

May God forgive us all who sit at home at ease and do not even remember to pray for the men who go out into the high places of the field.

October 2nd, 1870.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago Florence was the capital of Italy, and Victor Emanuel was king. But the City of Rome and the country round about it were not yet part of his kingdom. These still belonged to the Pope, and were generally believed to be the worst governed part of Europe. Pio Nono was then Pope. On the 18th July, 1870, he had succeeded in getting the dogma of the Pope's Infallibility decreed by a great council, gathered from all parts of the world, which met in the palace of the Vatican. He was the twenty-sixth Pope who had been compelled to bring foreign troops to Italy to uphold his throne, and he was himself at that time dependent for protection on a large body of French soldiers. But after the surrender of Napoleon III. and his army of 86,000 men at Sedan, on the 2nd September, during the war with Germany, the French troops, being needed at home, were withdrawn, and a few days afterwards an Italian army took possession of the city in the name of the King of Italy.

On the 2nd October the people of Rome and the neighbourhood who had been the Pope's subjects were asked to give their votes for or against union with the rest of Italy—yes, or no. It was thought better not to ask the people of the Leonine City, that is, the part of Rome on the right or north bank of the Tiber, in which the Pope dwelt, and accordingly no voting urns were provided for them. But they provided one for themselves, a huge

one made of glass, and on the evening of the day theirs was the first to arrive at the Capitol where the votes were to be counted. In front of it there marched a tall Roman citizen with a banner, on which were the words, "Città Leonina SI"—the Leonine City says YES. And so said the great majority of the citizens, for the papers marked YES numbered 133,681. The NO's were only 1507!

Ecclesiastes xii.—A Commentary.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, or ever the evil days come, and the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them; R.V.

Dean Swift used to lament his birthday, and when he parted with a friend, his usual farewell was, "Good night, I hope I shall never see you again."

The wife of the great Duke of Marlborough, shortly before her death in 1744, in her 84th year, said: "I think one can't leave the world at a better time than now, when there is no such thing as real friendship, truth, justice, honour, or indeed anything that is agreeable in life."

Or ever the sun, and the light, and the moon, and the stars, be darkened, and the clouds return after the rain: that is, old people are often dull and despondent and full of forebodings.

Sir Robert Christison, in his last letter, 23rd August, 1881, wrote: "Every seven or eight days of slow advancement in my health is effaced by one of the many aches and other ills to which I am subject."

In 1888 Von Moltke wrote: "It is true that death is never a welcome guest, still I have no wish to live through the next few years; a bad time is coming for Germany."

In the days when the keepers of the house, that is, the arms, *shall tremble.*

Milo, of Crotona, in Southern Italy, who lived five hundred years before our Lord, on seeing, in his old age, some athletes practising, broke out crying as he looked at his own arms, and said, "They are utterly dead." Yet Milo was the strongest man of his time. He won the prize for wrestling at the Olympic games six times; he carried a live ox on his shoulders round the Olympic course; and on one occasion held up the pillars of a house in which Pythagoras and his scholars were gathered, so as to give them time to escape when the house was coming down. He lost his life in trying to split a tree, which closed on his hands and held him fast till he was eaten by wolves.

And the strong men, that is, the legs, *shall bow themselves.*

Lord Collingwood, writing to his wife, 10th April, 1809, says: "What I most want is a new pair of legs; my legs and feet swell so much every day that it is pretty clear they will not last long."

And the grinders cease, that is, the teeth, *because they are few*—

Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste—sans everything.

And those that look out of the windows, that is, the eyes, *be darkened.*

"November 30, 1825.—I must now wear spectacles constantly."—*Sir Walter Scott's Journal.*

And the doors shall be shut in the street; that is, the breathing and speech are affected.

In 1850 the Duke of Wellington, then in his 81st year, spoke at a banquet given to Lord Gough. Sir Henry Havelock, who was present, thus describes the scene: "I never witnessed so affecting a spectacle of ruined greatness. He is so deaf that he seemed to me to utter prolonged inarticulate sounds without being aware of it. He begins but rarely concludes a sentence, and when he breaks off in a period, the spectator doubts from his manner whether he will begin another, or fall down in the effort."

When the sound of the grinding is low.

When Dr. Anthony Rudde in 1596 quoted this chapter in a sermon at court, Queen Elizabeth was very angry, and said she thanked God that neither her stomach, nor her strength, nor her voice for singing, nor her fingering of instruments, nor lastly her sight, were any whit decayed. Yet seven years after, when she was dying, she said, "Thou seest my bodily meat doth not suit me well. I have eaten but one ill-tasted cake since yesternight." The Lord High Admiral implored her to take nourishment, and with difficulty prevailed on her to take a little broth, he feeding her with a spoon.

And one shall rise up at the voice of a bird.

"I wish anybody would give me a receipt for profiting by the sleeplessness which some one has called the privilege of old age."—*Baroness Bunsen.*

Michael Angelo, being troubled with want of sleep in his old age, used to rise from bed and work with his chisel at the marble, wearing a thick paper cap in which he stuck a lighted candle of goat's tallow, that kind of tallow guttering less than others.

And all the daughters of music shall be brought low; that is, everything leaves us that is connected either with the making or enjoying of music.

"Amongst the accounts that I heard, the circumstance that Mr. Pitt had lost the deep tone and wonderful harmony which characterised his voice both in public and in private, and that it had become feeble and tremulous, alarmed me the most."—*The Hon. James Stanhope.*

Dr. Whately had been a great lover of music all his days, but when some one offered to play during his last illness, he said, "I am past that now."

When Sir John Harrington read some verses to Queen Elizabeth shortly before her death, she smiled and said, "When thou dost feel creeping Time at thy gate, these fooleries will please thee less."

And his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound.

Yea, they shall be afraid of that which is high.

"December 26, 1852. I am plagued with dizziness in the head, but after seventy is the season for ailments—the crops spring up then!" —*General Sir Charles Napier.*

After his seventieth year Sir Astley Cooper the famous surgeon's difficulty of breathing increased to such an extent that he avoided as much as possible every ascent. So much so that when he was asked to see a patient he used to send his man to count the number of stairs which led to the sick room.

And terrors shall be in the way; Mr. Lowell, the American statesman and poet, wrote thus, 10th Nov., 1890: "My illness has wrought some subtle change in me which I feel but cannot explain. I live in a state of nervous apprehension like timid folks when burglars are about. I know it is foolish, but I can't help it as yet."

And the almond tree shall blossom, that is, the hair is thin and white.

The tranquil brow
Whereon the snows of time
Have fallen, and the wintry rime.

He dragged his eyebrow bushes down, and made
A snowy penthouse for his hollow eyes.

And the grasshopper shall be a burden, that is, the slightest thing becomes an annoyance. "The disturbances I most frequently suffer from are noises, especially when unexpected; as, for instance, the sudden opening or closing of a door, the dropping of an article on the floor. I am painfully sensible to a shake so slight as to be imperceptible to one in ordinary health; such, for example, as is produced by any one walking across the room save with an almost cat-like tread, or by a touch to my chair so slight as even the mere brush of the servant's clothes against it as he waits at table."—*Sir Rowland Hill.*

And the caperberry shall fail: that is, even savoury food will not tempt one to eat. Shortly before his death in 1859, Lord Dalhousie, the great Governor-General of India, wrote to a friend: "My rest is destroyed, my appetite again wholly gone. I loathe the sight of food, and in spite of tonics, and careful treatment, with which I have no fault to find, I am low, languid, sick, deaf as the Ochterlony monument, stupid, weak, and miserable."

Because man goeth to his long home.

"Bâle, 14th August, 1535.—My life has been long if measured by years. Take from it the time lost in struggling against disease, it has not been very much after all. You talk of the great name which I shall leave behind me, and which posterity is never to let die. Very kind and friendly on your part, but I care nothing for fame, and nothing for posterity. I desire only to go home and to find favour with Christ." *Erasmus.*

A Grasshopper.

1	Tu	The Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes.—*Luke 2, 12.*
2	W	Now the coat was without seam.—*John 19, 23.*
3	Th	The soldiers put on Him a scarlet robe.—*Matt. 27, 28.*
4	F	They wound the body of Jesus in linen clothes.—*John 19, 40.*
5	S	He was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood.—*Rev. 19, 13.*
6	S	Women, which ministered unto Him of their substance.—*Luke 8, 3.*
7	M	Now the coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout.—*John 19, 23.*
8	Tu	The women that were wise-hearted did spin.—*Ex. 35, 25.*
9	W	The women whose heart stirred them up in wisdom spun.—*v. 26.*
10	Th	She is not afraid of the snow for her household.—*Prov. 31, 21.*
11	F	Her children call her blessed.—*v. 28.* When Sir James Simpson, the doctor who introduced chloroform, was a little boy, his mother, a baker's wife, said to him as he sat on her knee while she drew on the stocking she had been mending, "My Jamie, when your mother's away, you will mind that she was a grand darner."
12	S	The widows weeping showed the coats and garments which Dorcas made, while she was with them.—*Acts 9, 39.*
13	S	He that walketh righteously, he shall dwell on high.—*Is. 33, 19.*
14	M	He shall cover thee with his feathers.—*Ps. 91, 4.*
15	Tu	Moses said, I will turn aside, and see this great sight.—*Ex. 3, 3.*
16	W	Belshazzar saw the part of the hand that wrote. Then his countenance was changed, and his knees smote one against another.—*Dan. 5, 5.*
17	Th	If thou wilt not hearken to the voice of the Lord thy God, the Lord shall give thee a trembling heart,
18	F	And thou shalt have none assurance of thy life.—*Deut. 28, 65.* When Bottesini, an Italian musician, was going in to play before the late Emperor Napoleon III., the Master of Ceremonies examined his violin-cello to see that there were no bombs hidden in it.
19	S	The sound of a driven leaf shall chase them.—*Lev. 26, 36.*
20	S	And Jesus said unto another, Follow me.—*Luke 9, 59.*
21	M	But he said, Lord, suffer me first to——
22	Tu	Jesus said unto him, Go thou and preach the kingdom of God.
23	W	Another said, Lord, I will follow thee, but let me first——
24	Th	And Jesus said, No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.
25	F	He saw Simon and Andrew casting a net, and said, Come ye after me.
26	S	And straightway they forsook their nets, and followed him.—*Mark 1, 16.* "I will give you a month in which to answer my letter," said Napoleon once to Decrès, one of his admirals, "but during that time collect materials for an answer without any 'buts,' or 'ifs,' or 'fors.'"
27	S	Lord, have mercy on my son ; *Matt. 17, 15.*
28	M	For he is sore vexed.
29	Tu	And I brought him unto thy disciples,
30	W	And they could not cure him.
31	Th	Then Jesus said, Bring him hither to me. A woman told Dr. Bonar once how she had striven for her son's conversion for twenty-four years in vain. "Speak less *to* him," was his advice, "and speak more to God *about* him." The remark, being repeated to the young man, impressed him much, and not long after he was brought to Christ.—*Reminiscences of Dr. Andrew Bonar.*

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The Morning Watch.

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ON the tenth of last month a lad whom I knew well died, barely nineteen years of age. He had been ailing for some months, but no one thought that he was so near death. On the afternoon of that day he had risen for a little. About seven o'clock in the evening he said to his mother, "I have a point to settle with you. I DON'T THINK I CAN BE MISTAKEN when I say that I am saved."

The words put in capitals he spoke with great firmness.

A little after, being now much weaker, he said, "Although I don't speak, I have a lot of nice things in my mind to say, but maybe God will give me a chance to say them before I die." He died three hours after, without saying them.

A friend to whom I told this, and to whom I said I thought it strange that God did not give the lad the chance he hoped for, checked me by saying—"'A lot of nice things to say'! That itself was a 'nice thing.'"

And was it not? 'A lot of nice things'—doubtless about the Saviour's love and His faithfulness and tenderness, but left unsaid in the meantime, because they were unspeakable, and because they were meant only for himself.

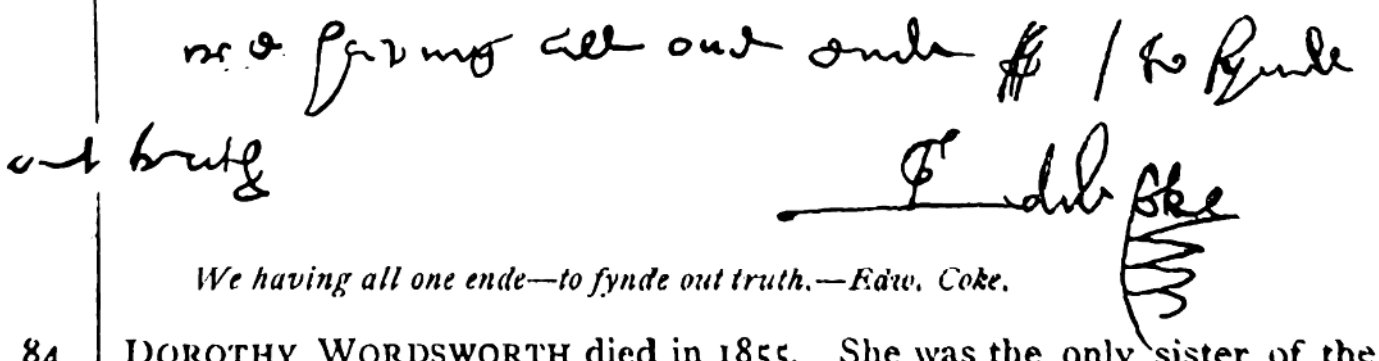
How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 110.)

At the age of 83

SIR EDWARD COKE died in 1634, one of the greatest of lawyers, and worthy of honour for his courage in resisting the illegal acts of James I. and Charles I. Once, when he was asked if he would obey the King if the King gave a certain command, he sent back this answer: "When the case happens, I will do that which becomes an honest and just judge." When he was over eighty, a friend sent doctors to see him. But he dismissed them with thanks and gifts, saying he had now upon him a disease which all the drugs of Asia, the gold of Africa, and all the doctors of Europe could not cure—old age. He was a very handsome man, "fond of good clothes, well worn, and being wont to say that the outward neatness of our bodies should be a monitor of purity to our souls."



We having all one ende—to fynde out truth.—Edw. Coke.

84

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH died in 1855. She was the only sister of the poet, and it is her special honour that she devoted her life to her brother's service, and helped in the highest degree to make him, both as a man and as a poet, what he was. He himself has said of her:

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,
And love, and faith, and joy.

At the age of 84

SIR ROWLAND HILL died 27th August, 1879. It is to him we are indebted for our penny postage. Sixty years ago every member of Parliament was entitled to post ten letters every day for nothing. All that he had to do was to write his name in the corner on the outside of the letter. It did not matter whether he himself had written the letter or not. This was called the "franking" system, and in letters and books of that time we constantly read of people writing to their friends because "so-and-so had been good enough to give them a frank." Rich people, therefore, and those who had friends in high places, were able to post many of their letters for nothing. Poor people had to pay, and pay dear. For a letter written on a single sheet the postage was fourpence for any distance under 15 miles; under 20, fivepence; under 30, sixpence, and so on; for 300 miles it was a shilling. If the letter contained another sheet double postage was charged. If it weighed an ounce, double that again. It is impossible for us, therefore, to estimate how much we owe to Sir Rowland Hill; and the money value of our debt is the smallest part of it. Like all reformers, he had a long uphill battle to fight before he won the day. But he was one of those men who will not give in. In his youth he had a very hot temper, but he was determined to overcome it. He was a teacher in those days, and one of the plans he took was this: he gave public notice to the boys that if any of them saw him in a passion, he was to come up and tell him so, and he would get a reward! And some of the boys, it is said, were brave enough to take him at his word, and got the reward —no doubt to their great astonishment.

I KNEW a poor woman in the country, many years ago, who had a bad son. By 'bad' I don't mean that he drank, or gambled, or stole, or did things like that. But he spoke back to his mother, and never told her anything, and stayed late out at night, and when he came in refused to sit up while she read a few verses, and tumbling into bed, pretended to be sound asleep while she prayed. At last, seeing it only seemed to make him worse, she gave up attempting to have family worship, but she never ceased praying for him in her heart night or day.

What she had long feared came one communion week in early summer. He told her he was tired of the country, and meant to go either to Glasgow or Liverpool. There were cheap trips on the Friday, which was the Fast-day in that district, and he purposed going by one of them.

All that week she was washing, or darning, or mending, or knitting, for him. On the Thursday night, as he sat silent at the fire, thinking with glee that in four-and-twenty hours the dream of his life would be fulfilled and he would be sitting in a theatre, she began to pack his things.

One by one, as she put them into his green and yellow carpet-bag, she kissed them with a breaking heart. No bag of its size I am persuaded ever held as much, but when all was done there still remained his Bible and a pair of socks. One or other she could manage to get in, but she wished to put in both. He settled the question, however, by saying, pointing to his Bible, "If you put that in, I'll take it out." But after he had gone to bed, she put in a little copy of the Gospel of Luke which she had bought for a penny at the fair five years before. "That's all I have sold to-day," said the man to her at the time, "and I have stood here seven hours." It was the poorest day's work he had ever done; and yet he did better that day than he knew.

She lay down, just as she was, for a little rest, but rose after less than two hours' troubled sleep. Then she baked "scones" and made up in four packets to suit his pockets sandwiches such as she knew he liked, enough to serve anybody without other food for almost two days—sandwiches, some of jam, and some of cold meat, with salt and mustard, and some of cheese. Her son rose early and whistled, or tried to whistle, while he dressed. She hoped to be permitted to go with him to the train, but, half-an-hour before he needed to go, he suddenly rose up, lifted his bag, and said, without looking at her, "Good bye, I'm off." What she passed through that moment, that hour, that day, that sleepless week, God grant that none of us may ever know. And yet it is only through such experiences as that that we can enter into the fellowship of the sufferings of Christ.

Months passed, and he never wrote to her. Somehow she thought he must have gone to Glasgow, and one day she determined to go and look for him. Who could tell but God might direct their ways and make them meet! So she went, and for six hours, that seemed afterwards like a strange dream, she wandered here and there. Once she came to a house on fire, but she barely noticed the engines or the firemen—the fire seemed not one whit stranger than a hundred other things she saw. Nine or ten times she asked policemen if they knew her son; and once she stopped at a mason's shed and asked some workmen. They laughed at her, and told her that "Glasgow was a big place." But they were wrong, and she was right. The world itself is but a little place, and, given only sufficient time—and less would do than one would suppose—I think that by chance questioning one could find out anybody in the world. But her wanderings and her inquiries were alike in vain. She got back to St. Enoch's Station about six o'clock, having tasted no food nor felt that she had tasted none all day. As it wanted almost an hour till train time, she sat down to wait. At the other end of the seat she presently noticed a lady and her little daughter. Full of life the little girl ran here and there, coming back always in a

little to tell her mother something she had seen. Her last and longest excursion was to the public waiting room close to the entrance to the Booking-hall. When she came back there was a curious look of awe on her face. "Oh, mother, I saw a poor man in the corner near the window, and do you know he was reading a New Testament! A poor poor man, so white and thin!"

It would not be possible for me to describe the mingled feelings with which the old woman, who had overheard the words, rose up and staggered down the platform. "What if it were her boy—that poor poor man so white and thin!"

Standing over a little grating on the platform, one can see through a window into the large but dimly lighted "General Waiting Room." It was there she stood, and close to the window on the other side was the man reading, and reading a little penny Gospel! She could only see his hat—and it was so worn and brown—and the back of his head. Yes, it was like her son, and yet not like her son. Her agony was very great. She hoped and yet feared that he might turn round. But he seemed unconscious of her presence. At last she determined to go in. "Oh God!" she said, and that was all her prayer, and then she went in and looked.

But it was *not* her son.

On her way home she had many thoughts, but her chief thought was this: "I'm not the only woman in the world that has a lost son, and maybe that lad's mother is looking for him, and she doesn't know that her son that was lost is found. And so it may be with my boy too, and she and I will perhaps rejoice together yet."

And in that hope she lived, and in that hope she died.

"Orini."

ORINI is a Maori girl of high rank, and is considered a great beauty amongst her countrymen. She is called "July Sunshine," which is the same thing as "December Sunshine" would be with us. For as New Zealand is on the other side of the Equator, our summer is their winter, and our winter their summer. When a girl therefore is called "July Sunshine," it means that she is bright and cheery when every one else is depressed and dull. It is a fine name to have. When Lord Ellenborough left India at the close of his term as Governor-General, the compliment that pleased him most was the one sentence in which Sir Charles Napier described him—"the man who found India in gloom and left it in sunshine."

The Maoris have ever been a brave and generous people, willing and eager to learn. They now number a little over 40,000, and live, almost all of them, in the North Island. The two islands which make up New Zealand lie 1,200 miles east of Australia, and stretch 600 miles further south, occupying with respect to it the same position relatively that Turkey does to Britain. They are in size a little less than Great Britain and Ireland put together. There is another island

From a Photograph by Burton Bros., Dunedin.

in those far-away seas called Tasmania. It is about the size of Scotland, and lies only 140 miles south of Australia. The Tasmanians were a very different race, and had a very different fate. For a number of years they baffled every effort to subdue them. About 1830 Colonel George Arthur, the Governor of the island, which was then used as a place for transporting our thieves to, determined to try one more plan. A huge body of settlers, soldiers, and convicts was organised to drive the natives into a peninsula at one corner of the island. Once they were there he meant to keep them there by carefully guarding the narrow neck of the peninsula as soon as all the blacks had crossed. Twenty-six depôts for provisions were formed—so Mr. Tregarthen tells the story in his *Australian Commonwealth*—and eight hundred soldiers, as many convicts, and about four hundred free settlers, were enrolled as beaters. What is known as the Black Line was formed, and an advance steadily made across the island. Gradually the line of beaters contracted, but when the journey was finished the natives were behind them and not in front! By some means they had cleverly evaded the vigilance of the white men, and £30,000 had been spent with no result whatever. All that was to be shown for the money was *one man and one boy*, who had been captured on the march. Then George Augustus Robinson, a godly bricklayer, who had once before offered to go amongst them as a missionary, asked to be allowed to try by peaceful means what the Government had failed to do by force. Permission was granted, and in less than five years he successfully accomplished his mission, and the small remnant of the native race were gathered by him into one place by means of mutual confidence and his friendly persuasion. There were only two hundred and three survivors all told. They were then removed to a little island, and there Robinson did all in his power for their comfort, but "they died in the sulks like so many bears," the broken-hearted relics of a race who might, under better treatment, have become a people for our Lord and His Christ. The last man of them died in 1869, the last woman in 1876.

SOME years ago when Spelling Competitions, or "Bees" as they were called, were a common form of amusement in the winter evenings, the Prime Minister of that time was said to have been puzzled by his Chancellor of the Exchequer with the word *Fuchsia*.

The Fuchsia is one of our most beautiful plants, and it has an interesting history. The first specimen of it that ever grew in Britain was brought from South America, and placed in Kew Gardens, by a Captain Firth in 1788. Then a London nurseryman got some cuttings from it and raised several hundred plants which he sold at a guinea each. There are some varieties still, they say, the seed of which is worth fifty guineas an ounce.

It was named the Fuchsia by a traveller in 1703 after Dr. Leonard

Fuchs, one of the founders of botany in Germany. He died of fever, May 10, 1566, aged sixty-five. If you remember his name, you will have no difficulty in spelling the name of the flower. And Dr. Fuchs is worthy to be remembered. For he was not only a great botanist, but he was also a great lover of the word of God. He was brought up a Roman Catholic, but when he was about twenty he became a follower of Luther.

There is at present on loan in the National Gallery in London the portrait of a pleasant, thoughtful, fair-haired man, evidently from his dress a professor of high degree. In

his right hand, resting on a ledge before him, is a paper on which is written in German, 1 Peter 1, 25, *The Word of the Lord endureth for ever.* The portrait has no name attached to it. But an English scholar, remembering that that verse was Luther's motto, and a favourite one with all his followers, was led on step by step in his enquiries, and has found in a copy of one of Dr. Fuchs' books in the British Museum —probably the earliest botany book that has coloured illustrations—a portrait of Dr. Fuchs himself, which corresponds exactly with the unnamed one in the National Gallery.

Dr. Fuchs continued a lover of the Scriptures to the end. When he had revised his greatest work, and was looking, after the manner of his age, for some scholar to whom he might dedicate his book, we find him writing to a friend—"With bishops who are enemies of the Word of God I will have nothing to do."

I hope that whenever you see a Fuchsia you will ask your companions to spell the word, and after you have corrected their mistakes, you must tell them as much as you can remember of the great and good man whose name it bears.

What is Thine Occupation?—*Jonah 1, 8.*

Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.
—Miss F. L. Havergal.

No. 2.—A Shoemaker.

My father was great, and cobbled. —Tennyson's Harold.

Dr. Robertson, of Irvine, once described one of his elders as "a man who lived in communion with God, and made shoon."

1.—The Dignity of his Calling:

(a) The feet are a care to the Angels, *Ps. 91, 12;* and to God Himself, He will keep the feet of His saints, *1 Sam. 2, 9;* and therefore they may well be a care to us.—*John 13, 14.*

(b) The Son of God, when he was on earth, had need of shoes. —*Matt. 3, 11; Mark 1, 7.*

2.—The Importance of his Work:

Our feet have to do God's work. Know ye not that your bodies are members of Christ? —*1 Cor. 6, 15.* Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, *v. 19.* The legs and the feet are the pillars of the house. Military men recognize this. "The secret of victory," said Marshal Saxe, who defeated the British army three times in one year, 1747, "lies in the legs of the soldiers." "Whenever troops halt for a day," says Lord Wolseley, "captains must examine their men's boots." In the German army socks are not worn, but a woollen rag, cut square, and folded over the foot according to the taste of the wearer. The first thing a recruit is taught, when he enters his company in October, is the importance of his

boot and his rifle; and the two offences a German officer will not pass over are a chafed foot and a rifle in bad order.

3.—His Good Workmanship:

(a) Its easy fit. Neither did thy foot swell these forty years.—*Deut. 8, 4.*

(b) Its strength. They shall come with speed swiftly. The latchet of their shoes shall not be broken.—*Is. 5, 27.* (Latchet is just a little latch.)

(c) Its neatness. How beautiful are thy feet in sandals, O prince's daughter.—*Song of Sol. 7, 1 (R.V.)*

4.—His Opportunities of Insight into Character:

A wicked man speaketh with his feet.—*Prov. 6, 13.* Is not the sound of his master's feet behind him?—*2 Kings 6, 32.* The running of the foremost is like the running of Ahimaaz.—*2 Sam. 18, 27.* The daughters of Zion are haughty, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet.—*Is. 3, 16.*

5.—His Good Deeds:

They took the captives and clothed all that were naked among them, and shod them, and gave them to eat and drink, and anointed them, and carried all that were feeble of them upon asses, and brought them to Jericho, the city of palm-trees, to their brethren.—*2 Chron. 28, 15.*

6.—God's Warnings to him:

Woe unto him through whom occasions of stumbling come.—*Luke 17, 1 (R.V.)* Life shall go for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot.—*Deut. 19, 21.*

7.—His Unknown Fellow-Workers:

Rap, rap! upon the well-worn stone
How falls the polished hammer!
Rap, rap! the measured sound has grown
A quick and merry clamour.
Now shape the sole! now deftly curl
The glossy vamp around it,
And bless the while the bright-eyed girl
Whose gentle fingers bound it.
For you, along the Spanish main
A hundred keels are ploughing;
For you, the Indian on the plain
His lasso-coil is throwing;
For you, from Carolina's pine
The rosin-gum is stealing;
For you, the dark-eyed Florentine
Her silken skein is reeling.
—*Whittier.*

8.—His Illustrious Fellow Craftsmen:

HANS SACHS, 1494-1576, the friend and follower of Luther, "prince of the master-singers," a man who, by his poems and tales—of which he wrote over 6,000—was of immense service to the Protestant Reformation in Germany. He has a place in the foreground of Kaulbach's great picture of *The Reformation.* There is a statue of him in Nuremberg, erected in 1874.

JACOB BEHMEN, "the greatest of the mystics, and the father of German philosophy." "While working with his hands," says Dr. Alex. Whyte, of Edinburgh, "Behmen's whole life was spent in the deepest and the most original thought; in piercing visions of God and nature; in prayer, in praise, and in love to God and man. He has no biography because his whole life was hid with Christ in God. He was only fifty when he died in 1624. His last words, addressed

to his weeping son, were these: 'Open the door and let in more of that music. And now I go to-day to be with my Redeemer and my King in Paradise.'"

JOHN POUNDS, the founder of Ragged Schools. For twenty years, till his death at the age of seventy-three in 1839, he gathered the worst children in Portsmouth, alluring them, often by means of hot potatoes held suddenly under their noses, into his workshop, which was a room of eighteen feet by six, and taught them, by means of old handbills and odd volumes, to read. He is said to have rescued no fewer than five hundred "little blackguards."

WILLIAM CAREY, "the inspired cobbler," 1761-1834, founder of the great Baptist Missionary Society in 1792. Under his direction the printing press at Serampore brought the Bible within the reach of three hundred million human beings.

9. *His Model:*

"We read a pretty story of St. Anthony, who being in the wilderness, led there a very hard and straight life, in so much as none at that time did the like. To whom came a voice from heaven, saying: 'Anthony, thou art not as perfect as is a Cobbler that dwelleth at Alexandria.' Anthony hearing this rose up forthwith, and took his staff and went till he came to Alexandria, where he found the Cobbler. The Cobbler was astonished to see so reverend a father to come into his house. Then Anthony said unto him, 'Come and tell me thy whole conversation, and how thou spendest thy time.' 'Sir,' said the Cobbler, 'as for me, good works have I none, for my life is but simple and slender. I am but a poor Cobbler. In the morning when I rise, I pray for the whole city wherein I dwell, specially for all such neighbours and poor friends as I have. After I set me at my labour, when I spend the whole day in getting my living, and I keep me from all falsehood, for I hate nothing so much as I do deceitfulness. Wherefore, when I make to any man a promise, I keep it and do it truly; and so I spend my time poorly, with my wife and children, whom I teach and instruct as far as my wit will serve me, to fear and dread God. This is the sum of my simple life.'"

From a Sermon preached by Hugh Latimer, the Martyr, at Bexterly, 25th December, 1552.

1	F	Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness.—*Matt. 6, 33.* "A sinner, so long as he is unpardoned, has a right to only one thing in the universe, only one, and that is the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ."—*Dr. A. Bonar.*
2	S	Seek, and ye shall find.—*Matt. 7, 7.*
3	S	Lift up your heads; and the King of glory shall come in.—*Psalm 24, 7.*
4	M	Whose dominion is an everlasting dominion.—*Dan. 4, 34.*
5	Tu	And His kingdom is from generation to generation. When Jeswant Rao Holkar crossed the Sutlej a fugitive, in 1805, he wrote to Ranjit Singh, saying, "My whole kingdom is on my saddle's bow."
6	W	All the glory of man is as the flower of grass.—*1 Peter 1, 24.* On November 6, 1632, Gustavus Adolphus, one of the greatest of Protestant heroes, was killed in the battle of Lutzen. When he was lying on the ground sore wounded, one of the enemy's cuirassiers asked him who he was. "I was the King of Sweden," was the answer.
7	Th	Thou shalt afterwards receive me to glory.—*Psalm 73, 24.*
8	F	Ye shall receive the crown that fadeth not away.—*1 Peter 5, 4 (R.V.)*
9	S	They shall reign for ever and ever.—*Rev. 22, 5.*
10	S	The kings of the earth set themselves against the Lord.—*Psalm 2, 2.*
11	M	The Lamb shall overcome them:
12	Tu	For He is Lord of lords and King of kings.—*Rev. 17, 14.*
13	W	The kings were assembled, they passed by together.—*Psalm 48, 4.* There are nearly fifty sovereign powers of all kinds in Europe; in the fifteenth century there were about two thousand.
14	Th	The queen said, O king, live for ever.—*Dan. 5, 10.*
15	F	In that night was Belshazzar slain.—*v. 30.*
16	S	Having spoiled principalities and powers, He made a shew of them openly.—*Col. 2, 15.*
17	S	Let your requests be made known unto God.—*Phil. 4, 6.*
18	M	Pray without ceasing.—*1 Thess. 5, 17.*
19	Tu	Give Him no rest.—*Isaiah 62, 7.*
20	W	Command ye Me.—*Isaiah 45, 11.*
21	Th	Men of violence take the kingdom of heaven by force.—*Matt. 11, 12 (R.V.)* On the first door in Busyrane's castle, in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, were the words, "BE BOLD," and on the second, "BE BOLD, BE BOLD," and everywhere, "BE BOLD;" and on the third, "BE NOT TOO BOLD."
22	F	The Lord said, Speak no more unto Me of this matter.—*Deut. 3, 26.*
23	S	Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done.—*Matt. 6, 10.* These were the last words of Sir Edward Coke.
24	S	As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten.—*Rev. 3, 19.* "I think," said General Gordon to a friend, "you need a sharp shake, like a tree with snow on it."
25	M	Them that sin rebuke.—*1 Tim. 5, 20.*
26	Tu	Rebuke not an elder, but entreat him as a father;
27	W	And the younger men as brethren.—*v. 1.* "A man is never safe in rebuking another if it does not cost him something to do it."
28	Th	Looking to thyself, lest thou also be tempted.—*Gal. 6, 1 (R.V.)*
29	F	Rebuke a wise man, and he will love thee.—*Prov. 9, 8.*
30	S	Ye have seen the end of the Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful.—*James 5, 11.*

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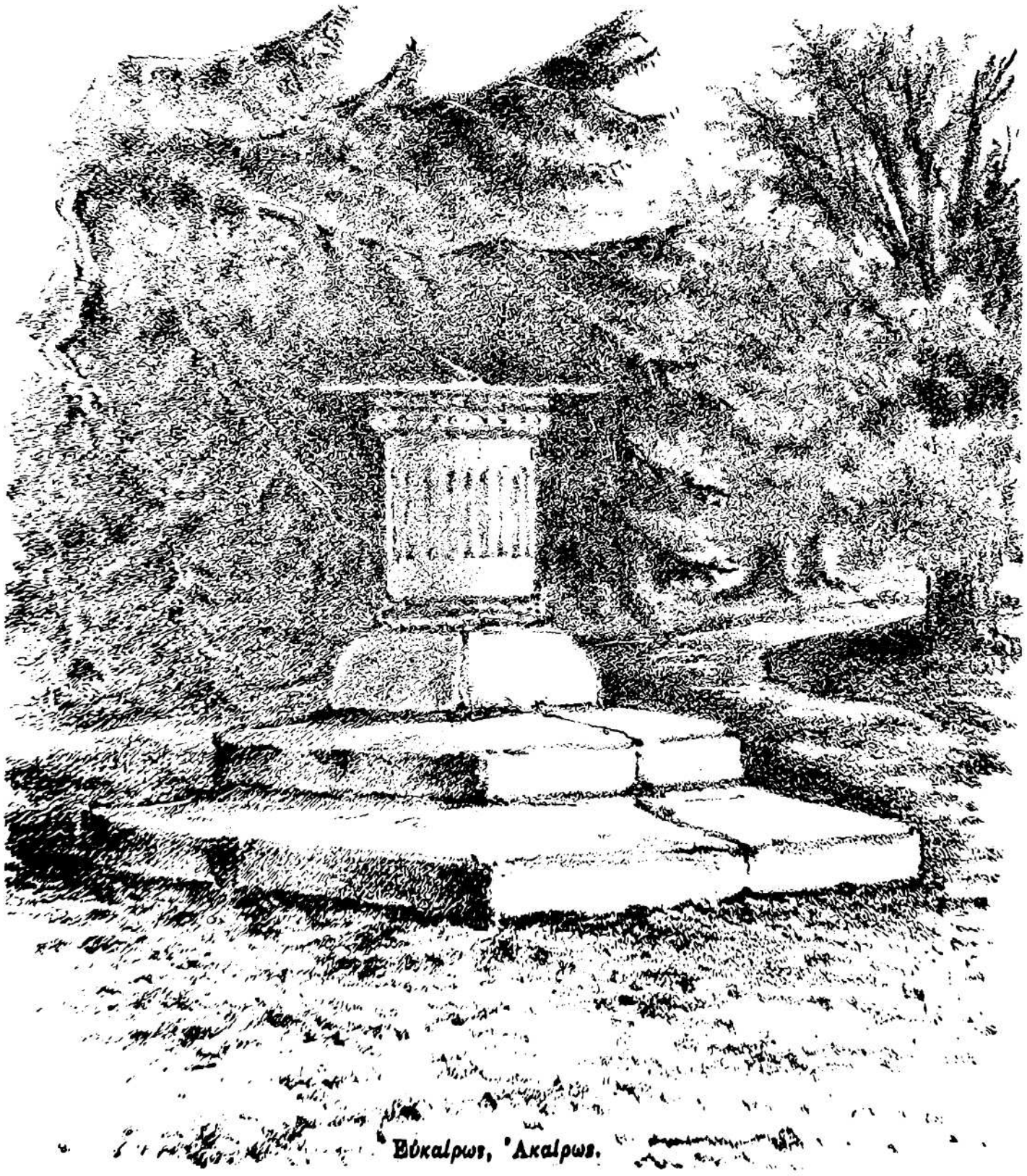


Εὐκαίρως, Ἀκαίρως.

"The Morning Watch" for 1895, being Volume VIII., is now ready. Price One Shilling. Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons.

Εὐκαίρως, Ἀκαίρως.

Eukairōs, Akairōs.

In Season, Out of Season.

2 Tim. 4, 2.

THESE two Greek words on the dial were chosen, I happen to know, by a great scholar, but why he chose them as a suitable motto for it, of course I can only guess. At first sight they hardly seem to describe the work that a dial has to do:

"With warning hand I mark
Time's rapid flight,
From life's glad morning to its
solemn night.
Yet, through the Father's love
I also show,
There's light above me by
the shade below."

If we take off from the twelve hours of the day those in which there is no sunshine by reason of mist and rain, and add to them the hours of darkness, it is plain that a dial does no work, unless indirectly, during the greater part of the year. No doubt it is always willing and ready to work, and will mark the hour if the sun peers out even for the fraction of a minute. No doubt also, even in the night season, as it stands waiting like them that "watch for the morning," it suggests many cheering, touching, solemn thoughts. There are dials even—I know one in Haddingtonshire—that are so built as to remind one who looks at them that the sun now shining on him was shining a few hours ago in Yeddo and Pekin and Calicut and Ispahan and Istamboul, and when darkness has covered Scotland will lighten up Barbadoes and Quebec and Vera Cruz. Yet, after all, as the dial stands, and must stand, idle more than half its life, no motto could seem less apt, so far as the dial itself and the dial's work are concerned.

But the motto is for us. It seems to say, if we may reverently so use the words, "My time is not yet come: but your time is always ready." Christ may come to us, and we may come to Him, and believe in Him, and work for Him, and plead for Him, "at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning." It is told of a Hindoo that he came to Britain to find out what Christ said about immortality. He was invited out to dinner, and at once said to his neighbour at table, "Tell me what Christ says about immortality." "Oh!" was the answer, "we don't talk about that kind of thing at dinner in England." And that is the mistake that Felix made, and millions before his time, and since. They talk about a "convenient" season, forgetting that the questions that concern eternal life and eternal death are not questions of "convenience" at all, but of urgent, instant necessity, questions that are never out of season. "Behold, now is the acceptable time; behold, now is the day of salvation."

How Old art Thou?—Gen. xlvii. 8.
How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—Luke xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 123.)

At the age of 85 — Sir Robert Christison, Bart., died in 1882. It is owing to his researches on the action of poisons that it is hardly possible for a poisoner to escape the gallows. More than once experiments which he tried on himself almost proved fatal. His father was a Professor of Latin, and he himself a Professor of Medicine for over fifty years, in Edinburgh University. One winter, in his old age, when he was trying to quell a snowball riot amongst the students, one of them cried out: "Who are you?" "As student and professor, man and boy," he replied, "I have been here for over sixty years, and the person who doesn't know who I am knows very little about this University."

In walking, running, or climbing hills, he could easily beat most men of his time. He could run up Arthur's Seat in less than five minutes. When he was fifty, he could go to the top of it from the University in twenty-two minutes. Only once did he meet his match, but he set the man a-talking, and so beat him too! In his later years his eyes troubled him, and his hearing was bad; he had often to beg mumbling speakers—"of whom there are many"—to repeat what they said. In a letter written in his 81st year, we have a very touching account of his last climb:—"I tried my first climb this year, 1,250 feet, to-day. I had to stop for half-a-minute every hundred paces, over, on the whole, a gentle ascent, not from loss of breath, but from failing limbs—a new event in my history. On my way back I had half-a-mile of highway to walk home, but it proved too much for me. Long ago the number of paces I took in a mile was almost exactly 1,760; this afternoon I took 2,088." Some months afterwards he said to a friend—"My life for four years has been a struggle; now I can struggle no more." To his old comrade, Professor Turner, he said—"I have got the arrow in my side here." He was a man of great cheerfulness, and used to say that "low spirits, except for one's own wickedness, amount to something like rebellion." Dr. John Brown, the author of *Rab and his Friends*, loved to call him *Ultimus Romanorum*—The last of the Romans. Amongst his dying words were these—"Christ is everything."

85 — Izaak Walton, after describing the patience and joy with which Dr. Sanderson, a great English divine, made ready to meet the King of Terrors, closed his life of that man with this prayer: "It is now too late to wish that my life may be like his; for I am in the eighty-fifth year of my age; but I humbly beseech Almighty God that my death may."

85 — On his eighty-fifth birthday, August 29, 1894, Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote thus: "The burden of years sits lightly upon me, as compared with the weight it seems to many less advanced in age than myself. But after threescore years and twenty, the encroachments of time

At the age of 85 make themselves felt with rapidly increasing progress. When one can no longer hear the lark, when one can no longer recognise faces one passes in the street, when one has to watch one's steps, when it becomes more and more difficult to recall names, one is reminded by every movement that one must spare oneself, or nature will not spare one—penalties she exacts for overtaxing one's declining powers. The twelfth septennial period always seemed to me as one of the natural boundaries of life. One who has lived a complete eighty-fifth year has had his full share, even on an old man's allowance."

When he wrote these words he was in fairly good health, able to walk a mile every morning and to drive ten or more every afternoon. Six weeks after, he was dead.

85 3,300 years ago "CALEB said unto Joshua, forty years old was I when Moses sent me to espy out the land. My brethren that went up with me made the heart of the people melt: but I wholly followed the Lord my God. And now, behold, the Lord hath kept me alive, as He said, these forty and five years: and now, lo, I am this day four-score and five years old. As yet I am as strong this day as I was in the day that Moses sent me: as my strength was then, even so is my strength now, for war, both to go out, and to come in. Now therefore give me this mountain: if so be the Lord will be with me, then I shall be able to drive out the Anakims, as the Lord said." Joshua 14, 6-15.

Most men, like the Israelites in the wilderness, shorten their lives by sin, and so die before their time. But sometimes a godly man, like Caleb, seems to lose whole years of his life entirely through the sin of others. Some who read this will know the meaning of that when they are older. But these verses, and others in the Bible, show us that God can, and often does, *literally give a man back* the years that we should say were simply *lost*. Perhaps some of you will be called by God, in some way or other, to wait many years for what you might have had but for the wrong-doing of others, or for what you might have at any moment if you would only take matters out of God's hands into your own. People will say to you, "You are a fool; remember that you are getting old; you are only flinging away your life." But remember also that with the Eternal one day is as a thousand years. He loves to do the impossible. He can add fifteen years, or fifty, to your life by the word of His power. But, whether or not, the man or woman that loses his life for Christ's sake *shall find it:* how, I cannot tell you, but "thou shalt know hereafter."

THE price of an able-bodied full grown slave, at the regular Friday morning's market in the capital of Madagascar, was sixty dollars, or about £15, so late as August last. Three hundred years ago, for a Christian slave's ransom the Turks demanded about £30. In the Southern States of America, fifty years ago, the average value of a slave was £150. At Zanzibar, in 1860, Colonel Grant found that slaves were a drug in the market and fetched only £3 each. In Unyoro, in Central Africa, the established value of a healthy young girl in 1870, according to Sir Samuel Baker, was an elephant's

tusk; but in Uganda a girl might be bought for thirteen English needles. The same traveller tells us that in Uganda a man offered to sell him his boy. "He is a really nice boy, always hungry, able to eat from morning to night, about so high," showing his length upon the handle of his spear, "he will lie down and go to sleep and wake up hungry again; he is indeed a good boy, and he is my only son, and I will sell him to you for an iron spade."

How different the price Christ put on us! *They sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy: for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; and hast made us unto our God kings and priests.—Rev. 5, 9.*

1895.

A FAMOUS Englishman once said, that, whenever he travelled by rail, he chose the central seat of the central compartment of the central carriage, with his back to the engine. He judged that to be the safest place in the train, and he took it accordingly! Perhaps it would not be right to say that one ought to choose the most uncomfortable seat in the worst and least safe carriage, wherever that may be. But one might at least be content with the second-best seat, and a gentleman should surely be prepared to offer even it joyfully to any woman, or to any man distinctly older, or less strong, than himself, who might come in after him. If it be wrong to choose the chief seat in a synagogue, or the uppermost room at a feast, it can scarcely be right to think only of one's self when one is walking on the King's highway, or travelling either by land or sea. But whether that Englishman was right or wrong—and if he had tried to be wrong he could scarcely have succeeded better—one reads with more pleasure what is recorded of another Englishman, a traveller and explorer, who died less than three years ago. "It was as a travelling companion," says his friend Mr. H. Rider Haggard, "that Mr. Jebb showed at his very best; for not until discomfort and even danger had been endured in his company, was it possible to measure his complete, his colossal unselfishness. When

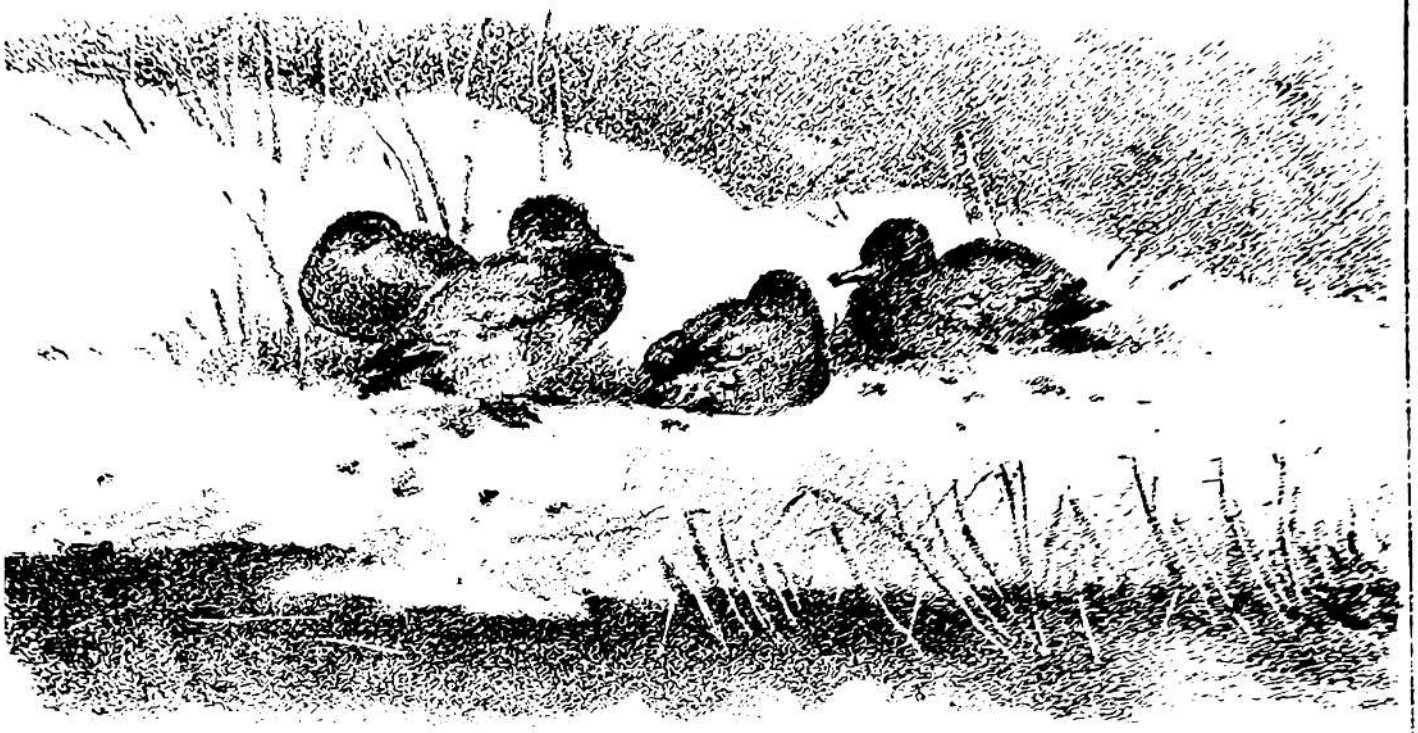
the nerves are shattered by sorrow and anxiety, and the body is worn out with petty vexations and weariness; when the stomach turns at the nastiness that in the wilder parts of Mexico passes for food, and every square inch of skin is smarting from the stings of insect pests—then it is, perhaps unconsciously, that the most patient and considerate of us are apt to revert to the primitive principle of 'every man for himself.' Not so, Mr. Jebb, however. If there were not enough hammocks, or a lack of room to swing them in the shed, it was he who insisted on sleeping outside in the rain and on the ground; if there was a choice of places in the coach, it was he who sped to secure the worst one, and so forth."*

Now for the picture of a selfish, thoughtless, unmannerly Scotchman. That is his wife, and these are his two children, in the illustration. She could hardly carry more than she is doing, unless she had a bundle strapped to her back. But he is walking on ahead of her, so far off that there is no room for him on the page, with his hands in his pockets and his pipe in his mouth. I don't say he should be carrying the baby, for some men are not good at that, but he might at least have relieved her of the umbrella! But he is one of those men who can neither do a graceful nor a gracious thing; who, even if they were to do a gracious thing, would never do it gracefully.

* *Life and Adventures of John Gladwyn Jebb, by His Widow:* WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS. 1895.

THE web of things on every side
Is joined by lines we may not see;
And, great or narrow, small or wide,
What has been governs what shall be.
No change in childhood's early day,
No storm that raged, no thought that ran,
But leaves a track upon the clay
Which slowly hardens into man;
And so, amid the race of men,
No change is lost, seen or unseen;
And of the earth no denizen
Shall be as though he had not been.
—*The late Professor Romanes.*

THE Pochards lived in Yorkshire in the winter time, but far north when summer came. There had been thirteen of them at first—father, mother, and eleven children. But their father was now dead, and eight of the sons and daughters were married and had homes of their own. Only the mother and three sons were left. The mother was very vain. She had got it into her head some way or other that her family belonged to the aristocracy. When other sea-fowl—like the wild ducks, and the teals, and the widgeons, and the guillemots—were studying weather forecasts and food prospects, or practising swimming and diving, or discussing how far different kinds of shot carried when fired with or against the wind, she would talk about nothing but her imaginary ancestors. She was particularly proud of her name. "It is really quite amusing," she would say, "to listen to the different ways in which people pronounce our name. Some call us



poatchard, and some *poshard*; but the better educated say *pokard*. The last is the right way, though it goes rather against our French origin. You know we came from France originally. Then the gentlemen of our family are all distinguished by the lovely ferruginous colour of their heads and necks."

"We call that colour coppery-red," said a teal once who had heard all this story fifty times.

"We call it rusty," said a widgeon. "We have got some of it ourselves. The only difference between us is, as far as I can see, that you pochards are French and ferruginous, and we are ferruginous and indigenous."

The pochard's own sons often entreated their mother not to speak so much about the red colour of their heads, but to give them lessons in fishing and diving and meteorology.

"My dears," she would say, "it is only vulgar people like the widgeons who talk about red-coloured heads. Your heads and necks are not red; they are ferruginous. It is such an important thing to speak properly. Remember ferruginous."

"Oh mother dear!" they would say, "there is no fear of our forgetting it. But what good will the colour of our heads do us if there's nothing in them?"

"A ferruginous head, my dears"—

"Oh mother! these ferruginous heads will be the death of us some day."

And so it actually came to pass. The owner of the estate had invited a number of friends to shoot some coverts that November. They had made enormous bags, and were literally satiated with what men call "sport." They were not sorry when frost suddenly set in. Curling and skating would be a welcome change.

But on the very night before the party broke up, there was a heavy fall of snow. At the breakfast-table next morning the host told his guests that his keeper had seen some pochards near the reeds where the Keilor burn ran into the loch. "It's a kind of duck with a rusty-coloured head and neck," he said. Two of his guests had never seen a pochard, and rising up the moment they had finished breakfast, set out to have, if possible, a shot at them. An hour afterwards they brought back three beauties.

It was the next week when a widgeon, not knowing what had happened, said to their mother, "What has come over your ferr ——oh, I beg your pardon, are they not well?" But the mother's silence showed that they were dead.

Mr. Chalmers of New Guinea.

IN December, 1890, the late Robert Louis Stevenson wrote thus to his friend, Mr. Sidney Colvin:—"There is a favour I want to ask of you. I wish you to get *Pioneering in New Guinea** by J. Chalmers, a man that took me fairly by storm for the most attractive, simple, brave, and interesting man in the whole Pacific."

After Mr. Stevenson, no other witness is needed, and not even he could have given nobler testimony to any man. Let me only explain for the sake of the younger people who read this that Mr. Chalmers is a Scotch missionary, a traveller, an explorer, a linguist; a man who has, in the most literal sense, adventured his life far, hazarding it for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Mr. Chalmers visited Greenock lately, and, at the kind instigation of his host, wrote a text in English and Motuan—one of the New Guinea languages—for the *Morning Watch*. The word Tamate at the end—three syllables, rhyming roughly with the three in ca*lamity*—is Mr. Chalmers' name amongst the natives. Just as there are things which an engraver can do with his fingers, through practice, that a mason or blacksmith cannot do, so there are certain sounds peculiar to the language of every nation, and it takes time and patience to learn to make them. We have all laughed at the odd ways little children amongst ourselves have pronounced certain words. They were simply getting the muscles of their throats into order, and that cannot be done in a day, any more than the muscles and nerves in our fingers and wrists. A boy takes years to learn to dress himself, but once he has learned, he can put on the most of his clothes, more or less correctly, with several people helping him, in little more than an hour-and-three-quarters. So the natives of New Guinea find the word "Chalmers" too much for them, and do the best with it that they can.

I wish you to look upon the text, *Romans 1, 16*, first of all, as Mr. Chalmers' personal testimony to the faithfulness of Christ.

*Now out of Print. But see *Pioneer Life and Work in New Guinea*: THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY. London, 1895.

One of the finest episodes in Kinglake's *History of the Crimean War* is the story of Captain Oldershaw and his men. On the 14th April, 1855, he received orders to take command of what was known as No. VII. Battery, with instructions to defend it to the last extremity. It was little more than a straight and shallow trench protected by a low parapet of sandbags. It mounted only four feeble guns, and it lay so low as to be easily commanded by the frowning semicircle of the Russian batteries that defended Sebastopol. But its importance lay in this, that it was the first attempt that had been made at taking up an advanced position for our artillery. Sixty-five men went with him, one of them a surgeon. They had barely taken up their position when a shot struck one of the sergeants, and so terribly wounded him that the poor man in his agony begged his captain to shoot him and put him out of pain. "No," was the answer, "you must die properly like a good soldier." The enemy's shot, it was estimated, came tearing into the battery at the rate of ten in the minute—great cannon balls from thirty big ship guns. One by one the little guns in Oldershaw's battery were disabled. But after the unequal contest had raged for five hours, and when all that the captain and the remnant of his men could do was to stand still and wait for orders, an officer came to them, and having pronounced the battery untenable, commanded them to retire. There were three of the guns lying overturned amongst the ruins of the parapet, which, though they could not possibly be pointed at the enemy, were yet capable of being fired. The men loaded them and fired a farewell shot in derision of the enemy. I have said "the men," but of the sixty-five who began the fight, eighteen had been sent away on other duty, and of the forty-seven who had remained in the battery, no fewer than forty-four had been either killed or wounded, and the captain marched out with three men.

Through some mistake, which was not corrected till almost the last moment, orders were sent to Captain Oldershaw to man and fight the battery again next day. As was his wont, he was up early, and was on the point of setting out to join the men who had been appointed to go with him, who were even now assembling, when a corporal came to him with a message from the three survivors of the previous day and the other eighteen who had been despatched on other service. It was not their turn to fight that day, but the message the corporal brought was this: "The men who fought with you yesterday, sir, wish to fight again with you."

Mr. Chalmers' text seems to me to be like the message of that corporal. He and his wife have fought and suffered for their Lord, and might well lie down and rest. And they have had their disappointments. But, as it were, each of them says, "Nevertheless I am not ashamed: for I know Whom I have believed." "I love my Master; I will not go free."

Secondly, I wish you to look at this text as an invitation to you to come to Christ. And that is why I have put it as near the end of the magazine as I could. With this number we close another year, and I would like the last word in it to be a word from God about the one thing needful. I hope you will look upon these words of Paul's in Mr Chalmers' handwriting as a personal entreaty and command from the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, to take hold of Everlasting Life.

For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.-

James Chalmers.

Lau Keriso evanelia asi hemarai; ia Dirava ena siahu ela bona mauri hanaihanai idia iboudiai ia kamonai henid

Tamate

Greenock
27 aug: 1895.

1	S	He leadeth me.—*Ps. 23, 2.*
2	M	Thy footsteps were not known.—*Ps. 77, 19.*
3	Tu	We went through fire and through water.—*Ps. 66, 12.*
4	W	How unsearchable are His judgments,
5	Th	And His ways past tracing out!—*Rom. 11, 33 (R. V.)*
6	F	Surely the wrath of man shall praise Thee.—*Ps. 76, 10.* In A.D. 334 a servant girl in the palace of Lamachus in Khersonesus in the Crimea was put into a room for disobedience. While she was there, her spindle fell and rolled into a hole close to the wall. In order to search for it she lifted one of the stones of the floor, and so discovered a great band of conspirators gathered in a chamber below. She instantly sent word to her mistress, Glycia, who, having summoned the citizens and removed her treasures, set fire to the palace and destroyed the men who were in hiding. She refused to let the palace be rebuilt, and a rubbish mound on the finest site in the city marks the spot to this day.
7	S	The Lord of hosts, wonderful in counsel.—*Is. 28, 29.*
8	S	O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!—*Rom. 11, 33.*
9	M	His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor.—*Is. 9, 6.*
10	Tu	Lord, why cannot I follow Thee even now?—*John 13, 37 (R. V.)*
11	W	Without faith it is impossible to be well-pleasing.—*Heb. 11, 6 (R. V.)*
12	Th	Faith is the giving substance to things hoped for.—*v. 1 (R. V., margin.)*
13	F	The proving of things not seen. "There is no bridge between reason and the undiscoverable truths of revelation. We cannot save any one *the leap of faith.*"—*Adolph Saphir.*
14	S	Abraham went out, not knowing whither he went.—*Heb. 11, 8.*
15	S	His Son, the Firstborn.—*Rom. 8, 29.*
16	M	Father, I knew that Thou hearest Me always.—*John 11, 42.*
17	Tu	These are in the world, and I come to Thee.—*ch. 17, 11.* When General Sir Hope Grant went to dine with the German Emperor in 1871 he was told he was not to ring the Palace door-bell, as the Crown Prince alone was allowed that privilege.
18	W	Within the veil; whither as a forerunner Jesus entered for us.—*Heb. 6, 20.*
19	Th	Through Him we have access by one Spirit unto the Father.—*Eph. 2, 18.*
20	F	In Whom we have boldness and access in confidence.—*Eph. 3, 12.*
21	S	That where I am, there ye may be also.—*John 14, 3.*
22	S	The marriage of the Lamb is come.—*Rev. 19, 7-9.*
23	M	His wife hath made herself ready.
24	Tu	Blessed are they which are bidden to the marriage supper.—*(R. V.)*
25	W	And they would not come.—*Matt. 22, 3-9 (R. V.)*
26	Th	Tell them that are bidden, I have made ready My dinner:
27	F	All things are ready: come to the marriage feast.
28	S	But they made light of it.
29	S	Behold, I stand at the door, and knock:—*Rev. 3, 20.*
30	M	If any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me.
31	Tu	BE YE LIFT UP, YE EVERLASTING DOORS; AND THE KING OF GLORY SHALL COME IN.—*Ps. 24, 7.*

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